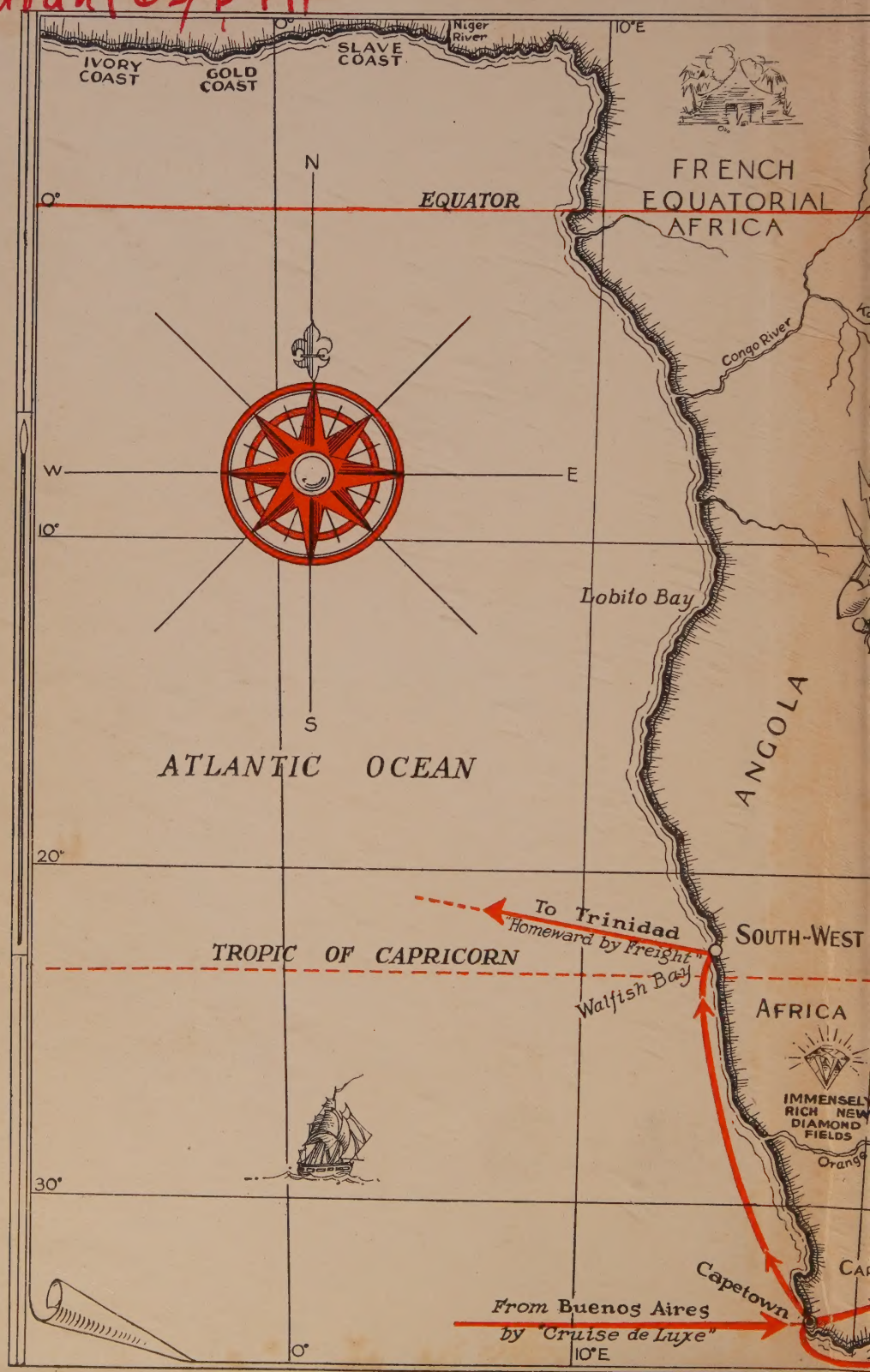


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HOW THE MIGHTY ZULU TAKES UP THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

LOAFING THROUGH AFRICA

BY
SETH K HUMPHREY



AUTHOR OF "LOAFING
THROUGH THE PACIFIC"

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Loafing Through Africa

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INVITATION

IN the writing of "Loafing Through Africa" I have tried to take advantage of the many kind things said about my previous travel book, "Loafing Through the Pacific." Perhaps the most gratifying of these comments are to the effect that the book, instead of telling its readers about the journey, gives the impression of taking them along on the trip to enjoy the various experiences with me.

Deeply appreciating this fanciful view of my chatty observations on people and things in the Pacific, I now venture this book as an invitation to come along with me for a few months of knocking around in Africa,—from Cape Town to the Equator, with a warm ride down the Upper Congo; then on through the country of Livingstone and Stanley to the headwaters of the Nile, and out to the East Coast by way of Nairobi's famous hunting ground.

Next, on an English vessel from Bombay, comes a leisurely ship-and-ashore voyage down the East Coast from Mombasa to South Africa's finest seaside resort, Durban. And finally, as an odd way of getting back to America, we carelessly let ourselves in for a sentence of forty-five days on a freight boat.

If some parts of this travelling through Africa seem a bit too difficult, you have the advantage of an armchair always handy to drop into, while I go on ahead. But at least we can start off together; and now that we have been introduced without an introduction, let's go.

S. K. H.

LOAFING THROUGH AFRICA



Loafing Through Africa

Chapter I

CAPE TOWN

OF all my journeys, this one had novelty in the voyage itself. I booked as far as Cape Town on one of the most luxurious cruise vessels that ever shipped a load of tourists out of New York. Thereby hangs a brief prelude to this tale of wanderings in Africa.

Modes of travel, ranging from plebeian to aristocratic, are at their humblest with the "stunt" enthusiast who starts out globe-circling with a few cents, beats and works his way, sees the world's life as no other traveller can, and perhaps writes a fascinating book about it.

Then there are the thousands who travel normally, each to see whatever he likes best, and in his own way. More exclusive is the conducted tour, doing the conventional sights with great efficiency, but at

the sacrifice of those leisurely intimacies with people and things which are the meat of a journey.

Now, rising fast with the rise of America's prosperity, comes the top-notch in travel modes: the specially chartered cruise *de luxe*. Shades of Columbus and Mark Twain!—here is the great game of travel reduced by experts to painless sight-seeing!

Yet this easy way of glimpsing bits of the world was admirably suited to a list of passengers whose average age, counting in three flappers and a baby, was fifty-four years. My table mates were six ladies and a ship's officer,—a Scotchman, who proved on acquaintance to have a liberal appetite.

We had a heavy sprinkling of particular old gentlemen who had retired, and amiable widows who did not feel that they had. But for these latter the results were disappointing. A "wet" ship leaving a "dry" country has other charms to divert so many of the available gentlemen from exercise of the tender passion. Interest centered for a while around a middle-aged bachelor whose acts gave promise of honorable intentions. He dressed immaculately and often, lost easily to the ladies at afternoon bridge, and subscribed to everything, including the hat passed for the poor sailor whose only child was down with the measles in Glasgow.

Nothing came of it. Even ladies in a high state of receptivity—those with the far-away look that doesn't miss a thing near by—want something

rougher in a man's wooing than a pathetic willingness to be captured

So we drifted luxuriously down the east coast of South America, doing the country in four short stops. At each port, waiting motor cars whisked us off to see the sights and the town hall, and back again to the vessel. Cards at our breakfast plates told off the hours and the minutes of the day's program—what we were to see, and why. Our sensitive natures were spared all vulgar contacts with the life of the people. Nothing to do but look. So perfect was the management that we passengers were supposed to cultivate the nonchalant mental habit of the moron.

This is easily the most engaging form of care-free entertainment ever devised for those who feel that they must leave home. When I get so I cannot travel I am going on a cruise *de luxe* around the world.

But until then, there's a tonic for me in the freedom of browsing along without always knowing what is to happen next. After five weeks of more careful handling than I ever expected to enjoy outside of a hospital, I was ready enough for the five-thousand-mile journey "on my own" through Africa's interior. David Harum once remarked that a certain amount of fleas is good for a dog—keeps him from brooding on being a dog. So it is with humans. A life of unmitigated ease will often set a happy man to grubbing into his own sad case.

He goes about with a mental toe-in, and his friends take to the side streets. Even a steady run of conjugal bliss is dangerous; the too happily married cannot refresh existence now and then with a falling-out.

Well, here we are, up alongside the dock in Cape Town.

* * * * *

At the gangway, something pushed me roughly back into the ship,—into the arms of a Cape man who had come aboard as local representative of the government's Tourist Bureau.

"Quite a wind blowing this afternoon," he remarked cheerfully.

"Was that nothing but wind?" I enquired. It seemed more like Los Angeles bragging about last year's growth.

"Yes,—it blows this way quite often in summer; but it is a good thing for us, in this warm climate," he explained. "We call it the Cape Doctor,—it carries all germs and such out to sea."

The "germs and such" sounded rather inclusive; a wind strong enough to sweep a town clear of germs could also take along movable objects of value.

"After one of these visits of the breezy doctor," I asked tactfully, "do you—uh—often miss any children and such?"

"Oh, no. It's a bit strong, but nobody gets blown away. Something always stops 'em. And besides,"

he added convincingly, "if it wasn't for this breeze the weather would be exceedingly warm."

There was something in that. Heat can be worse than clinging to a friendly lamp post. Another sally on the gangway brought me to the pier, and between gusts I managed to get to Adderley Street, the main thoroughfare of Cape Town.

Sailing around a corner on a specially enthusiastic puff, I brought up against a gentleman on the opposite tack. Mutual regrets followed.

"Quite a wind blowing this afternoon," he remarked cheerfully, as he picked a stray sheet of the Sunday Comic off his face.

"Rather," I replied earnestly, crushing my hat to a shapeless mass just as the Cape Doctor reached for it.

"Good thing, too," he chuckled. "Carries off ——"

"Yes,—germs and such."

"Exactly. And besides, if it wasn't for this breeze the weather would be ——"

"Exceedingly warm. I can see that."

"Yes, indeed. We call it the Cape Doctor. May seem a rough chap, to you Americans?" he added doubtfully.

"Not to me," I assured him. "I was attacked once by an osteopath. Will you kindly tell me where the postoffice is?"

Did he tell me? No. He went along and showed

me the custom house, postoffice, railway station, library, the bank which I would want to visit next



day, the stately parliament buildings, and the Premier's house,—everything of interest on Adderley Street up to the pretty botanical gardens. There, with a "Well, cheerio!" he left me to wander about.

Thus my education in the ways of the country began with learning from this genial man the delightful, spontaneous kindliness of South Africans. And "Cheerio!" It isn't a real word—it's a bit of good-will that you toss to the other fellow.

Then, too, this ascribing curative properties to a hurricane; if one happens to wake up in the night when the trees begin to whistle and the rainpipe starts for the open sea, one observes with a happy smile, "Ah, the Cape Doctor!" and drops off to sleep again.

Well, why not make the best of it? And would it not be possible for our own Middle West to discover something medicinal in its cyclones? This is worth looking into, if the cyclone is ever to be made attractive.

* * * * *

To get to a certain quiet, well-commended hotel, I went up the broad foot-path which is a continuation of Adderley Street to the residential section on the hillside; a pleasant walk under the shelter of great trees, through the Gardens, and past the Museum and Art Gallery. Arrived at the hotel, there was no sign of a desk, or an office,—these, in South Africa, are relegated to a side room. A pleasing young lady confronted me in the hallway—rather suddenly, and expectantly. She made the place seem less than ever like a hotel. Sort of a “paying guest” atmosphere that made me want to stay.

“I would like to speak to the clerk, please.”

“I’m the clark,” she said, smiling.

Oh, yes,—clark. I had been out of touch with the English for three years. After a look around the place I mentioned baggage; this agreeable clark kindly offered to send for my luggage.

It is in such a house as this that one gets acquainted with the people of a country, and through them begins to understand its problems, its hopes and ambitions. Sight-seeing? I did a little of it during my stay in Cape Town, before starting for the interior,—enough to acquit myself of gross negligence among friends at home, and to circumvent other travellers, later on, who love to fish around in one’s itinerary for something which one has missed, then sing the Traveller’s Chorus: “Oh, you *ought* to

have seen ——!" even if it is no more than a hideous statue to a boodling mayor.

Everyone takes the beautiful drives out through the suburbs; sees Groote Schur, Cecil Rhodes' Cape



Town home, and the Rhodes Memorial, an imposing monument on the mountain-side back of the Empire Builder's estate. Rhodes statues, paintings and busts in many public places leave no doubt in the

visitor's mind as to whom South Africa worships as its greatest man. And Table Mountain, with its white spread of cloud draped prettily over its edge, is a sight which nearly always is there to charm.

This picturesque bit of scenery, set among green hills and almost overhanging Cape Town's miles of surf-beaten, rocky shoreline, touches up a landscape already colorful and pleasing.

But in a city half-colored, in a province three-quarters Black, and these in a Union four-fifths "nigger," the chief interest is in the population.

People came to our residential hotel from as far away as England and Australia, although most of them were from towns of the Union, here to escape for a while the heat farther north; some were from Durban, the coming metropolis on the southeast

coast, and Port Elizabeth, still farther south; others from the interior, and as far north as Johannesburg, the world's greatest gold mining region. Each had the news of his little part of the world to swap with his neighbors, and especially with the only American in the place. They were keen to hear about America; and their first question, like that of colonials all over the Pacific when I was on my journeys there, was almost invariably about prohibition! Equally polite and receptive and passively skeptical they were, too, when I tried to explain it as the most forward-looking social reform ever attempted by a nation, regardless of its present failings. Whisky and soda are the average colonial's staff of life, and cocktails and cordials are its chief trimmings.

"Why!" exclaimed an English lady in surprise and horror when she saw me drinking beer at the table, "I thought you weren't allowed to have anything like that!" She had the notion that our prohibition law was following me into all foreign parts, and perforce made me a total abstainer. Explanations were useless; I let her go on thinking that I was a regular devil.

Agriculture as it was here and there, mining and stock-raising, the great drought, now amounting almost to a national calamity,—these came into our talks. One sturdy young man, just under middle age, was of the stuff that makes new countries "go." He was a stockman from the Karroo,—a huge area of

semi-desert country not far to the north. Just as each of the others represented, in a way, some particular locality, he stood for the Karroo; and when they, more gently placed, wondered how he could stay in such a dreary wilderness, he would smile, shake his head, and answer quietly, "There's where I live—and I love it!"

Who wouldn't have a bit of a thrill at hearing him say that? Men like him have said it of Alaska, of mountain fastnesses, of our own open plains, of great expanses everywhere. The Lure of Frontiers,—it is something which cannot be described, or understood. It has to be felt.

At the opposite pole of this little world was an extremely London wife. To her, the world outside of London was an obnoxious suburb. Especially Cape Town, where she had to live.

How she did knock Cape Town when her husband was about! Not that she had any valid grievance against the place—she knew she hadn't; it was her way of getting back to London. Taken alone he was the right sort, with a fair chance of making good in this land of opportunity. But under her steady run of talk he was already slipping; the tickets were as good as bought.

Vale, to the dreams of a new land! Back home they will go, he to some routine job at a hundred bob a week, and she to her tuppenny life in London.

She was interesting as a world type; born rooted

to a place, to a single mode, to one homemade set of ideas: the Nontransplantable Wife. Who hasn't seen her in her busy act of getting back to mother?

All the more honor, then, to the vastly greater number of wives who stick by in a venture, and help win it!

A pleasant company they were, of earnest, honest people, interspersed with characters more or less pleasantly conspicuous. There was the unusual young lady who could really sing, and the usual man who thought he could. This man sang with a pained expression on his face, as if it hurt him more than it did us. Healthy young people, too, a delight to the eye in their ages-old boy-and-girl manœuverings. One who might be described as an outstanding figure was a young business woman,—“doing a man's work at the office, and making a success of it, too,”—said the chap with a receding brain who seemed to be admiring her from afar. Strange, that nobody speaks with the same admiration of a man doing a woman's work in the home! In a group she was a noisy weed,—one of the cheerfully indiscriminating sort that greets every blessed thing said or done with the same-size laugh.

* * * * *

Information came easily from men in this hotel, in banks or offices,—wherever I could find excuse to linger for a moment and venture some remark which might set off their surcharge of social and political

views; for this is a country loaded with deep and abiding convictions.

"The fierceness of politics is the curse of South Africa." This was the general verdict of serious-minded men.

Then I began to learn why politics is fierce. The bitter cleavage between English and Boer is kept open officially by a dual national language, two national capitals, and a parliament in which members may speak in Dutch or English, as they please. In the resulting confusion, misunderstanding is the natural output.

In the years following the ending of the Boer war in 1902, broad-minded leaders on both sides came to realize that the only hope for South Africa lay in a political union of Boers and English—two peoples as unlike as ever wore white skins. How desperately eager these well-meaning patriots were for this get-together scheme is shown in their willingness to accept the present Siamese-twins effect as the Union of South Africa.

The like of it is nowhere else on earth. Every official utterance, from State documents down to "look out for the trains," must be in both English and Dutch. Railway tickets, time tables, menus, and the thousand little notices in cars and stations are in both languages, even when the words are almost exactly similar, such as "2nd Class"—"2de Klas," "Public Telephone"—"Publieke Telefoon."

Wherever "Cape Town" appears, it must be followed by "Kaapstad."

"What's this 'Kaapstad'?" I asked a railway station official with whom I happened to be talking.

"Oh, that's Dutch for 'Cape Town.'"

"Any danger of some Boer not getting off the train here if he saw only the name 'Cape Town'?"

"Hardly," said the official, smiling. "He just wants to see it in Dutch."

"Was this town ever known as 'Kaapstad'?" I persisted.

"No," he replied—and added sententiously, "but it might be, if the Boers ever get the upper hand."

There's the root of the Boer ambition: a Boer-ruled country. Then the words, "Union of South Africa," would have to be translated into Dutch.

So with the postoffices. The sign over the door must also bear the legend "Postkantoor,"—not because any Boer might miss his mail, but to keep up the fiction in the Boer mind that the country is half-Dutch. Postage stamps, printed in sheets, are alternately in English and Dutch, whether one reads across, or up and down:

South Africa	Suidafrika
Suidafrika	South Africa
South Africa	Suidafrika

A shrewd business man, I suppose, picks out the Dutch stamps when writing to a Boer customer. All

money is printed in English on one side, and exactly duplicated in Dutch on the other: "One Pound"—"Een Pond," and so on to the last word. What a neat little courtesy, too, when making change for a valued Boer client, to hand him the money Dutch side up!

The thing would be funny if it were not so tragically perpetuating the old hatreds of a long-dead war. And the two national capitals add the finishing touch to this double-headed Union. The Parliamentary capital is in Cape Town; here the legislators meet and enact laws, wrangling in two languages for several months of the year. At present the Boers are in political power, and the Premier addresses the parliament of this English colony in Dutch.

Its law-making done, the governmental outfit packs up and treks a thousand miles northward to Pretoria, the Boer stronghold. There the Administrative capital is located in a five-million-dollar building, with another set of political machinery for administering the laws enacted in Cape Town,—or Kaapstad, as one prefers.

Why wonder at the cost and clumsiness of government, and the ferocity of politics, in the "Union" of South Africa?

* * * * *

The weather, in this last of February, is superb; the Cape's Autumn is in the making, as ours is with the coming of September. The "Cape Doctor," I

soon learned, is merely a too frequent summer incident in a really fine climate.

Cape Town, for a city of some 125,000 Whites encumbered with almost as many colored folk who live for the most part on an infinitely lower scale, has a substantial, cleanly, well-built look not common to our cities with a like Black-and-White population. One reason for the difference is that stone, brick, and stucco take the place of our easily-battered



wood-and-shingle buildings. Neglect is not so obvious; Blacks can swarm here in their happy shiftlessness back of fairly decent walls.

But Cape Town is in reality an up-to-date, modernly equipped city, with good schools, play-

grounds, hospitals, paved streets well laid out, and a tram system radiating from Adderley Street more than equalling in convenience and equipment most of our automobile-starved trolley services. The double-decked cars and the cheerfully polite conductors—why cannot we in America be as well favored? Perhaps our speed and hurry preclude the double-deckers,—but these conductors seem actually to want passengers. No getting away with as few as possible—they look around for more. They are salesmen of their company's goods.

Salesmen of their company's goods, these tram employees of Cape Town. Imagine the salesmanship idea seizing one of our professional door-slammers in America! A trolley runs past a stout lady just puffing up to a white post. Instead of the usual bawling back, "Take the next car!!", suppose the conductor rings for a quick stop, and calls out, "Sorry, Madam, to have passed you—the gentleman at the motor was absorbed in counting his union wages. Don't hurry—step right in. Ah, there's a soft board seat on the shady side."

What would be the effect of this on American passengers?

They would all drop dead.

* * * * * * *

An oddity in this half-Black town, and a distinct grievance to visitors from every other place in the Union, is the virtual equality of colored people with

Whites on the trains and in most public places. The laws of the Cape Province distinguish between the all-Black Kaffirs from the kraals, or native villages, and "Colored" people—the mixed-bloods. These mixed-bloods for the most part are descended from the early unions of pioneer Boers with Hottentot and Bush women. What this means for the general quality of Cape Town's "colored" population may be gathered from the historical fact that Hottentots and Bushmen were the relics of inferior aborigines driven south by the conquering Bantus, progenitors of the present-day Kaffirs. Bantu is the common name for the vigorous African hordes which in earlier times overran the country and pushed these weaklings well down toward the Cape.

A tough deal it was for Cape Town's colored people that the only women available for the early fathers were of the lowest breeds in South Africa. Yet because some of them acquired property and a certain standing through their white affiliations, "Colored" individuals have limited political and social rights not accorded to Blacks.

This unique distinction which gives the "Colored" a place between the White and the Black is highly interesting because it is perfectly logical. Half-breeds are as much White as Black—which means that they are neither. We speak of Booker Washington, son of an able White man and a slave woman, as a remarkable Negro, whereas he was

more truly a remarkable White man with an incumbrance of Negro blood. Nobody supposes that he inherited his brains from his Black mother, yet his achievements, like those of all able Mulattoes in America, are credited to the Negro race in reams of worthless statistics.

Verily, in our popular conceptions of race, we are still babes. But what a row somebody could raise in America by attempting to give our Yellows their really rightful place between the Whites and the Blacks!

* * * * * * *

Now begins the long trek northward across the veld; in other words, a much-broken rail journey of twenty-six hundred miles to the end of the line, at the headwaters of the Congo, and as far again by boat, rail and motor up through the Black country of the great lakes, Tanganyika and Victoria Nyanza.

We who are accustomed to several express trains a day, and numberless locals,—at least on our main lines,—have to re-shape our ideas of travel in this other U. S. A. Nearly all lines are main lines, and all are narrow-gauge; and the passenger traffic over them is surprisingly small. Instead of giving poor but frequent service, the management allows sufficient time between fairly good trains for passengers to accumulate.

For instance, the busiest line is that between Cape Town and Johannesburg, nearly a thousand miles

north, and the crack train of the country is the Union Limited on that line. It runs Mondays and Fridays. A slower train on the other four week-days runs as far as "Jo'burg," as they call the place for short, but beyond Jo'burg the service drops to three trains a week. Finally, from Victoria Falls a little train jogs along twice a week up into the Belgian Congo. There, at the headwaters of navigation, the surviving passengers take to the uncertainties of an Upper Congo boat, which happens along about once a fortnight.

Another feature closely allied to this transportation—and a veritable institution in the life of the country—is the weekly mail from Southampton; from "home," as these people, like her colonials everywhere, speak of England. Fast steamers make the trip in seventeen days, arriving at Cape Town Mondays, and departing Fridays. Hence the Union Limited on Mondays as a fast mail.

Every train in the country that is in the habit of running at all connects somewhere with this mail, even if it knocks off work for the next few days; and again, once a week, the whole system "turns to" in getting the out-going mail to Cape Town in time for the Friday steamer homeward bound.

Rather fetching, the idea of these two big, extra pulsations in the arteries of a great country,—as if on those days she were in touch with the stronger heart of the motherland.

Chapter II

IN THE DIAMOND COUNTRY

IT is said that the backbone of South Africa is made of diamonds and gold. The more one learns about the uncertainties of agriculture, the hazards of stock-raising, and the slow growth of manufacturing industries, the firmer becomes the conviction that diamonds and gold are, and have been since the country's prosperity began, the backbone of South Africa.

On a Monday morning I boarded the Union Limited in Cape Town for Kimberley, where this dazzling portion of the country's anatomy has its beginning.

A comfortable enough train of the usual corridor and convertible compartment type took us over the six hundred and forty-seven miles in twenty-one hours. Speedy travelling, considering the twenty miles or less per hour on most South African trains. Within a surprisingly few hours we were in the Karroo, and through that desolate expanse of sand and low bush we sped for the rest of the journey. Yet this Karroo supports millions of sheep, solely on

the Karroo bush,—a dried-up shrub which seems to be exactly suited to these voracious weed-eaters.

I thought of the sturdy young man in Cape Town who had said of the Karroo, “There’s where I live—and I love it!” A big contract, that,—to love this wilderness of sun, sand, scrub, and sheep.

Kimberley sizzles in the same kind of a semi-desert as the Karroo; luckily for the inhabitants, it sizzles at an altitude of four thousand feet. The official temperature while I was in the town (in March, corresponding to our September) ran to one hundred and fifty-three in the sun, and ninety in the shade, but so absolutely dry is the air that one was quite comfortable under a tree or an umbrella. As in most sub-tropical places high, dry and hot, the nights were delightfully cool.

* * * * *

The first diamond ever found in these parts was the plaything of some Dutch children; the next, a sizeable chunk of eighty-three carats, turned up in the hands of a Hottentot. This was sixty years ago. Since then, civilized women have paid scores of millions for the privilege of dimming their beauty and accentuating their homeliness with these glittering pebbles from South Africa.

The first sight to see is the famous Kimberley Mine,—who has not seen pictures of this deepest open hole in the world?—around which the town of Kimberley started as a “rush” mining camp in 1870.

An abandoned spot now, strung about with barbed wire, is this "pipe" from which the precious "blue



ground" has been lifted to a depth of over thirty-five hundred feet.

Abandoned, because exhausted? By no means. So far as anybody knows, the "pay dirt" goes down indefinitely; this, and the DeBeers mine, the first two great producers, have been closed for

nearly twenty years to keep down production, while the diamond market is fed judiciously from mines of the DeBeers Company which are more economically worked.

The DeBeers management courteously shows visitors about their plants, from the handling of the "blue ground" to the final picking out of the diamonds by hand from the pebbles which insist on sticking around through every one of the separating processes. The first of these processes carries the chief human interest; Kaffirs, by thousands, mining the bluish rock in the ancient volcanic funnels, or "pipes," which were Nature's crucibles for the making of these bits of crystal carbon. Unlike that at the older Kimberley and DeBeers mines, the work is

done underground; shafts to the pay rock obviate the necessity of removing the immense bulk of superimposed earth.

These shafts lead directly from the compounds in which the Kaffirs are confined to prevent the stealing of diamonds. A Black man, whether he is a native Basuto, Mashona, Matabele, or any other of the genus Bantu, cannot be expected to be more honest than a White man; and who would give White laborers a chance to slip thousand-dollar diamonds out of the pay dirt? These sizeable stones are the first, naturally, to catch the roving eye; the little ones go safely through to the Company's sorting table.

So from the day he signs on until his stipulated four months have gone by, the Kaffir never gets a look over the high wall of his compound, and no tempter in the shape of an "I. D. B."—as illegal diamond buyers are called—gets a look at him. When his time is up he either signs on again—as most of them do—or he spends a few lonesome days under observation for any stray gems which he may have inadvertently tucked under his skin, or swallowed.

"Do they get away with any diamonds?" I asked the keeper of the compound who showed me about. He glanced at the high walls and the blue sky, and murmured something about the final days of observation. "Do they?" he answered.

I peered down the dark incline which leads under-

ground, and into another next to it through which the Kaffirs emerge. The different crews, if there are more than one shift, do not even come in contact with each other. At both inclines are registering turnstiles; so many Kaffirs go down, that many must come up. No Kaffirs lost or unaccounted for, with possible diamonds between their prehensile toes, in this perfectly run organization.

There is a feeling in America that these Kaffir compounds impose a sort of slavery on the Blacks who are confined in them. Nothing of the kind. To be sure, they are paid only a fifth or a tenth as much as our miners at home; but they are natives direct from the kraals, without so much as the wants of children,—and this is Africa. Against the great walls, and opening on the enclosure of several acres, are the living quarters of the men; spacious enough, furnished with double-deck iron beds, and kept as clean as these Blacks will permit them to be. An attractive meat shop and a well supplied commissary, managed by White employees, furnish good food at cost. This they cook over fires in the great open space after their own way, or under cover if they choose.

These Kaffirs never lived so well outside a compound. No wonder they sign on time after time, or come back again and again after roaming about outside until they go broke at gambling with their friends. Many of them stay at work for years, and

send money out to their relatives. A great life—for a Kaffir.

The crushing of the soft rock, and its various washings, churnings and grindings, are parts, in a modified way, of most ore concentrating processes. All the rough work in the surface plants is done by Kaffir convicts, furnished by the state at a shilling a day.

The first excitement comes in watching the final concentrate as it is fed onto agitating inclines well covered with vaseline. The reason for the vaseline is that diamonds stick in it, while wet pebbles do not. There's a thrill now and then in seeing a diamond—it may be big and fit for a queen, or it may be little enough for a shop-girl's engagement ring, but quite as precious in its way—pop out for the first time into the daylight, wiggle along a foot or so, and stick fast, while worthless pebbles knock and jostle against its aristocratic sides for the next hour or two as they shake down to the end of the board and pass to oblivion.

"Don't you ever feel like rescuing these diamonds?" I asked the attendant. Between the abuse they were getting from the rain of pebbles, and the



seemingly dangerous proximity of Kaffir convicts all about the place, I failed to see how the Company could expect to gather its share of the gems.

"Oh, no. They can't shake loose."

"But the Kaffirs?" I was worrying for the De-Beers corporation.

He pointed to the high fence about the plant, with its bristling tangle of barbed wire along the top.

"This whole works is a compound, and these chaps are prisoners. Any attempt to steal would simply make their terms longer. They haven't a chance."

Here was the same confidence in the efficacy of the compound as had been expressed at the mines. These people must know what they are doing,—but their indifference toward this hundred thousand dollars' worth of stones knocking around in dirty wet grease was astonishing. And I still wonder whether they have ever thought of this: the Kaffirs might never be able to get away with a diamond, but what is to prevent any ugly fellow, in a spirit of revenge for his incarceration, slipping diamonds to an unheard-of value over into the tailings, or dropping them through a crack in the floor?

Nothing whatever. And when I asked the young man about it he merely said, "They haven't the brains to think up such a piece of deviltry."

The question seemed to me still unanswered, as we passed to the sorting room; and here, the company's

reliance on their compound was absolutely shocking to a cautious man. At the long table where the diamonds are picked out from the pebbles with a skillfully manipulated steel blade, do they entrust this final handling to White men of long service and tested probity?

Not at all. Kaffir convicts, black as coal, fleck the gems from the little piles of gravel placed in front of them as nonchalantly as if they were sorting beans, while a White man now and then glances casually down the length of the table.

It seems incredible. The childlike trust of the DeBeers Company in these Kaffir convicts argues a touching simplicity of soul not usually ascribed to corporations.

* * * * *

I was accorded the privilege of visiting the great diamond room of the DeBeers Company in Kimberley. This was not granted as a special favor, neither is it a common privilege; to get in, one must have a pass from the management, and visitors in squads are not admitted.

My sponsor led me to the heavy door of the diamond room, and touched a button. Before the bolts were drawn, a slit in the panel was thrust back from the inside, and a pair of eyes observed us. The firm's confidence in human nature seems to stop at convicts.

On two sides of the large room is a continuous table, loaded with uncut diamonds in big and little

heaps. A half-dozen young White men seated on stools were engaged in sorting the stones according to size, color, and other points which determine quality; going over each stone with great care, in the natural light of the windows in front of them. Each man had a pile of diamonds before him—perhaps a quart or two, or in some cases only a pint, but there were plenty of shovelfuls lying around to be drawn upon. I could have bought a peck of diamonds there just as easily as not if I had had the money.

A visitor suddenly thrust into the diamond room gets an odd sense of profusion, as he does of blueberries in a cannery. It is said that operatives in such a plant do not care for blueberry pie; perhaps for the same reason these young men do not really have to be honest to sort diamonds day after day. Even the casual visitor begins at once to think of these heaps of uncut stones as a commodity on its way to market. Oddly, too, the ladies of South Africa are said to care little for diamonds.

The courteous man in charge showed me various freak diamonds, and odd-colored stones which the company retains because of their rarity. One of these, of a bright cherry color, was said to be the most valuable diamond for its size in the world, by virtue of its being the only one ever found of that precise color. Another, of a slightly deeper hue and quite as beautiful, lacked extraordinary value because there were two or three others of the same



SURFACE MINING FOR DIAMONDS NEAR KIMBERLEY

shade in existence. This illustrates the point that rarity, not beauty, gives the diamond its chief value.

* * * * *

Pretty baubles, diamonds. Aside from a few dark ones which are used in manufacturing, they have no economic value whatever. A huge industry, this, ticklishly balanced on a caprice of woman's vanity!

Nobody understands this better than the diamond syndicate; and never was an article more skilfully held back, underproduced, to make it appear scarce and difficult to get. Not only the diamond's price, but its very existence as a jewel, depends on keeping alive the belief in its rarity.

But is the diamond so scarce, or so difficult to get? Is it so rare a gem as we have been led to believe?

Before answering this, let's have a look at the alluvial diamond fields, where individual surface operations, after the manner of "placer" mining for gold, are yielding some of the best diamonds found in South Africa.

Forty miles out from Kimberley over the veld are the nearest surface operations, although the last half of the motor ride is through great areas of soil turned topsy-turvy by the "diggers"; mines worked down to rockbed, and finished. Along the banks of the sluggish Vaal—one marvels at the temerity of a river venturing into this arid region—diamonds have been mined for a distance of seventy miles; Barkly West, where we crossed the Vaal, was South Africa's

diamond center before Kimberley was thought of. Now the diggers are working farther back from the stream, and with good success.

At Klipdam, fifteen miles beyond the crossing of the Vaal, we came to the active diggings. A little washing plant some hundred yards from the road, noisily doing its work under the impulses of a diminutive gasoline engine, seemed as good a prospect as any for the beginnings of an education in alluvial mining.

"Good-morning!" said an eager young man, hurrying up as we came to a stop. Of course he would show us about his little claim—no trouble at all. And no wonder. This spot is out on the scorching veld forty miles from a real town; visitors are scarcer than diamonds. The sight of us made him glad to the point of excitement.

The very first look at this outfit gave me a distinct, though not fatal, attack of the lure that holds "diggers" to the blazing wilderness. That crude frame-up of wheels and sieves and agitated mud-bath is turning out diamonds—once in a while! The simple life, this, only surcharged with excitement.

And so easy. All you have to do is to "peg" your little forty feet square in the official "rush" which comes off at a chosen minute, or buy or lease a claim or two if you didn't succeed in pegging; then move in with your petrol washing plant, hire a bunch of Kaffirs at two shillings a day and what diamonds they

can steal, and amuse yourself, whenever you think it safe to take your eyes off the Kaffirs, at picking out the gems from the pebbly concentrate as it exudes from a slot in the shaky machine. Kaffirs are digging up the soil—you see, a “digger” isn’t a digger; he has the digging done for him—other Kaffirs carry it in buckets to the little hopper, while one lone Black wheels away the débris at the other end of the ten-foot “works”—morosely, as if he regretted his small chance of “seeing one” now and then.

“Would you be good enough to find a diamond or two, just to show us how it is done?” I asked.

“Why, certainly!—that is, if ——” responded the obliging young man.

Of course, we understood. Diamonds don’t sprout in every pailful of pebbles. With a graceful swish he spread out a quart or two of the concentrate on the canvas-covered sorting shelf. Then began the fleck, fleck, of the little steel blade, while we hung over him, breathless. Bit by bit the pile went over the side. Finished. No diamonds.

We felt for the young man—but he didn’t need feeling for.

“That’s nothing,” he explained. “Sometimes for days I get none at all, then they come in bunches. Yesterday ——” he glanced at the Kaffirs busily working, then cautiously opened a small purse. In it lay a white diamond big enough for an alderman’s shirt-front, and two perfect little ones.

Great life,—when the diamonds are running!

This man's claim is one of the shallowest; not more than two feet of gravel lie over the irregular rockbed. Once this is worked, he will make new arrangements, perhaps near by or maybe far away, shift his outfit, and begin hoping again for the days when they come in bunches.

A mile farther on the diggings were deeper, the machines a bit larger, and the men older. Equally glad they were to break the monotony with a friendly chat and a show-off of their "works." There was still the hot glamor of the game about these veterans of many a diamond rush; each a happy monarch of his little realm, independent of the world while his luck holds as well as it does in these diggings at Klipdam.

All their diggings have not been as rich as these. The diggers with good outfits are those who have been able to tide over their various streaks of hard luck; but there are others who have not. Here and there were men—some of them old men—with hand-working sieves and washers, on unpegged land; failures, these, trying to make a come-back with a lucky strike of a diamond or two; living, meanwhile, on the thing that springs eternal in the human breast.

"You see that old man over there at the little table?" asked an intelligent Englishman whose outfit was the best in the neighborhood. We saw him,—sitting in the blaze of the sun, intent on a little heap

of gravel before him. "Well, he's been following the mining game now for fifty-nine years,—and he's broke. Proud, too,—I can't give him a shilling. But I keep him at picking over tailings, and pay him enough to live on. Plenty like him in all the diggings, but not so old,—not so old."

"How old is he, then?"

The Englishman contemplated the white-whiskered wreck for a moment, as if in the bent figure he were reading the history of mining in South Africa.

"Ninety-five," he said. "You see, he's got to be in the mining game,—that's what keeps him alive,—and going over those pebbles is now his limit. There's kind of a pull to this thing, you know," he added almost wistfully. "Keeps one always at it, luck or no luck. I've had years of it, and I've done well,—educating the kiddies in good schools, and all that. But when I look too hard at old Mac over there,—well, this is an uncertain game,—but good Lord!" he finished with a burst, "fascinating. That's it—fascinating! You can't quit it!"

"Once a digger, always a digger," they say here of these devotees of the diamond lure. Californians, in the days of placer mining for gold, said the same thing of prospectors,—the grub-staked followers of the goddess Chance; hardy dreamers, fickle with fortune if it came, but steadfast with their closer chum, tough luck.

Whether the search is for gold or diamonds, failures at it cannot quit. They lose their grip, but not the lure; then they follow mining as a disease, and live off their friends.

The alluvial diggings, now springing up with incredible rapidity all over South Africa, have thrown the proverbial monkey-wrench into the smooth-working gears of the big producers' selling syndicate. These scores of thousands of free-lance diggers are having the merriest kind of a time of it, selling their diamonds on the syndicate's artificially sustained market.

Then why does not this new flood of stones bring prices down? Because the syndicate is buying at least eighty per cent of the whole alluvial output to keep prices up!

Nobody pretends that even the all-powerful diamond trust can forever buy and store diamonds. Then what if the market breaks?

Most articles sell on their intrinsic worth, and lowering the price broadens their market; but diamonds sell on their supposed scarcity. Women prize them for their exclusiveness as rare and costly gems; destroy this feature, and the stones would not be worth digging out of South Africa's sheep pastures.

This country has seen its great ostrich farming industry wrecked through its mistaken effort to make the feathers plentiful,—and a pathetic wreckage it is. Women quit wearing ostrich feathers because

they were plentiful. Splendid birds, worth in the early days a hundred pounds apiece, can now be bought here for a few shillings. Whole droves of the obsolete creatures are being killed and made into a poor grade of biltong.*

"The diamond," says South Africa, "must not go the way of the feather." A law is now proposed, which, among other drastic provisions, would enable the government to prohibit at will all prospecting for diamonds. This indicates the lengths to which South Africa is willing to go in an effort to help the Trust sustain the fiction of the diamond's rarity. Such a law would be equivalent to telling these drouth-stricken farmers and stockmen, "Keep right on using your limitless veld as pasture for sheep at twenty acres per head, but don't touch the diamonds a foot below the surface!"

A huge industry, this, ticklishly balanced on a caprice of woman's vanity! And I sometimes wonder how many women would want their diamonds set in platinum, if platinum were less costly than gold?

* Dried meat.

Chapter III

JO'BURG, THE GOLD TOWN

IN the early 'eighties, the site of Johannesburg could have been bought for a yoke of oxen, had any one cared to venture a likely pair of steers for a place in the sun as bleak and barren as fifty-seven hundred feet up a hillside could make it. Just under a thousand miles from Cape Town, and half as far west of Durban, that spot of land was worth nothing at all.

Then somebody happened upon the outcrop of the Witwatersrand reef—the longest, the most regular and consistently rich vein of gold ever discovered.

To-day, Johannesburg—Jo'burg for short—is the



largest city in all Africa, excepting Cairo; a city of three hundred thousand, half-Black, and as up-to-date in every feature as any of its size in America.

The mines of the Rand, strung along for fifty miles both ways from the city, still produce from this almost faultless vein more than one-half of the world's annual gold output.

In the early morning, two hours before reaching Jo'burg, one looks out from a comfortable sleeper berth at the beginning of new scenes in the bunch-grass of the everlasting veld: huge mining plants, topped with great hoisting wheels which glisten in the sunlight; around them, miniature villages, made up of compounds for Kaffirs and cottages for White employees; stamp mills, whose roar is drowned by the close-up rattle of the train; but bigger than all of these combined are the dumps—small mountains of blue-gray powdered rock, the tailings of twenty to forty years of mining for gold.

Worthless stuff, these great artificial hills, except as food for thought: each ton of tailings—crushed, ground, sifted, washed and variously treated—represents the recovery of gold as big as a buffalo nickel; and the entire output of a mine could be lost down one of the sun-cracks in its dried-up dump.

What a fearful lot of material has to be scraped off a five-dollar gold-piece to make it presentable! It has cost me more than two hundred tons of that dump to get only this far into South Africa. The price of two tickets to a New York theatre would be a ton and a half of the world's best ore; this shows how necessary it is to clean up one's gold before presenting it at the box office. To pay for a light lunch I would have to plank down a rock as big as myself; and a dinner for two ——

Then the train pulled into Jo'burg.

Jo'burg is sometimes called the Chicago of South Africa, but it resembles Cleveland in having promised itself for the last twenty years a railway station to replace the train-shed put up by the early fathers. Chicago, situated in the midst of our great agricultural area, is not a good comparison with this South African metropolis in the highlands. Jo'burg pairs better with the Denver of early days, when that town had a mining atmosphere, and a collection of quick-richers who built homes of pronounced architecture. It also boasts Denver's "climate of perennial sunshine"—which is a neat way of describing an insufficient rainfall.

Yet this perennial sunshine, and the exhilarating air which is nature's special gift to all places a mile or more above sea-level, make Jo'burg one of the healthiest cities in the Union. There's nothing in the slander of Jo'burg's rivals that, on a windy day anywhere within a mile of the powdered-stone dumps, friends meeting on the street recognize each other by their voices. Jo'burgers point out that a certain amount of lime is good for the system.

Looking about in a foreign city for things familiar in America is a pastime of the slightly homesick. These unfortunates have a nice, homey time in Jo'burg, thrilling at the "Kodak" signs, and scanning the hubs of motor cars for American makes. South Africa, like most foreign countries outside of Europe, began with Fords, from which they soon

went to heavier cars, mostly American. The next shift promises to be to light, strong English makes, designed with an eye to economical use of three-shilling petrol.

American motor firms are filling big space in the newspapers in a fierce competition with each other and with the English; and it is curious to see how many of them play up for this veld country the same allurements which have won at home: speed, beauty of design, luxury. Nearly all cars sold in South Africa must eventually negotiate the veld, the hills and deserts,—regions either trackless, or with roads at times no better. Speed? Owners are more interested in an unbreakable second gear, and a stout first to pull them out of holes. Beauty? Give them high ground clearance, and let the mud make the car beautiful. Luxury? When they are praying for strength, endurance, and a lower gas bill!

The sight of American goods so far afield naturally stirs one's pride, but it is the things unlike ours in foreign lands that stimulate profitable comparisons with what we have at home. Double-deck trams, for instance, are perhaps not feasible with us; but the obliging conductors and motormen, who seem anxious to get business instead of discouraging it, may not be so unattainable if ever the natural courtesy of all South Africans reaches those in America who serve the public. The total absence, too, of screaming newsboys, howling pedlers, and the like,

make one wish that our vendors in streets and ball-parks were not so confoundedly free to make nuisances of themselves. In South African towns they may advertise only with placards, after the English custom,—one of the little amenities of an older popular culture which we, still in the blatant stage, have yet to acquire.

Jo'burg itself is too much like an enterprising American city to supply novelty to the traveller for any length of time. A trainload of my tourist friends from the floating palace, whom I happened to run into here, were complaining because the town offered them so little in the way of souvenirs to buy.

This was one of several contingents from our vessel, out on special trains de luxe at thirty-five dollars per day above the ship's fare, to "do" South Africa in eleven days. Their trains, running on different schedules to avoid swamping the towns, were made up of the finest, newest cars to be had in the Union; special menus had been provided in the diners, and couriers galore were along to protect the passengers from everything of interest outside of sight-seeing.

While I had been poking along only as far as Jo'burg, these enterprising travellers had seen Africa way up to Victoria Falls and back. They were now bound out to Durban to take the ship, which meanwhile had gone around from Cape Town. They had bought diamonds in Kimberley, and smelly furs, baby lions, bright new spears, and apparently every-

thing else offered them by the innocent natives up country; now they were sad because Jo'burg had nothing which they wanted to buy except the zoo, and that was not for sale.

Poor things! There isn't much to spending money if you can't run short of it.

* * * * *

Interest in Jo'burg centers in the gold mines of the Rand. A certain few of the mines are open to visitors on different days of the week; they take turns in courteously enduring the boredom of showing people about who merely want to tell the home folk that they have been down in a Rand mine. On my most convenient day it happened to be the "Modder B"—thirty miles east of Jo'burg—that was dispensing this more or less useful information; and through a chain of circumstances over which, fortunately, I had no control, I was sent by the Bureau of Mines in a limousine with Sir Charles Cust for a special view of the Modder B.

Sir Charles Cust, Equerry to his Majesty the King, for more than a generation a consort of royalty, is down in England's Who's Who with nineteen letters of title after his name. Every town in South Africa was extending the honors due a man tagged with most of the alphabet, and Johannesburg, the biggest city in the land, was giving him a busy week.

The thought of spending some hours with a man of Sir Charles' eminence—knowing who he was

without having a single line on what sort of an Englishman he might be—led me to do a thing which seemed utterly ridiculous the moment he greeted me on the eventful morning. Instead of wearing old clothes and sensible footgear for a trip down the mine, I donned a new suit and a pair of nifty low shoes—as an anchor to windward, in case he turned out to be what is slanderously pictured as a “typical” Englishman of title. I mildly wondered whether he would have his valet with him.

Came poking into the lobby of the hotel Sir Charles himself, looking for me; a tall figure, dressed for the mines in clothes which had seen worse days than this, and tramping shoes with soles an inch thick; a quizzical, good-humored face, and a manner that fitted exactly the easy freedom of this *tout ensemble*.

Three minutes later we were chatting easily in the limousine, getting acquainted. In this we progressed so rapidly that by the time we had reached the outskirts of Jo’burg, Sir Charles was down to my shoes.

“Do you know,” he remarked in a fatherly way, looking at their conspicuous shine, “those boots might get hurt in a mine,—but probably you can borrow some heavy footwear before we go down.”

“I hope I can,” I answered fervently. “These shoes are a mistake.” I was feeling over-dressed for the company I was in. Sir Charles ran his eye over my clothes, but made no further comment. Perhaps

he thought I had nothing worse, and respected my poverty.

In our random talk about England and America, Sir Charles spoke as casually about his travels with "the King" as I would of that card in the deck. As casually, he remarked that it had been his duty to look after the entertainment of President Wilson when he was in England.

"Did you know Wilson?" he suddenly asked, in an offhand way which showed that he expected at least this much of me.

My intimacy with presidents began with shaking hands with Grant when I was toddling about Washington with my father; but unfortunately it ended there. None of the others had seemed to meet me. I regretted, now, that I had never looked up Wilson,—except at a distance, from the top of a keg of nails. Yet I could not wholly disappoint Sir Charles.

"No-o," I answered, carefully weighing my relations with the late president, "I didn't *know* him, but I've *seen* him."

Thus another social chasm was bridged. We became chummier than ever.

At the mine we exchanged our coats for oilskins, and I was mercifully provided with rubber boots. The courtesies of the mine management were bestowed on us with an impartiality that surprised me. Beyond the name on my visiting card they knew nothing about me, and were too polite to inquire;

but, having arrived with Sir Charles, they evidently concluded that I must be Somebody Else, whereas I shone wholly by reflected light. I was an innocent bystander, receiving the shock of distinguished attentions planned for another.

“Shock” is a word in this connection not so inappropriate as it sounds. Ordinarily, visitors are taken to some convenient level,—“levels” are the horizontal tunnels cut along the vein at different depths,—shown the glittering “reef” of ore at some head-wall, and shown, too, just to give them a scare, the crushed tops of the huge supporting pillars, indicating the inevitable settling of the rock roof in an excavated mine; then they are escorted back to the lift with a sufficiently full knowledge of mining underground to impress the home town at a meeting of the Literary Club.

But we two, the Distinguished and the Mysterious Guest, after everything had been carefully explained to us on the twenty-five-hundred-foot level, must have the thrill of a trip from that level to the next below through the stoping—the inclined slit left by the removal of ore. This was to be our special treat, so of course we had to take it.

This uninviting crack down into the bowels of the earth dipped at an angle of about forty-five degrees; its width, varying from three feet to a scant two, compelled a hunch-and-slide motion on one hip,—as long as it lasted, then on the other,—while the wet,



GOLD MINING IN JOHANNESBURG

loose underpinning of stone chips and drill-mud alternately held us back and let us go at hair-raising speed.

Whenever the two slanting walls narrowed to a crevice barely high enough to wriggle through, I hoped and prayed that the one scraping my ear would not seize upon that unfortunate moment to settle a few inches, to say nothing of collapsing entirely. I know no fear; but a well-developed sense of caution is sometimes a positive annoyance.

As I bumped ever downward, with Sir Charles about two hard falls ahead of me, fraternizing with greatness did not seem to be an unmitigated pleasure; and the worst of it was that this extraordinary honor was being done me under a misapprehension that I deserved it. After I had had enough I wanted to cry out, "See here—I'm just an ordinary citizen—I don't have to do this!"—but it was too late. We suddenly struck bottom at the lower level.

The obliging foreman who had seen us through was still alive, and Sir Charles and I were nearly so. Thanks to the toughness of the oilskin coat, enough remained of my new pants to see me back to the hotel; and on the soft cushions of the limousine we recovered sufficiently to assure each other that it had been a perfect day.

* * * * *

The precious vein of gold showing bronze against the surrounding rock; the White manipulators of the

pneumatic drills clattering deep holes into the stope to receive the blasts; the lines of little cars pulled along the levels by mules,—sleek, well-fed, well-stabled, never seeing daylight and never knowing the difference; these have their parallel sights in almost any mine, anywhere.

But in the mines of the Rand are the Kaffirs,—swarms of Blacks, shovelling, shoving the ore down the stopings into the cars, everywhere moving about, silent, big-eyed in the shifting light of miners' lamps; other swarms all over the works and yards above-ground, doing the labor—the plain, heavy labor that makes up four-fifths of all physical effort put into mining for gold.

Many of these mines have reached depths at which costs are crowding profits. Their further life—everybody knows it, the companies admit it—depends upon the supply of cheap labor. And cheap labor is synonymous with Kaffir; five Kaffirs, often more than that, for the price of a White man.

The companies scour the country for Kaffirs; they reach over into Portuguese East Africa, only a few hundred miles away, and complain because the Portuguese—indolent, ill-managing, slow to develop their own resources—will not always permit their surplus Kaffirs to be taken away under contract to the Rand mines.

Kaffirs and mules are cared for and kept fit for the purpose of getting the most out of their labor, the

chief difference being that the Kaffirs' compounds are above ground instead of below. Humane treatment is accorded to both, probably from the loftiest of motives, and no doubt the Kaffir is given a slight advantage in this respect; as a more intelligent animal, he responds more profitably than the mule. And they seem equally happy and contented.

This is no spasm for the downtrodden Kaffir of the mines. By all the signs, he is farther up in the world than he ever was, or could be, in his native Kraal. But because we in America have nothing like him in our social fabric, I am trying to describe the Kaffir of Africa as an interesting human object.

Whatever may be its humanitarian aspects, the completeness of the Kaffir's social and physical isolation in the midst of a great community like Jo'burg is a remarkable achievement. As a human being he has a status of his own. All South African towns with an appreciable number of Kaffirs have a compound—known as the "location"—in the outskirts; and every Kaffir not domiciled with his employer must be "in location" between nine o'clock at night and six in the morning. They are not usually fenced in, nor locked in; they simply must stay in, or run the risk of arrest. Kaffirs housed as domestics may be out after nine if supplied with a pass from the master or mistress—good for that date only. Every town is "white" after nine o'clock.

Kaffirs are not permitted to ride on the trams with

Whites at any time. Jo'burg, like other large places, has a number of "locations," most of them rather distant from the industrial centers. Many large employers besides the mine-owners maintain compounds, in order to have their men handy to their work; but these "location" Kaffirs either walk, or are brought in by special trains and trams in the morning, and taken back at night; and no Whites may ride on a Kaffir conveyance. No Whites would, anyway.

Education, generally left to the missionaries, reaches a comparative handful, although some housewives increase the efficiency of their "boys" by teaching them to read and write enough to understand the literature of the kitchen. Yet such is the prejudice against education for Kaffirs that strong objection is raised against the self-interested efforts of these householders.

South Africa has the almost universal feeling, common to lands where natives predominate, that education spoils the Black. There is merit on both sides of this question. Without attempting to discuss it I venture to say, from a considerable observation of them in different countries, that no human being can be more insufferably useless than some educated natives.

It goes without saying that Kaffirs have no political rights whatever. No place of entertainment admits them, neither may they so much as enter any

park in Jo'burg, big or little, except the Zoological Gardens. Until a few years ago, Kaffirs could not walk on the sidewalks. I understand that this extraordinary privilege of the Zoo is due to something in a deed of gift; some donor must have labored under the delusion that Kaffirs are human.

Jo'burg's Zoological Gardens are acres of beautiful, flower-decked, wooded landscape, a delight to the eye; but to say that Kaffirs are welcomed there to get their one and only glimpse of the White man's culture is to laugh. Whenever Whites are gathered at a point of interest at the cages, they must stand aside; along the paths they may not walk behind White people, especially women, except at a respectful distance.

What that distance is seems to be left to the discretion of the attendants. One Sunday morning, strolling about the grounds, I stopped for a word with the man who was guarding the destinies of a sleepy hippo submerged to his ears in a tank. Down the broad path came two white girls, and, five or six paces behind them, three young Kaffirs, decently dressed; evidently house-boys having a little time off. They were chatting and smiling, and as oblivious of the girls as the girls were of them.

But they did not suit the attendant. "See them Kaffirs!" he remarked in disgust. "Too close be'ind the wimmen. Kaffirs make me tired."

He lifted himself off the railing. "Go back, go-o

ba-ak!" he drawled wearily, with a wave of his dirty hand.

The young men halted; their faces went suddenly blank with wonder. Not a trace of resentment,—just big-eyed wonder. Only for an instant, then they turned back,—subdued, whispering among themselves, still wondering. What had they done now?

Well, their joyousness was gone, temporarily. I have no use for mushy talk about Black equality with White; yet this was one of those little human incidents that grip,—too hard, sometimes, for their size. Probably within three minutes the Kaffir lads were chatting and smiling again,—they were used to this sort of thing. But the birds didn't sing just right for me for the rest of the morning.

Chapter IV

PRETORIA

CAPE TOWN, peppered with likenesses of Cecil John Rhodes, represents the spirit of the British Empire in this double-headed U. S. A. Pretoria still worships at a dozen shrines the memory of the Transvaal's great Boer President, Paul Kruger.

Pretoria, once the capital of the Boer Republic, now has distinction as the other half-capital of South Africa's experiment in government. It is a sleepy-looking town of fifty thousand Whites and almost as many Blacks; nestled against gently sloping hillsides among a wealth of beautiful trees, it is easy to imagine it as



not so very much changed in character, however it may have altered its size and outward appearance, since it was the abiding-place of the sturdy, honest, phlegmatic old President and his non-progressive burghers. The imposing statue of Oom Paul in

the open square facing the railway station gives the new arrival a first impression, which strengthens as he gets acquainted with the place, that underneath its present function as the political twin of Cape Town, Pretoria is still, in spirit, the capital of the Boer Republic.

Material improvements have come, of course, with its business as the administrative headquarters of the Union of South Africa. The efficient tram system, manned by employees who look after traffic as if they owned the line, could hardly have developed in Kruger's régime; nor would one expect the burghers to approve of the Zoo, or the Museum,—both rather more ambitious than our American cities of like size usually attempt.

The Pretoria Zoo claims to have the largest lion in captivity. A magnificent specimen, and he may be a few inches longer and thicker than other lions,—I do not know, never having been curious enough about the length and chest expansion of lions to go up and measure them. But he was as fierce and childish in his impatience to be fed at feeding-time as other lions and infants. All mentally immature animals are alike in giving their keepers no peace from the moment they appear in the room with meat, or a milk bottle.

In striking contrast was the behavior of the chimpanzee. When visiting zoos I always call on the chimpanzee as a neglected member of the family; but

this particular visit impressed upon me more than any before the almost human intelligence of these creatures.

He was a big black-faced fellow, in one of a line of monkey cages. Along came a Kaffir with food, passing it in at each cage to the eager little simians.

Did the chimpanzee howl and shut his eyes and get red in the face and beat the air with both fists because he had to wait a minute?

Not at all. He sat down near his grating,—so as to be ready,—and watched the proceedings like an amiable but interested old gentleman. He knew that his turn was coming. Why worry?

The Kaffir arrived,—a jet-black Bantu with a little flat nose and huge, protruding jaws. He stood on one side of the grating, the chimpanzee on the other.

The resemblance was positively shocking. These two half-human visages side by side, both from the wilds of Africa, were the most convincing object-lesson in evolution that I had ever experienced; but when they started a chatty conversation, each in his own primitive language, the effect was electrifying.

“Meke okum hokum bum sorto gumbo?” These may not be the exact words of the Kaffir, as he handed out a dough-like piece of food, but the sentiment is right.

“Eck-eck, oky-oky, uh-huh,” replied the big ape in an offhand, satisfied tone, with the exact descending inflection of an answer.

"Zulu-basuto-yankee-bantu-hottentot?" (Something about the weather, I took it to be.)

"Eck-eck, uk-uk-uk-uk, kee-kee." The chimp spoke lower and more intimately, as his friend handed him another biscuit.

So it went on, the chimpanzee responding always with a quick, easy familiarity and the correct inflection, as if he had understood perfectly. A tall bluffer, that old black-face!

"Buli bunko bum-bum by-by," said the Kaffir amiably, as he moved on.

"Te-te-te tut-tut ta-ta!" the chimpanzee called after him.

I listened to this dialogue in astonishment. Nothing confidential had been said, so I was not eavesdropping. Then the old fellow contentedly settled down to his lunch, quite as if he had dropped his hod a few minutes before at the blowing of the noon whistle.

Another incident of that afternoon with the animals, and I am done with the zoo. I do not want to give the impression that I lean too hard on zoos for entertainment, but two such vivid, lasting impressions do not often come to one in a short day.

From a little distance away through the trees came snatches of a weird song, interspersed with sepulchral grunts. Following the sounds, I came to the hippo tank. All except a foot of water had been drawn off; lying on his side was an enormous hippo,

blinking happily while a Kaffir—again from the wilds—vigorously scrubbed his tons of fat flesh with a stiff brush, to the accompaniment of the oddest native song I have ever heard.

How that hippo did enjoy the scratching of the brush! A sign on his fence warned the public that he was vicious, and must not be approached; yet the Kaffir went over him as casually as if he were a dirty carpet,—grabbed his ears and scrubbed around them, polished off his nose, scoured his flabby mouth, his bulging eyes,—and the hippo still blinked happily without moving a muscle. With an honest fear and a sneaking hope I waited to see the Kaffir eaten alive. In vain.

But the song. A rattling, shrill flow of wild, broken notes, running off to a half-cry like that of some strange animal; less than a dozen words of it, then, with his mouth shut tight, came a succession of booming reverberations, seemingly from way off in the distance, but actually from the depths of his chest up through his nose. Then another abandoned scattering of words,—different words each time,—and again the unearthly rumble from somewhere else; so it went on without end, while he scrubbed friend hippo and perhaps dreamed of his kraal and his wives and his tribe somewhere off in the bush.

Bill Nye once remarked that "classical music is music that is really much better than it sounds." If he lived now, he might say that jazz makes every

other noise sound like music. But there is a middle ground, where those who must hold their own music unexpressed may find release in the notes of others: in Chopin's Nocturnes, some things of Mendelssohn, Schubert, and a host like them. And to these I would add the soul-expressions of native peoples. Crude as they are, some of them are rich with deep emotions which we, in our ages of culture, seem to have suppressed.

So with the outpourings of this Kaffir. They touched something in me that was never reached by any other music, because, I verily believe, they tuned emotions which the makers of our music never knew. Barbaric, of course, and reckless,—and perhaps highly disreputable, according to civilized standards; but have not most of us a vestigial relic in our souls, a chord not yet uprooted by devastating custom, which might have been set to vibrating by the kinky notes of this Kaffir?

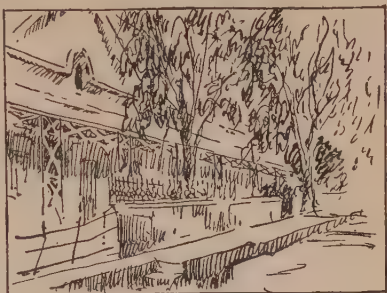
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After taking in a large whiff of the Boer atmosphere from the portraits of Kruger and his burghers in the art gallery, I went across town to see the residence of the late Oom Paul. It is a decidedly unpretentious, one-story cottage, set close to the street; yet for anyone who can view Paul Kruger in the abstract as the father and defender of his country, and grieves at the thought of defeat and exile for any honest patriot who fights to the last ditch against



THE LATE PAUL KRUGER'S HOME, PRETORIA

hopeless odds, this little house takes on a distinction all its own. Here the President and his advisors planned and directed the remarkable war which for three years stood off the forces of the British Empire. Here the grim old man knew the sorrows of a Lost Cause. From here he went into exile, to die in a foreign land. One lifts the hat to the memory of such men, if only in acknowledgment of their tragic endeavor.



* * * * *

On the heights overlooking this pretty, tree-covered town are the great Union Government Buildings; used for administration purposes, but representing in their stern magnificence—what?

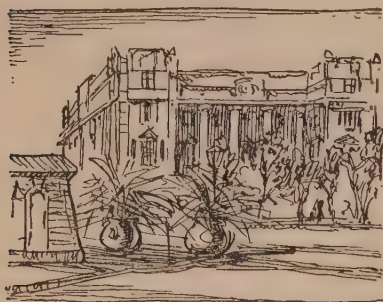
Some would say, a decided Boer victory in peace after defeat in war; others, an incredibly weak bid on the part of the English for that impossible thing, union without unity.

Two capitals, two official languages, the virtual recognition of two sets of ideals,—these concessions by the English unquestionably give hope eternal to the Boer that the war settled nothing; that he is in the Union as a Boer, for the furtherance of Boer ideals, Boer interests, and Boer power, and has only

to persist until the Union of South Africa shall become virtually a Boer State. The question of disloyalty does not enter; he hopes to gain his points by political manœuvering, and eventually by the majority vote. He is out-breeding the Englishman almost two to one; but the English can offset this by immigration.

This attitude on the part of the great majority of Boers rouses the English to an equal determination that the Union shall remain what it purports to be—an English colony, an integral part of the British Empire.

As a natural result, these two White peoples are incessantly at each others' political throats, in a country where the vital problems arising from swarming Blacks and discontented Indians demand, above all things, a solid White front and united White action. Literally months of the



Parliament's time have lately been frittered away in a fierce fight over the designing of a flag for the country,—whether the Union Jack or this or that English or Boer emblem shall get a place in it, or be excluded from it; months wasted, with a flag design no nearer than when the row began.

Not only does the parliament fight itself to a standstill, but the people of the whole country become torn with the hatred engendered by these Boer-English political strivings, even while they are fairly united in opinion on the really vital concerns of the Union.

When will the Union of South Africa be able to get down to whole-hearted business on these vital concerns of the country—the Black, the Indian, the precarious diamond industry, a depressed agriculture, and the thousand problems which assail a new land?

It would be absurd for any outsider to attempt an answer—except perhaps by asking another question equally difficult to answer: will it be before they close forever the present wide-open avenues to strife and hatred by adopting one capital—possibly midway between the two; one language—English, of course, in an English colony; and one set of ideals,—those which all the world says must follow, rightly or wrongly, the fortunes of war?

Chapter V

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

ON a bright, clear morning—there are few of any other kind in this part of Africa—I woke up in Mafeking, after a night's ride on the train from Jo'burg.

Mafeking, aside from the historic part it played in the Boer war, has the unique honor of being the seat of government for a country in which it is not located: the Bechuanaland Protectorate. This vast British territory, a near-wilderness more than five times as large as England, has not a town in it suitable for the purpose; while Mafeking, a comfortable little city in the Cape Province, is only a few miles from its southeast corner. So the constituted officials govern from Mafeking, somewhat as the referee of a tennis match sits on a perch just outside the line and rules a merry game.

Bidding good-bye for the present to the Union of South Africa,—months later we shall be visiting it again, in Durban,—the next lap in the long trek northward is one of five hundred miles through this continuation of South-Central Africa's bunch-grass and sand to Bulawayo, the capital of Southern Rhodesia.

I shared my compartment with a young man from

some asbestos mines somewhere in the beyond back of Bulawayo. He inspired in me a feeling that I ought to see them; but when he described the various means of locomotion for getting there, the inspiration faded.

All that day and the following night we were riding through the eternal sameness, relieved only by short stops at the widely separated post stations, and longer stops at places where there is water for refilling the engine and train tanks. Dry, and hot,—but not dusty on this particular day. During the afternoon we crossed the Tropic of Capricorn; Africa here is without a sign of the verdure which one associates with the tropics. Sand and bunchgrass, arid plains, with now and then low, boulder-covered ranges of hills. This is Bechuanaland.

Passenger trains run three times a week, and these are mostly for business and the mail. About the only travellers for pleasure who get beyond Jo'burg are those going to Victoria Falls, sixteen hundred miles from Cape Town. A number of South Africans declared to me that they had never seen this world-wonder, right in their own country, solely because of the long, hot train-ride; but the trip has nothing in it to worry Americans who have travelled in any summer month through our Middle States. The only thing about it to make a Yankee shudder is that they take nearly four days for a journey which we would do in less than two.

The one real interest in this day through Bechuana-land was in the native population. It all came to the train-side, and most of it had a hand out for "tickey"—the universal name in South Africa for the silver threepence. "Buss! Tickey!" "Buss" is their word for "gentleman." "Oh, *Buss!*" the engaging damsels would exclaim, smiling rapturously and playing their bright black eyes to the limit,—"*Tickey!*"

I am stony-hearted when it comes to giving coin to young beggars. It is bad for their morals. After my tickeys had run out that day, I gave no more.

At one stop, three particularly bright young girls posted themselves outside our windows. One of the girls—the snappiest of the lot—was given to making remarks which convulsed the others, and the more they laughed the more scintillating she became. I was sorry that I could not understand her, she had such a merry, innocent face,—but I hung out of the window and smiled and nodded encouragingly at every sally. It was great fun. Then I noticed that the young man with me had settled back in his seat, out of sight of the girls.

"Isn't she a clever kid!" I exclaimed. "See how heartily she makes them laugh!"

"Makes 'em laugh, all right. But I know some of their lingo, and let me tell-yuh," he remarked sententiously, "she's making lurid cracks about you that couldn't be sent through the mails!"

I regarded the show as over, and sat down.

* * * * *

Bulawayo is not only the capital of Southern Rhodesia; it is the commercial center of a vast region now developing agriculturally, and rich in minerals. Gold reefs, most of them yet to be fully explored, promise a mining industry which may rival that of the Transvaal. Curiously, many of these outcroppings show the marks of ancient surface mining,—crude efforts, mere scratches on the ore bodies which modern methods are revealing.



The main street is wide enough to take care of all possible traffic, and still accommodate aeroplanes down the middle. Whether this was one of Cecil

Rhodes' big ideas I do not know; but the two Rhodesias, as big as all of Europe, were his magnificent contribution to the British Empire, as well as the apple of his eye. In Southern Rhodesia's rugged hills he chose to be buried after he had run his short course of forty-nine years.

The chief reason for the usual stopover at Bulawayo on the way to the Falls is Rhodes' grave, on the lovely top of a mountain. Off into the famed Matopos Hills the motor road runs for twenty miles, past ridges and hills oddly capped with boulders—huge boulders, many in grotesque shapes, while others, as big as an ordinary house, are almost perfectly round. How these great, loose rocks happened to pick out the very tops as their resting-place perhaps some geologists can explain; they are a striking feature in many other African landscapes, as I discovered in the journey farther northward.

Trees are in evidence, also grass that is not in bunches, for Southern Rhodesia has an average rainfall of about twenty inches; enough to make pasturage reasonably sure, and agriculture not wholly uncertain. Trees crooked-limbed, ant-pestered, but something green to see, after a thousand miles of semi-desert.

The last few miles of the drive are through the Rhodes estate, a tract of more than one hundred thousand acres. Solidly built macadam roads are its most obvious sign of development; little else dis-

tinguishes it from the surrounding country except a government experimental farm, and a huge irrigation dam. Aside from the fertile acres of the valley running through it, Rhodes must have chosen the huge domain for its ruggedness,—or perhaps for its isolation.

The climb to the grave is a short mile, over a rambling footpath—not too steep if one is not too fat. Trees and verdure give way as one ascends; the path loses definition, until finally there are left only the bald, rising acres of a single rock.

Into the flat top of this granite mountain is hewn the grave of Rhodes. Around it are six immense boulders, resting easily

on the smooth rock as nature placed them ages ago, and as they will be for all ages to come; sentinels everlasting, at the tomb of a man who felt so sure of his eternal fame that he would have his



grave marked with no other words than these:
HERE LIE THE REMAINS OF CECIL
JOHN RHODES.

This might have done for Cæsar, or for Shakespeare; but one looks at the inscription over South Africa's turbulent Empire Builder with an involun-

tary feeling that many a trip to the encyclopedia might have been saved to a busy world if "1853-1902" were modestly beneath it.

* * * * * * *

Cecil Rhodes was Rooseveltian in more respects than one, but never more so than when asserting his right to go rough-shod over the finer ethics to reach the greater good. That greater good, for Rhodes, was the expansion of the British Empire in Africa.

And what if he did wheedle, bully, and fight, in the classic business of dispossessing natives? We, and every civilized nation in need of land, did the same thing in our time, and usually with less finesse.

The pioneering White man, all over the world, develops his hair-trigger sense of justice after he has kicked out his weaker neighbors. In this he shows a comforting adaptability to the inexorable law of the Survival of the Fittest.

Why not admit that, when it comes to extending territory, we all put our finer sentiments into moth-balls and get out the old club? The "Great American Crime" was not in dispossessing the Indians; it was in giving a psalm-singing smear to what was never anything but plain rough stuff.

Rhodes' underhanded resourcefulness is illustrated in the oft-told "pail-of-diamonds" story,—a story with almost as many variations as there are tellers of it; but it happens that on the train from Bulawayo to Victoria Falls, I had it from one of the few men

in Africa who knows first-hand what was in the back of Rhodes' head when he did his famous diamond stunt. This man was the son of one of Rhodes' intimate associates at the time when he was putting through the great DeBeers diamond merger; so this story, however it agrees with other versions, is undoubtedly authentic:

The negotiations for the great merger had reached the final stage of inventorying the huge stocks of DeBeers' diamonds; these the Company had carefully assorted and laid out in piles on a table, ready for the appraising.

Rhodes was called in—but he was not ready to close the deal. He needed a few more days in which to complete his banking arrangements for handling all those diamonds. Yet it would never do to admit unpreparedness in this, the biggest game in his career.

After a few moments of desultory conversation, he called for a pail. Then, choosing his moment, with a quick stroke of his arm he swept all the piles of diamonds off into the pail.

"There!" he exclaimed, rising, while the others gasped with astonishment, "I've always wanted to know how it feels to hold a pailful of diamonds—and here it is!"

The incident spread through the English world as an incomprehensibly vain, silly act of a great man. But what did Cecil Rhodes care? It took four days

of steady work to re-assort and assemble that pailful of diamonds for the final closing. Those four days enabled Rhodes to prepare for business.

A soft spot in the head of South Africa's Empire Builder? Never!

So headstrong was Cecil Rhodes that he had difficulty in distinguishing between unwanted natives and his unwelcome Portuguese neighbors. I was told by one who ought to know, and tells things straight—this is given for what it may be worth—that Rhodes' impatience in the face of obstacles once led him to contemplate seizing a certain port on the Portuguese East African coast. And as for the two Boer republics—Orange Free State, and the Transvaal—which stood between the Cape and his beloved Rhodesia ——!

They say that every bull-headed man eventually butts his way to a good stone wall. Rhodes met his in the Jameson Raid.

No doubt that Oom Paul and his unprogressive burghers had treated the great foreign mining companies of the Rand most exasperatingly,—perhaps unjustly. No doubt, too, that the English generally, and Cecil Rhodes in particular, wanted that incomparably rich mineral area added to the British Empire. These two were the significant combination of a hearty longing with a weak excuse—the usual can-opener for releasing war.

The Jameson Raid early in 1896—a fantastic, out-



SIX IMMENSE BOULDERS GUARD THE GRAVE OF CECIL
JOHN RHODES

law attempt on the part of five hundred men to seize the Johannesburg district—blew up at the start, like the impossible bubble that it was. Several ringleaders—an American mining engineer, John Hays Hammond, among them—were tried by the Boers, and condemned to death. What is reported to have been a five-thousand-dollar cable to the State Department in Washington saved Hammond's life; England's interference rescued the others.

What could be more logical as a sequel to this endeavor than three years of preparation for war, and then three years of war between Great Britain and the Boers?

But the arch-conspirator, as is usual in such cases, played from underneath. Cecil Rhodes was then Premier of the Cape government; seized documents connected him directly with these sinister designs against a friendly power while in office as Premier, even though they acquitted him of sanctioning Jameson's premature, abortive consummation of them.

By this episode, Rhodes' star was permanently dimmed. He resigned his high office, and thereafter devoted himself to his interests in Rhodesia. Six years later he died.

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Another spot of profound human interest near Bulawayo—one which many travellers regard as a poor second or omit altogether—is the Khama Ruins. Not that the ruins in themselves are much to look

at; merely hilltops walled about for defence with small, rough-hewn stones loosely put together, and giving little evidence of whatever may have been inside the various barricades. Yet because these are only one of many like relics scattered all over this country, and for hundreds of miles to the eastward, centering in the huge, mystic fortifications of Zimbabwe, they stir the imagination to picture in its fantastic way that uncharted civilization of an unknown age which once occupied this immense gold-bearing region of Africa. Here is the fascination of the unexplained.

These ancient peoples were of Arabic origin, they came to get gold, and they stayed hundreds of years for the same purpose; this much the years of research at Zimbabwe have made reasonably certain. But how far back their centuries run, or what became of the gold, are questions even more difficult to solve because of the total absence of really ancient markings or inscriptions. The few which have been found are mostly post-Koranic; from this some archæologists set the beginnings at not more than a thousand years back, or possibly half of that. Others, possessed of more imagination, deny the right of scattered bits of pottery and art to fix the age of the gold-gathering, point to evidences of occupation centuries apart, and ask two pertinent questions:

How could a comparatively modern traffic in large quantities of gold escape all historical mention? No

record exists in any country of a corresponding influx of the precious metal.

And again: Whence came the gold of Biblical times? Gold, the most frequently mentioned metal of the Old Testament, is its symbol of wealth and luxury from the days of Aaron's "Golden Calf" to the building of Solomon's Temple. Yet, so far as we know, there were no adequate sources of gold anywhere near Palestine. And the "Gold of Ophir," so often alluded to? Ophir is in southern Arabia, and wholly without a natural source of gold.

From these premises is drawn the engaging picture of ancient, Arabic Zimbabwe as gathering crude gold through its innumerable outposts, and shipping it up the East Coast to Ophir for its refining; of the gold-worshipping world of that age bartering with the magnates of Ophir for the coveted metal; of the Queen of Sheba, the potentate of this gold emporium, trekking in royal state up to Solomon's bailiwick with a shipload just in from Zimbabwe, and metaphorically putting his eye out with it,—assisted, of course, by certain personal charms —.

Well, it may be a fanciful dream, but it is a pretty one to enlarge upon, if you go out and sit down on the Khama Ruins for a while in a not too severe frame of mind.

If this is not the true story of South-Central Africa's mystical occupation of ages ago, these two questions are still unanswered: Why does not history

have some reference to this gold supply, if it dates no farther back than the Middle Ages? And, where did Solomon, and the Queen of Sheba, and the other dizzy sports of their day, get so much of the stuff that intoxicates but rarely cheers?

* * * * * * *

Trees,—twisted, gnarled and knotted by the eternal contest with insects and parasites, and rarely big or straight enough for use as timber,—trees scattered about in a gently rolling, well-grassed plain; this is the landscape which begins with Southern Rhodesia and runs on past the car windows for the next thirteen hundred miles, with as little variation as could be found in a like stretch of scenery anywhere. It is just as well that, after less than three hundred miles of it, Victoria Falls intervenes to give the traveller a rest—a long rest, as it happened to be for me.

On the train from Bulawayo to the Falls I fell in with several men of the country. A mine promoter, doing not too well but expecting better things; coffee raisers,—coffee gives promise of becoming a staple crop of the region; and stockmen, fairly prosperous in spite of the great drought, still unbroken by anything like the normal rainfall.

I was conversing with one stockman from Southern Rhodesia, when another from Northern Rhodesia dropped in and sat on the other side of me. From the moment the conversation turned to cattle, I, in

the midst of it, was out of it; a listener-in, with live-stock on the air.

These two men figuratively fell on each others' neck with their respective troubles, hopes and fears in the none too gentle art of nursing cattle. I gathered from an hour's talk that the country is much better adapted to the raising of ticks. They must dip for this, and spray for that, and dose for the other; stock-raising seems to be chiefly a massacre of the insects. I cannot believe that the cattle have any idea how dangerous life is for them, or they would die of fright.

Difficulties with live-stock are not the only signs that we are now in latitude 18°, where the eternal problems of life in the tropics usually begin. A significant feature of Rhodesian railways is the screening of all windows in passenger coaches. On this journey northward, man's troubles with visible and invisible life start with the anophele mosquito, multiply as he goes toward the Equator, and end only when he quits the tropics. The Bechuanaland Protectorate, dry as it is, suffers from malaria during its short rainy season, while in Southern Rhodesia quinine is sold at cost by the government in every postoffice. From now on, I shall count on quinine as one of the necessities of life.

Only a few hours before the train reaches Victoria Falls, it stops at Wankie. The town is no prettier than its name. Hot, homely, and none too healthful,

Wankie holds the master key to South-Central Africa's future industrial prosperity in its virtually inexhaustible mines of high-grade coal. That is, if the country is ever to develop industries outside of mining.

At present, Wankie's coal supplies the immensely rich mining region of the High Katanga in the Congo, a thousand miles north, besides all the railways and mines in the two Rhodesias. South Africa, to her sorrow, never has been able to discover oil. Petrol at two and three shillings a gallon is a perpetual thorn in the motorist's side, but coal in abundance merely awaits the unpredictable day when this country shall be something better than a land of doubtful agriculture, supported by mines which cannot last forever.

Chapter VI

VICTORIA FALLS AND BEYOND

It is said that a jocose American once cabled from Victoria Falls to a friend at home: SELL NIAGARA.

That depends upon how you view Victoria Falls,—if indeed you happen to get a passable view of them during your stay in the place.

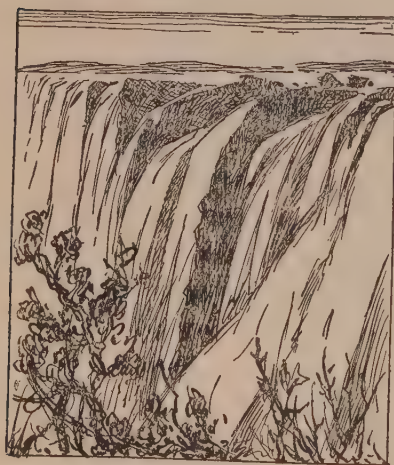
Imagine the Mississippi River, in a level country where it flows peacefully and a mile wide, suddenly dropping into a deep crack in the earth at right angles across its path; there to rage and tear its way, a river tipped up edgewise, narrow and bottomless, off into the still level country for forty-odd miles before it can spread out again as a peaceful waterway.

This is the joke that Nature played on the Zambesi River to make Victoria Falls.

Whether the Old Dame opened up this vertical cleft in the hard basaltic rock as an afterthought, or had it filled originally with soft material to entrap the Zambesi and set it to work at making a world wonder, is a question on which the doctors, self-appointed in such cases, fail to agree. Nor does it matter to any except the doctors; in either case the

formation and resulting character of these falls are so unlike those of Niagara that the two can be compared only as opposites. Niagara made itself by cutting out the softer strata under a hard bed-rock, and, like most other cataracts, it is a receding fall. Victoria's basaltic base, unbroken to the bottom of the chasm, could never be undermined without the aid of ice; and there is no sign that the Falls have receded since the Zambesi first fell into the peculiar trap laid for it.

It is this tumbling into a cross-fissure scarcely a hundred yards wide that makes Victoria Falls dif-



ficult to see. One views Niagara as a complete spectacle from many points along its broad, self-worn channel; here, by standing on the brink opposite and looking across through a deluge of rain and spray shot upward against this side of the chasm, one gets fleeting, partial glimpses of

the mighty downpour on the other. Or, one may look in partway at either end of the gorge,—choosing the end from which the wind is blowing,—and get good bits of the Falls and the uprush in the same

view. Open-and-shut views, too, may be had at times from the railway bridge, just below the Falls.

The boiling waters down below can be seen only at breaks in the Falls; at no place can the eye follow the main cataract to the bottom. The incomparable battle of waters there is a thing never to be seen,—but why see, when the concentrated thunder of the thing unseen is so much more awe-inspiring?

This having to coax views piecemeal from many different points of vantage gives to Victoria Falls an elusive grandeur which might not be improved upon if they could be seen in their entirety. “If only that opposing wall could be taken away!” exclaims many a visitor. Then Victoria would be another Niagara, a little more than twice as high, but less picturesque in its straight-line frontage of broken cataracts.

Victoria would better stick to its rôle as a most intriguing mystic. One contemplates Niagara as a sublime spectacle; Victoria stirs the imagination with its half-hidden savagery.

* * * * *

The one hotel at Victoria Falls has so few patrons who come for more than a hurried look at the cataract that within a week I was regarded as a fixture. After ten days they viewed me with alarm and sent me a bill. This made me a common boarder, but as they had none such I still paid the daily rate.

86 LOAFING THROUGH AFRICA

Waiting for connections was to be one of my pastimes from the Falls northward through the Upper Congo country. Rail service is down to two trains a week; the little steamer on the Upper Congo happens along about once in eleven days; and transportation eastward and across Lake Tanganyika connects with every second boat, if all goes well. This was to be the last hotel deserving the name for three months, and the fascination of the Falls is never-ending; for these two sufficient reasons I did three weeks of my waiting here.

By choosing the days, and the points of view according to the sun and breeze, I saw in these three weeks not only a very considerable part of Victoria Falls, but the Falls at different stages of the water volume. Tropical floods up-country put the river almost to high-water level during this time.

When the Zambesi is low, the Falls are naturally at their mildest; visibility, as one might say, is high, and the drop increases to four hundred feet. Visitors usually choose to come at this stage. But a rise of only a few feet in the river causes a rise of fifty feet in the gorge,—as might be expected of a mile-wide river turned up edgewise in a crevice no more than a stone's throw across; the smoothly falling water becomes a massive cataract, the roar doubles in volume, and the uprush changes from a wet spray to fierce, spasmodic bursts of sheet-water in grotesque shapes, driven as much as two hundred feet



VICTORIA FALLS AT HIGH WATER

into the air after their lightning journey up the wall of the chasm.

This uprush at the river's flood-time is the most delightfully terrifying spectacle about the Falls. Imagine the shapes to be pursuing devils, or white-robed, fleeing angels, as you wish, or wicked messages shot up from the bellowing unseen below. No other cataract has its like, and this one has it only when the rest of the show is raging itself into a state of invisibility.

If I could see Victoria Falls at only one stage, I would choose it at high water, and look for a Minnehaha effect elsewhere.

Photographing the main fall at flood-time is a matter of long waits. I stood in an artificial rain that defied the laws of gravitation until there was the happy combination of a break in the uprush and a dry lens. Each unsuccessful try meant a retirement to nurse the camera back into condition. The result is herewith modestly submitted.

Three weeks at the Falls pass quickly, with the many trails to explore both up the river and along the gorge, its curious birds, its baboons,—big families of baboons, with aunts and uncles and poor relations all in tow of patriarchs, and chattering in Baboo until cousin Homo Sapiens heaves into sight; then the outpost guard shouts "Look! Look!" in a rasping voice that stops all conversation, and they look back unkindly at poor Homo as they take to the woods. I

have come to think that a considerable portion of native African intelligence is vested in baboons.

* * * * * * *

Now for the last thousand miles by train to the Congo river, with one long stop in Katanga.

Tourist travel virtually ends at Victoria Falls. During the entire journey of three thousand miles from here to Uganda I was to meet but one party out strictly for pleasure. Of the five in it, one had malarial fever, and another was half-dead with dysentery; the other three were still bright, but thin.

Belgians going to their rich mining country, on the Upper Congo, filled the second-class and most of the first-class on this bi-weekly train bound northward. They choose to come from the home-land by way of Cape Town and take the twenty-five-hundred-mile ride in slow trains, rather than land at the mouth of the Congo and journey twenty-five hundred miles up-stream in the much slower boats; that is, if their time happens to be worth more than the extra amount of fare.

Most of them were newcomers. How did I guess it? I didn't have to. At lunch-time they gave themselves away.

The dining car, that first day, was full of Belgian men and women, each armed with a bottle of quinine pills. In a high state of animation they inspected their own and their neighbors' vials, read the labels, shook out the pills and examined them—and here

and there gravely offered to treat each other to a pill!

At Victoria Falls we had crossed the Zambesi—the boundary between Southern and Northern Rhodesia. I suppose the Belgians had chosen this particular time to begin the perennial dosing, because the Zambesi valley is notoriously malarial. Clearly, this ceremonial in the diner was the Taking of the First Pill!

Poor things! Within a week they will be washing down a five-grain quinine pellet at every dinner, in deference to the evening's mosquitoes, with as little concern as they take their daily bread.

The highest steel bridge in the world permits us to cross the Zambesi at three miles an hour. One engine of our double-header crept over ahead to lighten the load, and a jovial American seller of steam shovels—going to attack the mines—tried to make us believe that passengers were encouraged to reduce the weight of the train by getting out and walking beside it; but an Englishman carefully explained that any who walked probably did so in order to get a better view of the Falls.



While Southern Rhodesia has attained to the dignity of what they call "responsible government"—it elects its own officials—Northern Rhodesia is a crown colony, governed by appointees of the Home Office in London. Southern Rhodesia boasts a White population of about thirty-four thousand, while its northern sister, with a slightly larger area, has only four thousand Whites. Nearly all of these are either in the mining towns, or in Livingstone,—the capital, just across the Falls,—or work for the railway. This half of Rhodes' enormous Empire will have no need for the "Standing Room Only" sign until some revolution in science uncovers a way to make the subtropics healthful places in which to live and prosper.

One good hard frost a year in the tropics would kill off more enemies of man and his beasts and his vegetables than all the dips and doctors working overtime. Too bad that it cannot be arranged.

From Livingstone, the train lifts us in a few hours one thousand feet above the hot Zambesi valley, and into the comparative coolness of the plateau which extends northward for nearly a thousand miles to the Lualaba River—the Upper Congo. "The bush" here is like that of Southern Rhodesia—crooked trees scattered about in a sea of tall grass, interspersed with ant hills of every variety, from straight shafts of clay fifteen feet high to heaps as big as a house. It is a great game country; and, like all parts of

Africa where game is plentiful, lions are uncomfortably numerous.

"Lions got a couple of my cattle last night, and killed my best dog," said a hardy-looking English stockman at one of our stops for water. Whenever I see a likely prospect on such occasions I get out and make some groping observation to open him up on the state of the country. This was his opening. I had remarked that "things look sort o' quiet around here."

After condolences and a respectful pause we got started on the subject of stock-raising. He was prospering, mainly because he had a never-failing market at the Belgian mines for his beef, and "dipped regular,"—sometimes as often as every two weeks. Of neighbors he had few; he generally rode in to see the twice-a-week train go by.

"Don't you get rather lonesome at times?" I asked.

"Now and then," he admitted. "But anyhow,—it beats living in London. Ye-see, 'ere I'm me own boss. At 'ome—w'y, 'ang it—I'd be drivin' a motorbus and every cop tellin' me where to go."

He folded his arms and looked at our train with supreme indifference as it pulled away. Men of his spirit in a new country are not looking, at the first run of ill-luck, for the next train out. They are the ones who stay and make good, or go completely "broke."

The saying, "Pluck wins," is just pretty stuff. Pluck helps to win if a win is in the cards; but on a losing proposition, pluck helps one to a finish at the bottom of the hole. The saddest feature in South Africa just now is the great number of farmers who have persevered through three years of drought to a complete financial knockout, while some of the weak-kneed, by quitting early, managed to get away with part of the savings brought out from England.

In the Rhodesias, as in many parts of South Africa, mines are at the base of most of the prosperity. This railway would starve to death without them; so would the stockmen. Six freights daily each way take coal up from Wankie and ore down to the seaboard; our little bi-weekly passenger was side-tracked every time one of these wanted the right of way. The tough variety of beef raised here would be without a market at seaboard, even if it could be got there; but it suits the Kaffir compound trade at the mines, while the choice cuts do very well for the White employees. High-bred beef stocks do not thrive. Cattle hardy enough to resist tropical diseases are nearly teeth-proof to a White man.

For a part of the two-day journey up to the Belgian border, I had a young fellow in with me who was the telegraph operator at one of the infrequent "water-and-siding" stations. He was a chap who would never set any part of the world afire, but he had the making of a frontiersman.

"This country somehow gets you," he declared. "I've been here three years, and left twice—but I always come back. It somehow *gets* you." He didn't have the words to tell why; but, really, there are no words for it. It's just a phenomenon in every land of great expanses, from Alaska to Australia.

"And the fever?" I asked. He had the tell-tale watery eye and the wavering complexion.

"Well, that gets you, too—in a different way. I've had three attacks. Hard, but short. Oh, well, the railway pays the expenses, and my station has a climatic bonus. I get on all right—and the shooting's great."

Then he explained the "climatic bonus." Certain stations with specially poor health records pay a bonus to employees for the extra risk. Wankie, Victoria Falls, and Livingstone are climatic bonus stations, said the youth. The healthier places in the plateau country are without it, but his own station happened to be between two big swamps—quite unusual in that region. Mosquitoes galore—and fever to match.

I contemplated this young man: most of his life ahead of him, and only one constitution to carry him through. Is it worth while to be shot up with fevers for the sake of a "climatic bonus"?

It struck me, too, that this care-free youngster was shaping up for an attack of blackwater,—one of the deadliest of tropical fevers. Blackwater cases were

being reported all the way up through this country, beginning with Wankie, south of Victoria Falls. Although not well understood, this fever usually develops from a combination of suppressed malaria and saturation with quinine; consequently, it is not one of the fevers which a vigorous and organically sound newcomer has to fear. Time is required to get into condition for it.

The deadliness of blackwater fever is now being considerably mitigated. "When one of the men got blackwater," said an old-time mining boss who was unwittingly contributing to this book, "we always used to fix him up comfortable and send for the box. Now, we look for a hearty young chap to give up a pint of his good blood."

Blood transfusion, to make up for the fearful loss through the break-down of the kidneys, now saves many a man who otherwise would go to his "box" within a few hours; and healthy young men make a tidy sum by shedding a pint of blood once every week or so.

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Eight hours late by reason of our deference to freight trains, we arrived at midnight in Sakanian, the Belgian customs town on the border. Here, as in the Union of South Africa, the government collects duty on the traveller's camera, typewriter, and field glasses, then refunds the amount as he leaves the country. They seem to have a silly fear that he may

sell the second-hand stuff. However, a wise man goes through the clumsy farce with a well-feigned smile.

An official with an excitable nature—they all had it—threw himself with abandon into the work of figuring out the duty on my typewriter and camera. Before leaving home I had brushed up my French—in ten lessons—for such emergencies as this. But the conversation did not start right. I was all primed for any observations about the weather; or, if he had asked me whether the inkstand was *plus grande* than the table, or if I could go through *la porte* when it was *fermé*, I could have answered promptly and correctly.

Instead, he suddenly looked up from his papers and announced in an agitated voice:

“Sank-saw-van-weet-frawnk.”

He put it all into one simple word, to make it easier for me; but at my pantomimed request he pencilled the amount on the back of an envelope from my home town,—528 francs.

The figure seemed large. It *was* large. I was about to disturb international relations, when a bystander explained in labored English that a franc was worth “t’ree cents.”

When the money had been paid, and the official was making out the final papers, I asked in a fluent combination of both languages where, and if, and how, I was to get a refund.

Laying down his pen, the man told me what may have been the story of his life, concealing nothing. A Belgian, like a Frenchman, lays down his pen before he starts to talk, otherwise he would be throwing ink all over the place.

From his impassioned confidences I gathered that somewhere on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, where Belge and Briton meet, an official quite like himself—he tapped his chest—would be waiting for me with *sank-saw-van-weet-frawnk*. With all his flourishes he made it sound like a romantic tryst. Before I could ask whether I should wear a white rose or hum a familiar ditty to attract this other dark gentleman with youngish whiskers, he handed over forms which explained the whole thing in perfectly good French.

In my next bout with Belgian officials, I shall omit conversation and ask for printed matter. In print, the words are separated, as in other languages.

But the formalities were over; and there was something of a thrill in finally emerging into the land so closely associated with the heroes of my youth, Stanley, and Livingstone: the Belgian Congo.

Chapter VII

THE BELGIAN CONGO

A CLEAN train, copper-screened, and with beds such as we in the States never get on the four-cushion makeshifts of the ordinary Pullman, manages to do in ten hours the one-hundred-and-fifty-mile run from the Rhodesian border to Elizabethville, capital of the Katanga Province. It may seem odd to call this a "run," yet the speed is top-notch compared to the thirteen miles per hour coming up from Victoria Falls. These twice-a-week passenger trains are neither decrepit, nor especially slow; they simply have to give way to the over-full freight schedule, and spend a good portion of their time on sidings.

But nobody hurries in the tropics. Waiting in the bush for coal trains to go up and ore trains to go down gives the Black crews delightful intervals of nothing to do.

The first bit of novelty to catch the eye in this land of the Belgians is their frank attitude toward the two greatest pests of the African tropics. The Rhodesians sell quinine at cost in all postoffices, and keep rather still about it; here, in railway carriages, stations, and public buildings everywhere, are displayed these placards in French:

The Greatest Enemy of this Country is the Mosquito.
Have You Taken Your Dose of Quinine To-day?
If Not, Take It Immediately!

Then below, in heavy type:

LOOK OUT FOR THE TSETSES!

The Tsetse Fly—carrier, at times, of Sleeping Sickness to Man, and at all times “Nagana,” another name for sure death, to domestic animals. We shall take more notice of him farther on, when he gets to taking more notice of us.

Mines, principally copper mines, make Elizabethville's two thousand the largest collection of Whites within a travel radius of more than one thousand miles. As far inland from Cape Town as Salt Lake City is from New York, this metropolis is only one-third of the way up to the Mediterranean; a new, flat, brick-and-cement town, built scatteringly along broad macadam streets in a way to indicate that it intends to grow, and grow soon. If it does, her citizens may then indulge in sidewalks, at least on the business streets. At present, walkers take their daily dust in close intimacy with bicycles, motorcycles, and autos,—numerous as in the order given, but even at that there's plenty of room for everybody on the streets of this roomy town.

Comfortable one-story homes, each apparently modelled after some happy thought of its own house-

hold, are interspersed with ant-hills sometimes higher than the cottages. These first families of Elizabethville are extinct; their late dwellings merely emphasize the newness of the place.

Of course, this is a Belgian town. The hotel proprietor is a Cape Hebrew with seven years of intensive training in New York, and his next man is a Swiss. The best bank is presided over by an Englishman, a Greek runs the town's fruit shop, an East Indian does my laundry, Fords and pieces of Fords are dispensed by a Frenchman, a Polak barely missed me with a motorcycle made in Springfield, Massachusetts, and one afternoon a Congo nigger came down the street whistling "John Brown's Body."

* * * * *

Over this unbelievably rich mineral area of thousands of square miles, a Belgian corporation, the Union Minière de Haut Katanga, holds an absolute monopoly in the form of a concession from the government. The country, its present and its future, is decidedly a one-industry, one-company affair, and the Company is not in the least chatty about its affairs.

"It is difficult for foreigners, especially Englishmen and Americans, to find out much about these great copper deposits," I was told by a responsible English resident whose official position gets him as near to the facts as any outsider can get. "The Bel-

gians are secretive, jealous of mining experts from other countries,—but this much is known: ore of seventy per cent. copper is not extremely unusual; thirty, forty, and fifty per cent. are common; and the deposits already proven exceed in copper content those of any other known mineral area."

Comparing this thirty to seventy per cent. ore with the three to five per cent. of our best copper mines in the States, the mind begins to speculate on the effect that this region will some day have in the world's copper industry. Whoever controls the High Katanga output will eventually control copper.

How did the Belgians happen to discover these mines?

The mines were discovered for them. Copper had been known and mined in the region before White men ever heard of the Congo. Livingstone wrote in his Journal of 1870 about his intention ". . . to visit the underground houses in stone, and the copper mines of Katanga which have been worked for ages."

The "underground houses of stone" evidently were a part of the ancient workings. Whether the workers of these mines of an early day were allied to those of the Rhodesian gold-fields, dating back possibly to the time of Solomon, nobody knows, or can know; the fact for the present is that their old surface workings accommodately marked out for the Belgians great ore bodies, the equal of which have never been discovered elsewhere.



COMFORTABLE ONE-STORY HOUSES ALTERNATE
WITH ENORMOUS ANT-HILLS

At present, mining in Katanga is under various handicaps. Outside engineers say that the Belgians bungle their mining,—have poor management, use antiquated methods, and leave more copper in their tailings than we have in our best ore. Then transportation is against them. The ore is shipped over two different routes to the African East Coast ports for water transport; but East Coast ports are the most distant from European markets of any in Africa. Hence, mines in America and elsewhere are still able to compete.

But these handicaps are going to be lifted. Most significant as regards management and methods is the big and increasing interest of American copper magnates in the Union Minière du Haut Katanga. When this interest is able to make itself felt, adieu to inefficiency and waste!

To solve the transportation matter, a railway is pushing in straight to the mines from Lobito Bay, on the Portuguese West Coast. This will cut the rail haul almost in half, as well as deliver the metal aboard ship at a port some three thousand miles nearer Europe. The railway northward also is just now being completed to the Kasai River, the Congo's most important southern tributary. This gives the mines an outlet by rail and river to the mouth of the Congo—a seaport six hundred miles still nearer the market.

Then, with all work being done by Congo Blacks

at next to nothing a day, ask some little bird what will become of our American copper mines.

An Eldorado, this, but not for individual miners. There are none of the scenes which characterize rich mineral discoveries elsewhere. No prospectors, because every find reverts at once to the Union Minière. No rushes, because there's nothing to rush for. Nothing to get excited about,—the richest ore bodies in the world, but the world hereabouts happens to be labelled "hands off!"

So Elizabethville is a mining town without a touch of the mining lure; an up-to-date, lively little city a thousand miles from anywhere, devoted strictly to business, and unhampered by dreams of sudden wealth.

Because it is that unheard of thing, a new mining town with a normal pulse, it has a sedate, family-life appearance unusual for its kind, even if its two small hotels are nothing better than glorified bars with rooms attached. The chief reminder of the frontier was in the number of men who were pointed out to me as having arrived with names by which their closest friends at home would not recognize them. Two of these were now substantial citizens of Elizabethville; but why shouldn't they be, so long as they live the part? Others were adventuring toward the usual catastrophe, bound by a kink somewhere in the family line to play their old crooked part through to a finish.

For a place tucked way off in the African bush, Elizabethville is surprisingly continental in its way of living. In deference to the mid-day heat, all stores, banks, offices,—even the postoffice,—are closed from twelve to two; this gives the bars a chance. From two to four the bars close, and people go back to business. At four o'clock begins the drift to the little iron tables set thickly in front of every bar; by five, the drift becomes a crowd, thins out at six, vanishes before seven to go home for dinner, and returns at nine for the picture show, if there happens to be one in our dining room. As the principal hotel in town, we furnish most of the town's excitement in the way of movies, dinners, and dances. We have three more rooms than the other hotel.

There's just one little cloud in the Elizabethian sky: these Americans, with a hand in the Union Minière that could double the output and lower the price of copper—are they, instead, putting the screws to production, limiting output, in order to sustain the price of the metal and save the mines at home? Suspicion points to this in the discharged men, the reduced forces; and Belgians ask, Why?

* * * * *

Hot during the middle of the day when the tropical sun strikes through the thin air of this altitude,—four thousand feet,—but cool at night, and clear always; this is the state of the weather at the beginning of the Katanga's dry season.

Over the great Mid-African plateau at this time of year the rainy season recedes northward with the sun, and I have been following in its wake all the way up from Jo'burg. While there, in the perfect fall weather of early March, reports came of torrents and mud in the High Katanga; visitors at Victoria Falls were doing the cataract in both real and artificial rain. By the time I reached the Falls, the rains had passed northward; in late March, we had the final showers which precede six months of dry weather.

So in Elizabethville in mid-April, the signs of recent downpours were still in evidence when I arrived, but during my ten days there no rain fell, and old-timers said that none of any account would fall until October, or November. The dry season was "on"; but on the Lualaba, three hundred miles north, it was pouring.

A rather compelling thought, this, of a huge blanket of wet being trailed over the country by the sun in its North-and-South migrations. Its outlines are not always so clear, nor does it follow closely these particular dates, and confusion reigns at the Equator; but more significant than this northward-moving season of rain is the equally definite season of almost total drought which comes in its wake. It makes one from the temperate zone think of agriculture; but agriculture, outside of mealies and a little garden stuff grown during the rainy season, amounts

to little in this tropical region, for plenty of reasons other than a long drought.

The usual conception of the tropics as a place revelling in fruit and vegetables is all wrong. These exotics succumb to hordes of new enemies. Almost everything on a well-furnished table anywhere near the Equator has to be shipped in from the temperate zones. Oranges and pears in Elizabethville were twelve cents apiece, when they could be had at all, with other fruits at prices to match. The tropics generally are the home of the tough chicken and the tin can.

* * * * *

Working Black prisoners on the streets and in other public places is a thrifty custom in Africa, and so general that it would scarcely be noticed in the Belgian Congo except for the extra precaution taken in chaining the boys together. In South Africa, two or three Black guards armed with rifles are regarded as sufficient to take care of a good-sized lot of men; but here, all prisoners are bound in squads of three or more by long chains running from iron collars locked around their necks. They say that the prisoners do not resent the chains so much as they do the humiliation of the padlocked collars. This arrangement gives them comparative freedom to work within the limits of their chains, and does away with close guarding.

Brutish as the practice is, it is too much to say off-

hand that it represents a greater disregard for the feelings of the boys than prevails farther south. Escape into the bush where there is nothing else but bush would be easy, and perhaps too frequent. Yet, in the rattling chains of a big squad of prisoners as they come marching down the street, there is a reminder of the old Congo days when King Leopold waxed rich off the forced labor of Congo natives in a way that stirred the world's indignation.

Because of his racial inferiority and his numbers, exploiting the Negro is a practice fixed into the very life of Africa. It varies only in degree. The cheap "boy" of the household is as essential to the social structure as the cheap Kaffir is to the mines and industry; anything approaching like pay for like work between Black and White would upset the whole economic arrangement throughout the land, for the good reason that the whole economic arrangement of Africa is based on nothing other than cheap Black labor. Perhaps the country could have been developed without it,—but in that case it would have developed differently; as it is, Africa as a going concern without the cheap Black is inconceivable.

In the White mind, the African never grows up. He remains a "boy" until he is too old to work. With the exception of nurse-maids, all servants are males. The universal call for servants of every description is "boy!" Even in this French-speaking country of the Congo, the word "boy" has been in-



ALL PRISONERS ARE BOUND IN SQUADS BY LONG CHAINS

corporated into the printed as well as the spoken language. Nowhere do men summon even their personal servant by name; they shout "boy!", and among the constant shoutings it behooves each "boy" to recognize his master's bellow.

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One does not have to be in this country three days to sense the covert dislike of Belgians for commercially intruding foreigners, especially Englishmen. "The Belgian Congo for the Belgians" is a well-grounded slogan jealously lived up to.

On the other hand, whenever Englishmen think of that Belgian border line dropping way southward to include the High Katanga, the most richly mineralized land on earth, they heave a thousand sighs. Why was it ever let slip to Belgium!

There is not the slightest likelihood in this case of another tragedy of the Transvaal; yet, whenever England gets to sighing over a bit of rich country which she does not own, the people in it become nervous through a sort of world habit.

Perhaps the disparaging remarks of Englishmen on the Belgian way of running the country are warranted by the facts. Close observation leads an outsider to think that they are. But it must be remembered that most of the few Englishmen in the Belgian mining regions are fidgety gentlemen held politely but firmly to the side-lines, and that ambitious intruders of other nationalities are in the same pre-

dicament. Hence—changing the metaphor—there is a lot of driving from the back seat in the Belgian Congo.

The Belgians take these irritations with extraordinary politeness. Indeed, nobody could excel them in the use of this most effective camouflage. They put it on so thickly that one cannot see anything through it. The habit is not only universal, but ubiquitous. I can easily imagine a Belgian, off in the lonesome bush, lifting his hat to a lioness about to devour him.

Hell may be paved with good intentions, but extreme politeness is apt to be loaded with the other kind.

I received nothing but courteous treatment from the Belgians of the mining region. In fact, that is about all I did receive. The general manager of the Union Minière du Haut Katanga, as a mark of appreciation for the extraordinary honor I was about to do them by giving their plants the modest publicity of my book, gave me a special pass to one of the mines for a certain forenoon of the coming week, and another pass to take me through the great smelting works on the afternoon of the same day. This gratified me immensely; the Union Minière was supposed to shudder at the very thought of publicity. I listed that manager for an autographed copy.

The day appointed happened to be King Albert's birthday,—a holiday, on which everything was closed

down,—and I could get into neither place. Perhaps the manager forgot that it was the King's birthday?

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As a parting word from this land of mineral riches, come tales of fabulously rich deposits of radium; tales, fairly substantiated, of radium already recovered from these Congo mines to an amount comparable with the world's total output to date; and enough in sight to bring this over-precious substance within the reach of every hospital, every dispensary, every physician, laboring to relieve the ills of mankind.

Come rumors, too,—ugly rumors of facts concealed, of output curtailed to keep up the present million-dollar-per-ounce price of radium.

Fooling the rich women of America as to the scarcity of diamonds is clever business. Withholding a universal remedy for our most dreadful ills is just plain crooked work. Somebody should be called upon to do some explaining.

Chapter VIII

DOWN THE LUALABA

ALL aboard the bi-weekly! for the final train-ride to the Upper Congo,—on a neat, comfortable little train, even if it does creep over these last three hundred miles of track at thirteen miles an hour. Mosquito boots—light, leather-topped affairs for sun-down wear—had been bought in Elizabethville, as well as a mosquito canopy for any bed on this tropical journey which might be ill-equipped. The mesh is fine, like that of all screens in Africa, but it is better to forego a little fresh air than admit Africa's fever mosquito—the little devil who carries more iniquity for his size than any living thing above a microbe.

The narrow-gauge runs through a country of Blacks and bush,—the usual grass-hut villages among scattered trees, tall grass, and taller ant-hills; a landscape unchanged all the way up from the Rhodesias. These Blacks of the Congo,—faces grotesquely scarred with the various insignia of their tribes, hair shaved or twisted in shapes fantastic, weird, strictly African; eyes and teeth flashing with the good humor of the unhampered human animal,—they seem somehow wilder than those farther south,

and are, without any seeming, closer to nature in the matter of clothing. Yet they all wear something, if it is no more than that of one young man I saw, who had somebody's Tuxedo vest tied around his hips. A White man's old hat, and a piece of shirt for a G-string, make up a Congo dude. In earlier days, such a costume would indicate that they had just eaten a Missionary.



Congo ladies, unlike their White sisters, do not have to stay away from parties because they haven't a thing to wear, so long as there's a banana-leaf handy.

One of their primitive larks is to gather in the night on embankments close to the track, and emit blood-curdling yells at the sleeper windows as the train goes by. The gay sport never extends to throwing things, or putting obstructions on the rails,—it is a mere demonstration of Congo humor. Probably they keep up the practice because someone has told them that it frightens the White ladies.

Well, if ever malice does enter into the motives of these little-tamed Congo Blacks, who would be left to view the remains of that night train in the bush?

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During the afternoon, my compartment mates were a silent and often absent Belgian, and a young woman who was escaping temporarily from an unpleasant mother-and-infant combination in her own quarters. Aside from entering into a formal agreement with her in French as to the ventilation of the place, and the few necessary words which we both addressed at times to the attendants, conversation settled at zero. I reviewed my ten lessons in vain for anything of interest pertaining to the Congo. Several easy phrases occurred to me, but I sensed that they would only lead to linguistic waters over my head. So the young lady and I whiled away the hours at our respective windows, looking at the bush, the natives, the grass, the ant-hills, and furtively at each other.

At one of the waits on a siding, a little owl-eyed Black boy in his birthday suit stood on the bank opposite, and stared at us with the peculiar concentration characteristic of mental vacancy. To him I could speak without fear of complications.

"Well, and who the devil are you?" I began engagingly.

This had no effect on the boy beyond startling him into a shift from one foot to the other,—but the young lady leaned forward with a pleased smile.

"Oh, so you talk English, too!" she observed.

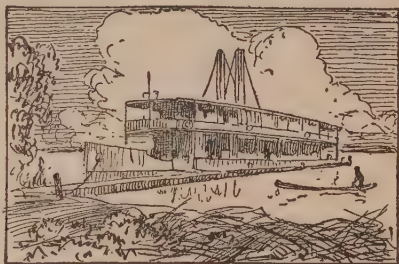
I blushed with pleasure at the clear intimation that I had been talking French. Also, I kicked my-

self for the dumb hours spent opposite this English girl.

She was a nurse in a missionary hospital two hundred miles down the Lualaba River, on her way back from a short vacation in the more healthful regions of the High Katanga. The time remaining before she withdrew to her own compartment was spent in pleasant conversation about sleeping sickness, yaws, leprosy, the three principal African fevers, and other interesting tropical ailments with which her time was happily occupied.

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I awoke in the cool morning air of the Katanga's mile-high plateau, only to be dropped within an hour into the hot basin of the Lualaba. Bukama is the name of the sickly little town which has the honor of being the starting-point for boats going down one of the world's longest rivers. Some of the richest mines had been passed in the night; at these we had left all but a dozen of our White passengers. At the river-bank the train pulled up opposite a small double-decked, two-funnel, stern-wheel steamer, very like those pictured as running on the Mississippi in the days of wood-burners and no railroads.



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A great crowd of chattering Blacks, with a huge bundle on every head, tumbled out of the packed native carriages, and swarmed at the water's edge to await their signal to come aboard. The White passengers were a dozen or so Belgians, the young English nurse, and one American traveller who now and then manages to get himself mentioned in these pages.

These favored of the Almighty and the laws of the land strolled leisurely through the crowd, crossed the shaky gangplank, and from the vantage-point of their upper deck saw that the dark minions of the Chemins de Fer du Haut Katanga properly transferred their luggage from train to boat. Amid the wildest confusion, most of it did get aboard. One woman missed a case containing all of her child's paraphernalia, and a huge Belgian got talker's cramp of the arms bewailing the loss of his cognac supply; but there were other children aboard with things to spare, and the Belgian consoled himself at the bar with what he declared with both hands to be an inferior brand. So all was merry for the start down the Lualaba.

After the freight had been stacked all over the deck below, and the natives going "deck passage" stowed as thickly as flies all over the freight, we cut loose from the tree which had held us pointing upstream, and swung gracefully about, within a hundred yards of the low steel bridge which marks the

head of steamer navigation on the Congo. Not that this same steamer makes the twenty-five hundred miles to the river's mouth, on the West Coast; there are three detours by rail around falls and rapids. Those of our Belgian passengers bound for the homeland by way of the West Coast will spend four days on trains and seventeen on river boats before they set foot on an ocean liner for Antwerp.

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"So this is Congoland!" Commonplace enough to look at, yet to me fascinating because it was Livingstone's "Manyuema," the "land of cannibals." Through these equatorial swamps, midway between the east and west coasts of this huge continent, he dragged his fever-racked self on his futile searchings for the "four great fountains, the bottomless sources of the Nile"; a myth proclaimed by Herodotus four hundred years before Christ, and fastened upon this great modern explorer like an obsession to plague his declining years.

There is nothing more pathetic in the history of exploration than Livingstone's eagerness to prove that these upper reaches of the Congo were the headwaters of the Nile, instead of Lake Victoria,—then, as now, recognized as the Nile's source.

"I pray the good Lord of all to favor me so as to allow me to discover the ancient fountains of Herodotus," he wrote in his journal, as he undertook his last journey on earth into these wilds to verify his

pet contention. Yet alternately, as the fevers assailed him, he was harassed by doubts:

"I am oppressed with the apprehension," he wrote on one of these occasions, "that . . . the great Lualaba may turn out to be the Congo, and the Nile a shorter river, after all." This entry was made on May 31st, 1872.

This recurring dread of a truth out of line with his own theory shows the pass to which almost unremitting ill-health had brought Livingstone,—the intrepid explorer of the Zambesi, the man who in his day had crossed and re-crossed Africa's unknown interior until he was its surest map-maker.

Never going down river to see where it went, always going up-stream to see where it rose, Livingstone, on this final effort, floundered along with his faithful Blacks through endless sponge-morasses to Lake Bangweolo,—the farthest important lake-source of the Congo, had he but known it; there, so weakened by disease that for days he had had to be carried in a machilla, he died of sheer exhaustion sometime during the last night of April, 1873.

Yet David Livingstone will go down through the ages as one of the world's great men; not wholly as an explorer, but because his influence, more than that of any other one man, brought about the final disruption of the slave trade. And when one reads of the slave trade as Livingstone pictured it, the question arises, Is there another single achievement to the

credit of an individual which has done more to make civilization fit to live with?

So this Lualaba, if one looks at it with a proper eye, reveals more than stretches of swamp bordered in the distance by the prosaic African bush. The original "River of Doubt," the *bête noir* of Livingstone's explorations; the great basin over which Tippu Tibb and many another Arab slave-getter raided for untold generations, before King Leopold got to exploiting these Congo natives in ways more artistic, if hardly less excruciating; a land unkept and raw-looking, but with a history old, colorful, and no soft spots in it. These things one contemplates from the narrow little deck of the Lualaba steamer, as she glides down the over-full stream on a hot day in April.

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The Lualaba is over-full, because the long rainy season has just ended. The shore-line, most of the way marked by nothing more substantial than thick swamp-grass, has frequent intervals of appearing as real earth a few inches above the water. On many of these spots are groups of native huts, flimsily protected from the river's rise by mud embankments, and alive with next-to-nature natives lined up in vociferous appreciation of the fortnightly boat. Mealie patches, most of them threatened with extinction by the floodwaters, border these little villages of the river Blacks, and extend back from the

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banks wherever there is foothold for a hill of corn. "Mealie" is our Indian corn, and "mealie-meal"



is cornmeal—the chief crop and the principal food of African Blacks.

The little pickaninies who dash excitedly into the water, and think they are racing with the boat, seem incompatible with the occasional crocodiles lying out to dry on the sunny banks. Aside from their suggestively protruding jaws, crocodiles have an inherited facial expression which should be enough to warn anyone against bathing with them. It looked to me as if Congo mothers were not sufficiently explaining these things in their bedtime stories. But perhaps they do now and then, after some little brother has pointed the moral by failing to swim ashore.

In the middle of the afternoon we pulled up alongside great piles of wood to take on the boat's fuel supply. This had come in on a tiny train, over a baby track laid for a mile or more through the swamp-grass from the bush. A ridiculous engine twelve feet long, with a bulgy smokestack seven feet high, detached but still coughing gently from the exertion, as good as admitted having pulled the outfit.

Where on that congested lower deck were they to



THE UPPER CONGO AT FLOOD

pile any more wood? The Blacks sitting all over the freight were already touching the ceiling in spots. I went below to see the thing done.

Simple enough. They replaced the live cargo with piles of wood, then let the live cargo replace itself. How the beggars managed, heaven knows, but none were left ashore. It is said,—truly enough,—that there's always room on a Congo river boat for niggers and ants.

* * * * *

With the setting of the sun, those who possessed mosquito boots anticipated the busy night-life of this tropical swamp by pulling them on. Here I want to put in a word for mosquito boots: they are a boon to the human limb which should be adopted wherever the mosquito bites. These insects, whether in Africa or roaming about our own woods and seashores, do four-fifths of their plaguing about the ankles; hence the reasonableness of top boots as aids to uninterrupted gossip on summer resort verandahs.

It is with trepidation that I allude now to a sight which at the time appealed to my sense of humor. Mosquito boots on ladies leave a hiatus between their tops and the modern skirt—especially when the lady is in a sitting posture. This accentuates both the clumsiness of the boots and the silky paradise for insects laid out above them. Why the boots?—when there is nothing in the mosquito code of modesty to prevent their feasting above the tops. Certain spas-

modic motions of the ladies, too, indicated that mosquitoes were rudely operating now and then beyond the limits at which masculine vision is supposed to desist, whether obstructed or not.

The sufficient excuse for these ribald remarks is in the stern moral to which they point: at least three-fourths of all sickness among Europeans in the tropics falls upon the women. Why?

I am convinced by observations extending through many lands along the Equator that a very considerable part of their troubles is due to slavish devotion to fashion and custom. Not only in fever countries like this do they ridiculously invite infection in spite of universal warnings, but in regions where the altitude induces an evening chill which plays havoc with fever-weakened constitutions, the women uncover in more or less makeshift imitation of evening clothes, while the men are in khaki, or light wool.

I have seen women, bowled over into a temperature of 103 degrees by this indiscretion, repeat the folly as soon as they were able to get out of bed. Fashion overrides health here as everywhere.

Women in temperate zones may wade silk-legged through snow-storms, and while many succumb to pneumonia, a surprisingly large percentage will escape illness because of their hardy constitutions; but high resistance to disease is exceedingly rare among White people who have lived in the tropics for a year or more. To the deadly dangers of the tropics

I would add—well up on the list—plain foolishness in women's dress.

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Mosquito boots, and two rows of double-screened cabins backed against each other along the upper deck, promised safe and comfortable nights during the four-hundred-mile journey down the Lualaba; but how about the swarms of Blacks below, whose quarters had been reduced to "Sitting Room Only" by the ship's freight and fuel?

Travelling natives, all over Africa so far as I have observed, are supposed to have the hardy constitutions of Texas steers on their way to Chicago. Yet both have to be fed at intervals, and humans—if natives may for the moment be regarded as such—get worth-while results from their hours of rest only when laid out horizontally. Hence the astonishing mark of consideration which we were now to witness.

Nine hours of shore leave were to be given the live cargo. Hours of the night, to be sure, of not much use to our steamer for groping down the Lualaba; yet it was something more definite than a coincidence that had us tied up, a whole hour before pitch-dark, at the only sizeable patch of dry ground along this part of the river.

At one fell swoop—or perhaps two—that pretty grass-plot became a Congo village; minus the huts, but strewn with food and cooking tools, while almost as many little heaps of sticks throughout the camp

began sending up curls of smoke; and in a jiffy—or perhaps two, because it was already getting dark—red flickers of flame were peeping out all over the place from under skillets and pots.

Where in the niches between decks could this big village of Blacks have been stowed? But never mind, now; it is a contented, happy, care-free lot, after what must have been a decidedly uncomfortable day. Natives, everywhere, have a way of coming out of their little troubles as easily as babes emerge from a heavy squall. And we might, too, if we didn't so enjoy telling our past woes to people who are only waiting to tell us theirs.

Then in the smudge of the dying fires, having talked tongues loose after the habit of natives when all goes well, this open-air camp rolled itself up in its blankets and mats, and dropped off to sleep. We of the upper deck retired behind screened windows and doors and into net-canopied beds; a bit airless, but safe, in the absence of a smudge.

It seems odd that the elements should have frowned upon this near-philanthropy of the Belgians, but at three A. M.—perhaps in sheer astonishment at the sight of a White man's boat tied up to give Congo natives a nap—the heavens broke loose in a tropical downpour.

For these children of the bush it was just another hitch in a life full of hitches, none of which is permitted to lap over into the care-free intervals be-

tween. Half as many breaks in our own luck would befog the whole course, and make our sorrows seem continuous. This is only one of several disadvantages in having brains.

Drenched, surprised, exclaiming in monosyllables, the live cargo hustled aboard, and once more fitted itself into the dead freight below us. At the first let-up in the shower the boat tooted its wheezy whistle, swung off into midstream, and went scuffling down the Lualaba to the rhythmic swish of its paddle-wheels astern.

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The second morning broke warmer—moistly warmer, now that we had crept up to within eight degrees of the Equator. Coats and collars went to the discard for the rest of the boat trip, but suspenders were still worn by the Congo's élite. At meal-time, in the little dining room forward, we looked like a Dago picnic on a hot day.

Strange, that no other nation has ever quite achieved the belted neatness of American men in negligée.

The swamps had changed overnight from high, stringy grass to gaily tufted stalks of papyrus—one solid mass of papyrus, extending for miles back to the bush on either side. It was with us down river for all of this second day and most of the next. Not so solid, either; this prolific weed of the wet places has a habit of breaking off from the mass in

chunks,—great and little floating islands, which start off “on their own,” drifting down-stream, bumping each other in their journey to nowhere in particular, or catching against the shore-line here and there for a fresh start and a fresh spread, until in spots they almost block the channel. A one-weed swamp, this, for little else can make headway where papyrus has got a fair start.

The patches of soil, too, were fewer and farther between,—partly because this was more emphatically swamp-land; more significant were the many brook-lets running out of the river, instead of into it. The Lualaba was still rising, and overflowing its banks,—if here it could be said to have any banks worth mentioning.

And the hapless villages! They were as few as the little islands, and half under water where they were not wholly afloat. If a few huts were dry, into these the population crowded and made the best of it—which, for natives, is never very bad so long as there’s something to eat. But now and then were villages whose only dry land might be a hutless little stretch along the river frontage, or perhaps a spongy hummock back in the swamp.

“Standing room only!” was said plainer than in words by the packed masses of humanity on these little islands in the Lualaba’s flood. Yet somehow there was room for cooking-fires; food, such as it was and what there was of it, could be rescued from the

inundated huts, or ears of corn picked off the stalks above water.

But how can they sleep? And do they expect to mush here in the mud until the river subsides? Or what if the water keeps on rising? Or the food gives out? And is our little boat going to do anything about it?

Our little boat is not. What a plaguey lot of questions pop up to one who is unaccustomed to the tricky ways of Fate in this, the center of Equatorial Africa! But my cabin mate, the second officer and a decent chap with a smattering of English, knew all the answers. Firstly, niggers can sleep in bunches either in huts or outside. If matters get worse, they may paddle in their dugouts through the papyrus to the bush, or along the river to villages less badly off. They've always lived this way, and they never grow less—"Violà!" with a wave of his hand at the dumb, bewildered men, women and children on the hummocks. What, stop?—our little boat, packed to the head-boards? "Non! Pourquoi?"

That's it—why? The Lualaba has been doing this thing annually for a million years, more or less,—carrying off the weaklings, and toughening the breed to a point where it can be happy tho' harried. And how much worse a spasmodically coddled, pampered, shielded race could suffer midst the vicissitudes of life on the Congo!

The sensible way to look at it, of course,—nature

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in the act of producing a hardy race, and all that. But with these human packs on the mud-ridges just looking at you big-eyed, while your boat chugs along past as if they didn't matter in the least,—well, it was mighty hard to be sensible.

Chapter IX

IN THE CONGO BASIN

AGAIN, on the second night, there was the "eat-and-sleep" interval ashore for our Blacks until three o'clock in the morning. In the light of the Belgian officials' stony attitude toward natives marooned on bits of earth along the river, this altruism for those aboard was beginning to look as if it might be considerably mixed with a dislike for navigating in the dark. Perhaps the heavens had made the same observation; anyhow, they viewed this second tender act without the tearful emotion of the night before.

A clear day, and a hot one, brought with it signs of less water, and bits of dry land such as must have cheered Noah after he had been knocking around in that other ark with an unwieldy collection of live-freight below. Before the day was over, the firm land of the bush had diffidently crept up in spots and made real banks to the river,—only to retreat as often behind more miles of papyrus swamps. But the firm ground made underpinning for villages and mealie patches, and gave a more hospitable aspect to the Lualaba.

In the better villages there were likely to be one or two frayed specimens of White men,—usually

Belgian officials, set down in this uninviting wilderness to administer affairs and give the natives a proper showing of authority. While they were aboard, Belgian hospitality flowed unceasingly at the



ship's bar. Now and then a lonesome trader would come aboard for a drink, and a minute's chat,—and a drink. Not much of a life for traders, this in the Congo basin, fighting fevers and dispensing cheap merchandise to natives for mealies, crocodile hides and hippo teeth.

At one of these landings we were treated to the extraordinary sight of a White woman and a little boy. The whole family it was, when Mr. Dam had com-

pleted his business with the boat and pridefully tossed the kid up on his shoulder. Our dark cargo actually tipped the boat in its rush to the side to see the boy. A strange White child, particularly a blond one, always starts a peculiar excitement among dark peoples. I have seen half-frozen Chinese in Manchuria play delightedly through the car window with a blue-eyed boy inside; and Fijian freight-handlers, on a South Sea boat, held not only once, but every day, in the funniest combination of uproarious mirth and agitated suspense by the antics of a yellow-haired little girl playing with her doll.

Here again in the Congo was the same phenomenon; I do not attempt to explain it—except, perhaps, that these people are themselves so near to perennial childhood that an odd-looking youngster at once pulls the strings in their emotional makeup. We civilized people leave our own child-days too soberly behind; primitives joyously drop back into theirs at the slightest provocation. Another of the penalties of an overdone culture.

On rare occasions, White men came aboard for a trip of a few hours, or a day, to some landing down river. One of these was a Rumanian who talked English with a strong German accent. I managed to get into his conversational graces before other more refreshing influences on board made him incoherent. Somehow the talk turned to the lack of familiar vegetables in the tropics.

"Ve can't grow garden stuff here," he averred sadly. "Vhy? Because at home de wegetables is used to certain mont's, and dey von't grow in no oder mont's. Here, soud of de Equator, de mont's is all turned round. May until Shoo-lie is de time to grow, and dings mus' get ripe in (hic) Aug-hust. Vell, vat ve do? Ve blant dem in November, and dey gum up in December. Vill dey grow? Nein. Vhy? Because dey is used to certain mont's, and dey von't grow in no oder——" Here he once more spied the bar.

This was a new idea. I had supposed that the climate and too many tropical enemies made the raising of our garden stuff impossible in this country. But no. These refined vegetables from Europe bring the calendar with them. How discouraging it must be, then, for a potato to struggle up through the ground, only to find that it is December instead of June! The very thought of it is enough to make a self-respecting carrot shiver; and no sensible lima bean would expose its tender vines on a trellis in January.

No, siree. When it comes to the calendar, you can't fool an educated cabbage,—nor even spinach, which is not supposed to develop any head at all.

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Because we were the only able-tongued speakers of English on board, the missionary nurse and I naturally fell in with each other for afternoon talks.

There were also conversations in the morning. Evenings, our mosquito boots have been known to perch on the same bit of the ship's rail, while she did a tale unfold of life as it is in a missionary hospital on the Congo.

When this young lady leaves the boat, she will have six miles of paddling in a native dugout through the papyrus swamp.

"Mosquitoes are bad, in the swamp," she said,—as if she were telling me something. Then her husky "boys" will carry her in a machilla—a chair suspended on poles—twice as many more miles up to an altitude of four thousand feet through the bush, to the hospital. There, some four hundred natives, mostly in individual huts, are having treatment for every sort of ailment known to the tropics.

"How many nurses have you?" I asked, on one of these several opportunities for asking questions.

"Oh, I'm the only White nurse. But we train natives to help, and they do all the rough work. I just look after the medicines and the patients' records and the more serious cases and keep the assistants going and help the doctor at operations, and that sort of thing."

There,—I knew it. Another of those soft missionary jobs. Yet she had been sent off on this vacation because her strength was threatening to give out!

"You speak of 'the doctor.' How many doctors are there?"

"Only that one. You see, he established the hospital years and years ago, and knows everybody,—he just has to see them all; and besides, we can't afford more doctors."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked heavily, "that the doctor has only those four hundred patients to attend to?"

"Oh, no!" she assured me hastily. "The White people from several hundred miles around come to us, if they are not able to go to Elizabethville. They require considerable attention—the doctor has to do all their operations, besides maternity cases."

This man seemed to be making an honest effort to keep himself busy; but I persevered in my low form of wit.

"Doesn't he do anything else?"

"Yes, indeed!" she chirped defensively. "He's manager of the place—does the correspondence, and orders all supplies, and runs the finances—that's no easy matter, getting the money to keep us going. The kind people in Canada and America who send contributions *do* have to be reminded of us at times," she added, a bit wistfully.

"What does he do with his spare time?" This, I thought, would sufficiently expose my alleged humor. But no.

"He preaches the gospel of Jesus Christ to the people," she said simply.

I quit trying to be funny. I didn't even feel funny.

Something way over my head was happening off there in the Congo bush.

I steered the conversation to finances.

"Contributions come in bunches," she explained. "It's not like having a steady income for the work. Sometimes our funds just about run out, and the suspense is dreadful,—but always there's a friendly check when things look blackest. The Lord will provide!" she added confidently.

This last from the young lady was no more than a stereotyped exclamation; yet, time and again, missionaries have given me a like impression of regarding the Almighty as an able assistant in their work of spreading light among the heathen. Inspiring people at home to contribute to the Cause seems so inadequate in the way of help from the Maker of the universe.

To illustrate further this missionary view: a woman laboring among the lepers of an Oriental country once assured me that the good Lord had kept her free of the horrible disease so that she might continue her work year after year; in other words, the same good Lord who could and did keep it from her, let it run rampant year after year among the miserable natives. Again: a missionary, emerging from a frightful railroad wreck unscathed, declared ever thereafter that the hand of Providence had preserved his life, that he might carry on his sacred calling; yet, in that case, the same Providence must

have let natural causes go ahead with the rest of the accident and kill some twenty men, women, and children.

Could there be two more barbarous conceptions than these of a just and loving God? In a world so filled with the tragedies of the innocent, this belief in His spasmodic rescuing of favorites from the operation of natural laws is as repellent as the "devil-fear" which is the basis of all heathen religions.

None of these bizarre reflections was spread before the cheerful Miss K. We were nearing the village at which she was to take to the dugout boat, and to the machilla for the carry up through the bush. Friendly recognitions were now greeting her from the Black groups at the landing places; former patients at the hospital, who knew her at once as the Lady of the Get-well Place, whether or not she was able to recall their faces from among the hundreds always coming and going at that busiest hilltop on the Upper Congo.

"*Now* don't you think this work is worth while!" she exclaimed pridefully. We had just come aboard from a ten-minute chat with a bad case of yaws, two syphilitics, and an assortment of fevers,—ex-patients, and all gleefully amused over this unexpected appearance of their nurse.

"Gleefully amused" best expresses their attitude. It was a "Ho! Here comes Bill Jones!" sort of grinning reception, after Bill has made an epochal

trip over into the next county. If the child-mind of the African Black entertains gratitude, or has a memory for things beyond the superficial, it was not revealed in these ex-patients of Miss K. Nothing more fervent happened than the usual native one-flop hand-shake; and they laughed as uproariously at the breaks in her Kiluba (the "pigeon-tongue" of the Congo) as they would have laughed at mine, had I attempted their heathenish lingo. Knowing natives in the South Sea Islands and elsewhere as I do, and their peculiar notions about favors received, their nonchalant behavior toward their benefactor was no surprise to me.

I gracefully admitted to Miss K. that relieving human suffering, whether on the Congo or in Kansas City, was a highly meritorious occupation. Then I waited for her to continue. This she did, after a pensive lapse.

"But aren't they an unappreciative lot!" she observed, with an oddly mixed note of impatience and resignation. "It's just the same at the hospital. If there's the least hint about what we're doing for them, they say, 'Why shouldn't you help us? You have a hospital, medicines. We haven't. Then you ought to help us.' Well, now and then one may show a bit of gratitude,—but most of them! ——"

She had learned from these Congo natives only what anyone may learn from natives anywhere; gratitude is not in the primitive makeup, because it

has no place in the primitive's scheme of living. Except where their contacts with civilization have taught them to do otherwise, they share pretty much alike in everything, from feast to famine. He who has, gives; and there is no virtue whatever in the giving, because he is doing no more than he should do. What he gives the others take, not as a gift, but as a right.

This communistic habit kills, of course, all incentive to push ahead an inch beyond the mass; it makes them, we say, shiftless, improvident.

The native, on the other hand, looks with bewilderment at our accumulations in the face of surrounding poverty. "Why should a White man have a dozen shirts, while I have none?" he asks. In his eyes, we are a stony-hearted lot.

So there you are—but what of it? Free-handedness and its attending improvidence fit the Black in the tropics; we, being civilized and otherwise denatured, know that accumulation is absolutely essential to cultural advancement. Without it, too, we never could have developed that select but abnormal group, the generous. Generosity, non-existent as such among peoples one hundred per cent. unselfish, becomes with us a most self-gratifying virtue for those who give themselves the sensation of loosening up now and then. They sip the nectar of that other equally artificial creation, Gratitude.

Charity, generosity, philanthropy,—the whole



AN AFRICAN BUSH VILLAGE IN A CLEARING

pious business of patronizing the less fortunate,—are possible only where selfishness is the normal condition of respectability.

Of these pleasurable virtues the heathen can know nothing until he has quit loving his neighbor literally as himself, and learns from us Christians how to grab and to hold.

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Livingstone tells of African tribes which practiced tattooing. I saw no signs of it; but scarification as an aid to beauty is general, especially among these natives in the Congo basin. Innumerable little cuts in the flesh, neatly arranged,—cuts into which ashes have been rubbed to make them heal in rounded, shiny welts,—stand out rather prettily against the glistening black of the bodies. The men usually confine the markings to the face and chest, but in many cases the women are ornamented over most of the body.

A curious feature of this practice is that, with the multiplicity of scars, the breasts are left untouched; so far as I have observed, they are not even related to the designs. This is the more significant, because artistic decorations are often centered about the umbilicus, while the spine is made a part of elaborate, symmetrical figurings all the way down the back.

I have never seen this peculiarity mentioned in books on African natives; nor was I able to ascertain

any reason for it. Illustrations in Livingstone's books show tattooing on women's breasts, quite as freely done as on other parts; but their scarification, even when the rest of the body is highly ornamented, seems to be taboo.

Scarification, the straw hut, the one-piece wrap-around except when the boat or the train happens along; these and other native customs are just about as they always were, after fifty years of the White man. Their persistence is eloquent of civilization's feeble hold on the Blacks in Equatorial Congo. Natives here differ little from natives everywhere, as I have observed them, in taking the White man lightly,—frivolously, except as he bears a sting,—and his teachings with good-natured skepticism.

But why should not this be the attitude, even of those who have been more or less benefited? Their wholly different view of property is enough in itself to bar any understanding of us. How can they, natural-born givers, appreciate that in our cultured lands the giving of ten per cent. marks the perfect philanthropist? Even the missionary, generous with his strength and his life, but holding back a houseful of necessary personal belongings, is to most of them an unaccountable tight-wad.

If I were a missionary in any of the heathen lands in which I have been a mere traveller, the native air of amused tolerance would annoy me worse than any gestures of hostility short of being cooked and eaten.

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We chugged along through the night, and into the fourth day, without giving the load between decks another chance to spread itself ashore. Natives had disembarked at the various stops, and others had come aboard; if there was any diminution in the crowd, it was not visible to the eye. But now there were solid banks to the shore, and a river deep and well-defined. Navigating at night was safe. Stop the ship to give natives a rest? "Non. Pourquoi?"

The papyrus swamps had been left behind during the night. Firm ground invites not only the bush to the riverside, but the natives as well; their villages were more numerous, and quite as picturesque as those up-river, even if they were not precariously balanced on bits of earth in the act of disappearing.

African villages lack the romantic beauty of their South Sea Island kind, peeping out from under coconut groves; these rows of grass-roofed huts stand almost invariably on grassless plots in the blazing sun—by order of the government, to keep out the tsetse fly. The tsetse loves the deep shade of the bush; in fact, he cannot live without it. The Negro, who loves it quite as well, can endure the sun if he is compelled to by order of the government. Hence the Negro survives in almost neighborly contact with his worst enemy, in spite of recurring visitations of sleeping sickness which carry him off by the hundreds of thousands.

Setting his village in a cleared space does not by any means keep the Black from wandering about in the preserves of his vicious neighbor; it is merely the beginning of a segregation which will become more real as the clearings are made larger, until, finally, great areas are free of the tsetse. Anyone optimistic enough to visualize the total clearing off of the African bush may also glimpse the end of sleeping sickness; this happy state is more easily glimpsed outside of Africa's bush than while one is in it.

The tsetses, unless they have recently stung a person with sleeping sickness, are as harmless to man as horseflies, which they closely resemble; it is claimed that not more than one fly in six in this part of the Congo basin carries sleeping sickness infection,—a doubtful figure, based on examinations of captured flies.

One case of sleeping sickness, however, is apt to infect many flies, and these in turn infect many people. Thus the disease spreads; then the doctors get out the health map and mark off another "infected area."

Curiously, one sting from a fly that may bite a man a dozen times with impunity will kill a horse, or any other domestic animal short of a tough donkey, if the fly happens to be carrying the "nagana" germ, as it usually does. Hence every region of the tsetse fly is horseless, as well as without cattle, except that a few of the small, tough,

hump-shouldered breed of the tropics may be raised in the clearings.

* * * * *

Equatorial Africa, to use a common expression, is "Nigger country." No other race has been able to make anything else of it; outsiders as individuals may live here for years, but their children do not thrive—and in this is the test of successful occupation.

If this land were fit for White habitation, long ago the Blacks—the unmixed Blacks—would have been tucked away in the corners and used as wanted,—quite as we tucked away our Indians in the corners, except that we never made much use of them. Born without a spark of servility in their makeup, native Americans were the least usable of human beings. It was through no fault of ours that the Indians did not become a race of professional boot-lickers.

Probably no other natives on earth have been so continuously used and misused by intruders for so many centuries as these of the Upper Congo basin. Yet they not only survive, but flourish under exploitation, while their exploiters have to work in shifts at the none too merry business.

Unless someone discovers how to pickle White men against his many enemies in this climate, cheerful hordes of Blacks will still be paying head taxes to some handful of intruders when Gabriel toots his reveille.

Chapter X

EASTWARD IN MID-AFRICA

KABALO! A town not worth exclaiming over, except that it brings to an end the four-hundred-mile boat trip down the Lualaba for those of us who are bound for British East Africa. Here, a narrow-gauge railway runs to Lake Tanganyika, one hundred and seventy miles east. I am to get out of this mid-continent basin of the Congo, and zigzag up to the Equator through the Great Lakes country.

Because of this transshipping for the East Coast, Kabalo has a concrete bank for boats to tie to, instead of the usual mud-shore landing. It was three o'clock in the afternoon when our flat-bottomed two-decker swung around head to the current, made fast, shoved out the gangplank, and invited us to come back for supper at our own expense, since there was nothing in Kabalo resembling a hotel. On the Congo, boat fare covers transportation only; everything else is paid for separately. The Captain gathers the tickets, the first officer collects for the cabins, the steward renders a bill for meals, while the barkeeper trusts nobody for the drinks.

With mental visions of our tough little branch lines at home and their cast-off cars, I strolled over

to have a look at our train. It was not to leave until seven o'clock next morning, but as the boat intended to amble along down-stream at some small hour of the night, we were to bunk in the sleeper.

That train! Mixed, of course, mostly goods wagons, and not much to be said about the third-class for the Blacks; but the first and second, one car for each, were the last word in the up-to-date, the spick-and-span. In their shiny varnish they looked as if they had just dropped out of a bandbox. On their full length over the windows were highly polished brass letters disclosing this railroad's modest name:

CHEMIN DE FER DES GRANDS LACS

The four-bunk staterooms in the first-class were made up for only two; running water in each room, and at the end of the corridor a tiled bathroom with a shower; equipment such as we would have to brag about as right up to the limits of luxury on an extra-fare train.

And the beds! One jerk on a handy lever turns the six-foot seat bottom side up, and lo! there lies a perfect spring bed with a thick mattress, already made up in snowy sheets, pillow and blanket; the best bed I ever slept on in a train.

How's this for a bit of a railroad all by itself in the very middle of Equatorial Africa? Think of having to bring this gay outfit in pieces up rivers, and around cataracts, and across lakes!

It may seem odd that one should have to come into these wilds to get material for a homily on the American Pullman, but here goes:



In the early days, some enterprising American—was it Pullman, or Wagner?—knocked four car cushions into a row, hung up a curtain, and charged

extra for going inside.

As an improvement on sitting up all night it was a worthy idea, but the plague of it is that in its essentials the Pullman car berth of to-day is the same old happy thought of 1870. The extra fare jimmies us into believing that four seat cushions, humpy with the indentations of numberless human forms, make a bed of luxury. When dressing, we spread our innocent toes in the aisle, an invitation to every flatfoot who happens along, just as our grandfathers did when they went to the Centennial.

Contortionists have had to quit business for lack of public interest since we became a nation of the same through pulling on underwear in a Pullman bunk.

But we have the compartment car? Yes—and through the skilful hypnosis of the railroads, we think it a blessed privilege to pay a double-extra fare

for less than these Belgians living in the African bush expect as a common travelling necessity.

This is just another example of what persistent, high-powered salesmanship may do to a naturally bright people. The right words done into a colorful magazine picture can sell Americans anything, from magnetic personality to halitosis. Barnum may have been right for his time about one being born every minute, but nowadays grown-ups catch it from the advertising pages.

* * * * *

Nothing hurries in the tropics. Our train did not, in doing that one hundred and seventy miles. It couldn't. On the up-grades, the engine plainly suffered from over-exertion. She was soft from lack of exercise between boats. Sometimes we had to slip down the hill and back up the opposite slope for a fresh start; then, by hitting the grade at terrific speed,—at such times, with her train pushing her, that engine was capable of making all of thirty miles an hour,—she would reach the crest, gasping, but still in motion.

An altogether pleasant day's ride, with a good luncheon mid-way in a grass-roofed, mat-sided pavilion. Livingstone's "Manyuema," this, the cannibal country which he had to cross and recross in his explorations of Africa's great mid-continent basin,—and later, in his pathetic search for the "four

great fountains" of Herodotus. Doing the journey by rail in a day, it is easy to exclaim, "how different now!" Yet, excepting this railway, is the country



so different now?

As thoroughly Black, for one thing, as it was in the eighteen-sixties. Intruders were here then, as now,—but Arabs then, hunting slaves and ivory, instead of Belgians collecting head taxes and running a dinky railroad. Bright cloths and simple iron utensils, then, as now,—always the staple articles of trade with primitive peoples. The amiable but thrifty chiefs gathering head taxes for the Belgians are quite likely descendants of the bloody

devils who aided the slave-traders in carrying off Black boys and girls—and there's the same old "commission" paid to the chiefs by the Belgians to-day as by the first Arab who discovered that the

easiest way to exploitation of the Blacks was through the cupidity of their headmen.

This brings up the eternal, unsettled question which has hung over the Belgian Congo ever since that gay old bird, King Leopold, staged the greatest "nigger-driving" exploit ever known, in his immensely profitable business of gathering rubber: What is there in those tales of Belgian atrocities—of hands cut off, ears clipped, eyes put out, heads paraded on poles, and a dozen other means of forcing helpless men, women, and children to deliver rubber, rubber, and more rubber, from the bush of the Belgian Congo?

The right answer to this question lies in an understanding of one point: Leopold and his agents did their business through the chiefs, after the manner of all exploiters, from the earliest Arab slave-trader to the latest Belgian official. The "nigger-driving" was tactfully put up to the chiefs.

African history, so far as we know it, shows that the instinctive brutality of chiefs was matched only by the childlike docility of those over whom they ruled. From the Ashantees on the West Coast to the Uganda Blacks in British East Africa, the record of native chiefs, as made up by Stanley, Livingstone, and a host of other explorers, is one of wholesale killings and mutilations; of executions by the score for witchcraft, and sacrifices by the hundred to propitiate evil spirits on the death of some chief, or of

his favorite wife; of cruelties and hackings and torturings and throwing to crocodiles, to satiate the mere aimless blood-lust of these half-animal chiefs.

Right here in this country between the Lualaba and Lake Tanganyika, writes Livingstone, was a chief who always had his executioner tagging after him,—an amiable gentleman, not only with a handy axe for those displeasing to his lord, but also bearing a huge pair of scissors with which to snip off the ears of those who might, in more trifling ways, disturb the royal serenity.

A true picture, this, of many African chiefs as they were before White authority sat on them—for all the world like over-intelligent apes turned loose on babes-in-the-wood.

Then, were there atrocities in the gathering of the Belgian Congo's rubber?

Of course there were. Probably many more, and worse in their horrors, than all of those which England and America charged against King Leopold and his officials. It is easy to assume that the chiefs of the Congo turned their blood-letting for pleasure into blood-letting for profit,—and anyone who has read Equatorial Africa's story of a generation or two ago will seriously doubt whether the coming of Leopold made life any bloodier for the natives than it had been before. As likely as not, the common herd did not notice any difference in the playful habits of their chiefs.

So the question of Belgian atrocities simmers down to this: Did the officials do what they could to stop the brutalities of these rubber-collecting chiefs?

And the most plausible answer is: They did not—because they were not sent into the Congo to stop the collecting of rubber! Belgian officials had to show results in order to hold their jobs; the chiefs, unhampered, brought results. So there you are.

All signs point to the Belgians of those profitable days, from King Leopold himself down to his least Congo official, as keeping one eye tight on the inflow of rubber, while the other indulged the cruel methods of the chiefs in a full-sized, continuous wink.

* * * * *

So we jogged along in our little train, precariously up-hill and swiftly down-hill, past native villages in clearings, and through miles of bush as untouched as when Livingstone wandered through its tangle of thorns, trees, and tall grass. By mid-afternoon we had reached the banks of the Lukuga River; a river interesting mostly on account of its connection—or rather, its failure to connect—with Livingstone's explorations.



Because Livingstone did not happen to see the Lukuga River at this particular time of year, he died without solving another of his most elusive geographical problems: Where is the outlet of Lake Tanganyika? A fresh-water lake four hundred miles long must overflow somewhere,—he was certain of that. Otherwise, its waters would not be fresh.

Lukuga is the outlet; but it flows only when the lake is highest, after abnormal rains. It may even skip a few years in its erratic periods of flowing.

At all other times, in the heat of the tropical sun the evaporation from Lake Tanganyika exceeds the intake, and its surface drops below the level of the outlet. Livingstone may have paddled past, or walked over, the dry bed of the Lukuga more than once, observing only a slight drop in the shore-line.

Such are the vicissitudes of an explorer. Not until a year after Livingstone died was the Lukuga discovered as a living stream, the outlet of this mysterious lake. I had the good fortune to see it as a swift river, carrying the waters of Lake Tanganyika westward to the Congo.

* * * * *

Tanganyika is the longest fresh-water lake in the world, and, with one exception, the deepest. As the sun dropped low over the bush behind us, its blue-black waters came into view over the scattered buildings of Tanganyika's west-side port, Albertville.

I had no intention of stopping in Albertville. There was nothing to stop for except fever, and that could be got as easily further on. For nearly two months longer I was to referee a doubtful contest between a bottle of quinine and the anophele mosquito.

But I came mighty near stopping in Albertville. When I gave my hand luggage to three grinning, eager, speechless boys at the station, I assumed as usual that there was no other possible place for it to be taken than to the next vehicle for transportation,—the boat waiting to carry us across Lake Tanganyika.

But somewhere on the shady hillside back of this town was a little hotel—the first one in nine hundred slow-moving miles. Naturally, by this time I had forgotten about hotels; and why these bright boys picked me as a hotel prospect instead of a boat passenger I shall never know.

Anyhow, while my back was turned for a moment, boys and baggage went on ahead. I sauntered along to the custom house; hastened to the boat; hurried back to the custom house; ran to the station; rushed to the boat. My heavy luggage was already in the ship's hold, while my hand bags, with three dark-complexioned but otherwise undescribable boys—they wore no clothes worth mentioning—were somewhere in the wilds of Albertville.

It doesn't do to get excited in the heat of Equatorial Africa.

torial Africa. Otherwise, I might have got excited. As it was, my calm but earnest demeanor as I tore along the lake-front, losing weight from every pore, gained for me sympathetic and advising friends. Then the steamer's whistle blew.

The time had come to choose which I loved best—the heavy luggage, or the light. But in a last desperate attempt to reunite my estranged belongings I started for the hotel, with the bets of the spectators about fifty-fifty on my getting back in time.

Half-way there, I met two mature Blacks with my bags aloft, hastening for the boat. They hastened faster when I got behind them, plying epithets and other phrases which the poor chaps did not in the least deserve,—but the steamer's lines were being cast off.

Evidently, some White man at the hotel had noticed that my bags were tagged for the boat, and had hurried them down at the last minute by these two responsible Blacks. I regret that I never learned to whom I was indebted. However, I did pay those Blacks, not only for hurrying, but for the unfit language which escaped me when I was so calm but earnest.

Then I took a bath, a drink, and smoked out the incident for good. In the tropics,—and elsewhere, for that matter, only in a less degree,—one who harbors annoyances gone past trifles dangerously with his health.

* * * * *

Shortly after sundown, we pushed out of the little harbor into a choppy sea. That sea reduced the emotional Belgian passengers to a silence which might have appeared ominous, if it were not so understandable. I sat on the lonesome deck, ruminating on my experiences in the Belgian Congo well into the night, because there was no place for me to go to bed.

Tales of demoralization among the Belgians of the Congo were only a bit more common than are similar tales about Americans in the Philippines, and Englishmen in their various tropical possessions. But what can be expected of White men scattered along a hot, all-Black river basin in Mid-Africa? I found the Belgians an agreeable lot, with a superficial courtesy which makes travelling in their country seem easier than it really is.

Only under one circumstance have I ever seen the Belgian armor of politeness show signs of cracking; that is when some Britisher approaches an official with a confident flow of English, without first making an attempt in French, the language of the country. Americans are said to be even more offensive in this respect. It happens that I did not see an American while in the Belgian Congo, but the type can be pictured as swaggering up with hat tipped back and firing the usual Yankee's "Say! Where——? When——?"

These Belgians are absolutely right in expecting the use of French. How would an official in the States receive a foreigner who should explode a voluble inquiry in his own tongue, and with the inference as plain as day that if said official does not understand it he is a poor fish? Certainly his reply would not be as well-tempered as the Belgian's coldly dignified "*Je parle français, s'il vous plait.*"

By all means, then, in this land of punctiliousness, start your talk in French—any French, even if you know that you cannot finish; the chances are nine to ten that the official will respond affably in English, and do his best to help you.

Not only in the Belgian Congo, but anywhere in Europe, the quickest way to friendliness is through earnest mutilation of the country's tongue. This stirs the natives' pride,—or it may be their pity; in any case, it loosens their almost invariably better knowledge of English.

Those ten lessons of mine in conversational French created a wave of sympathy which served me quite as well in the Congo as a knowledge of the language. A grateful "*Cheerio!*" then, to Livingstone's Man-yuema!

I sought the soft end of a hard cushion in the dining saloon, hung up my net, spread my blanket, and passed the remaining hours in sleep.

Chapter XI

ENTERING TANGANYIKA

LAKE TANGANYIKA is a geological puzzle among the world's great inland waters. Here, something unusual happened to the earth's crust; perhaps it buckled downward to make this huge slit in the earth, four hundred miles long, forty miles wide, and nearly a mile deep from the surface of the water, to say nothing of the mountainous ridges on both sides of the break.

Geologists trace this break, known as the Great Rift, from Tanganyika all the way up through Africa, and northward into Palestine. The sunken Valley of the Jordan is said to be a part of this same rift. Geologically speaking, Tanganyika and the Dead Sea are twin lakes,—born of the same cataclysm, although four thousand miles apart. Tanganyika's surface is twenty-six hundred feet above sea-level, while that of the Dead Sea is thirteen hundred feet below; yet, curiously, the bottoms of the two lakes are at nearly the same level.



A blazing sun evaporates all of the Dead Sea's intake, and most of Tanganyika's; but Tanganyika overflows into the Lukuga River just often enough to keep its water fairly fresh, while the Dead Sea, having no outlet, is the heaviest with salt of all the world's great salt lakes.

Tanganyika's unsolved puzzle is in the nearly three hundred varieties of its animal life which are not found in any other lakes in the region. Some argue from this that the lake is a long-since isolated arm of the sea, now raised a half-mile into the air; others find all kinds of fault with this theory, but fail to account for the lake's peculiar stock of fish.

However, staid old Tanganyika's geological antics in her youth are not to be laid bare in these pages. Whatever her past, her present is beautiful,—a great, mysterious lake, clear-blue against the variegated colors of the tropical African bush; a setting untouched, except in a spot or two, and quite as it was a million years ago.

* * * * * *

Early in the morning we were off Ujiji. How many of to-day know that this tumble-down little town, now run out to Blacks and a few East Indians, was having its name blazoned a half-century ago on the front pages of America's big dailies? And heaven only knows how many years of disrepute it had gone through with the Arabs before it achieved this height of respectability.

In other words, Ujiji, for generations the east-shore headquarters of the Arabs in their slave-driving and ivory-gathering exploits across and up and down the lake, burst into a more decent fame in 1871 as the spot where Stanley "found" Livingstone—found him sitting on his own door-step, mildly wondering why he needed finding.

If anybody thinks that building newspaper circulations on manufactured excitements is a trick of the twentieth century, let him dally with the inside facts of the New York *Herald's* famous expedition in search of Livingstone, back in the days of the astute James Gordon Bennett; and since it turned out happily for the three most concerned,—Livingstone, Stanley, and the New York *Herald*,—why shouldn't I have the fun of "de-bunking" this colossal newspaper exploit of the 'seventies, as I sit here on a little steamer's deck off Ujiji?

In his later years, Livingstone seems to have developed a peculiar sensitiveness toward contacts with the outside world. His intense devotion to searching for the mythical sources of the Nile in the Man-yuema country probably had much to do with turning him from thoughts of going out to civilization. Early in 1869 he established headquarters in the then flourishing Arab town of Ujiji, where he received supplies and mail from his agents in Zanzibar.

Supplies had a way of getting lost on that tortuous thousand-mile journey in through the bush;

and letters going out were quite as apt to disappear. Commenting in his "Last Journals" on a bundle of mail entrusted to Arab carriers, Livingstone adds, "but whether it will reach Zanzibar I am doubtful."

By the winter of 1871, the scarcity of direct news from the great explorer began to rouse comment in England and America. "Where is Livingstone?" people asked.

He might be anywhere about his business in Central Africa; but Bennett and his crowd scented a golden opportunity.

"Livingstone is lost!" proclaimed the *Herald*. Thus did a timely psychological twist change a mild inquiry into positive alarm, and make a big news asset out of next to nothing. People in increasing numbers began to buy the *Herald*. Better still, advertisers were taking notice.

Of course, that great newspaper would not let Livingstone stay lost any longer than was necessary. It proposed to send out an expedition to find him at any cost. And for those who do not understand these things, it might be said that the *Herald* did not hide its philanthropic intentions under a bushel. No intelligent person could read the *Herald* of those days and get away with the notion that somebody else was financing the project. In such cases the naked truth, come what may, adds to circulation.

Its promising young correspondent, Henry M. Stanley, was ordered to Zanzibar to manage that end

of the show. Arrived there, Stanley, with rare wisdom, first sought out Livingstone's agents.

True, they had not heard from him for more than a year; but as he had last written from his old headquarters in Ujiji, and had notified them of no change of address, they were sending his supplies there, as usual; moreover, a caravan with goods and mail for Livingstone had set out for Ujiji only a few weeks before.

Pondering these things in his heart, Stanley concluded that a pretty good place to go in his search for Livingstone was Ujiji. This shows that, for keenness of insight, Stanley's mind was second to nobody's.

Did he make public his object in coming to Zanzibar? Not a bit of it. Stanley's desire was not to have Livingstone found, but to find Livingstone himself, for the glory of his newspaper. He kept his mission a secret from Livingstone's agents, and even from the White men who were in the makeup of his own caravan.

Does this seem a harsh judgment on Stanley? Read in his "How I Found Livingstone" what he has to say about the great explorer:

"He was only an object to me—a great item for a daily newspaper, as much as other subjects in which the voracious news-loving public delight."

Another reason for his secrecy of approach was Livingstone's well-known aversion for uninvited visitors, especially for those of an inquisitive turn. At the outset of his journey, Stanley writes:

"I wished to reach Ujiji before the news reached Livingstone that I was in search of him, for my impression of him was that he was a man who would try to put as much distance as possible between us."

Did ever before or since a rescue party have to creep up stealthily on the "lost" one, for fear of scaring him away?

So the comic business of "finding" Livingstone went on. Not for weeks did a soul in his party know why they were on this trip to Ujiji. Probably dozens of Arabs along the beaten trails from that Arab center could have given Stanley news of Livingstone; but he purposely kept off the beaten trails. He writes:

"It ever haunted my mind that if Doctor Livingstone should hear of my coming, which he might possibly do if I travelled along any known road, he would leave."

This "discovery" of Livingstone was to be a "scoop" for Stanley's paper, and a big one; the detours added to the journey's hardships, and also to its news value. Stanley travelled with a bathtub, and

all the trimmings which go with it; but his crooked battling for more than a thousand miles through the African bush, against unheard-of difficulties and the handicap of his own inexperience, suffering the tortures of heat and rain and the horrors of fever,—these raise this performance almost to the level of an epic in human endeavor.

Stanley went through the little hell with a magnificent courage. For Livingstone? Not on your life! For Bennett's paper. In him was that something which, since the gathering of news began, sends the born newspaper correspondent into the jaws of death to pull out a "scoop" for his boss.

As he neared Ujiji, the thought of soon seeing Livingstone threw him into a state of agitation. He exclaims in his narrative:

"Was he still there? Had he heard of my coming? Would he fly?"

He was, he hadn't, and he didn't. Stanley found Livingstone in his own front yard, surrounded by his servants and his Arab friends, and quite ready to hear what the excitement was about.

Here ended the semi-tragic buffoonery, and here began the making over of Henry M. Stanley from a newspaper correspondent into a great explorer.

Livingstone refused to be rescued. He didn't mind being "found," but he declined to stay found.

Ujiji was his African home, and his life's work was to find the ultimate sources of the Nile.

This, naturally, was a blow to Stanley. What a feather in his cap it would be to bring back the great Livingstone to England, to America, even to the sanctum of the New York *Herald*! But no persuasion would move the quiet, determined missionary-explorer.

Instead, Livingstone prevailed upon Stanley to join him in an exploring trip to the north end of Lake Tanganyika, in the hope of finding the lake's outlet. What they found there was one of the lake's principal in-flowing rivers. And in those weeks of association with this singularly detached, enigmatic, persuasive personality, Stanley the newspaper correspondent acquired a passion for discovery, a love for the mysteries of the Dark Continent, that eventually were to make him the world's most famous leader of expeditions into the unknown spaces of Africa.

Did Stanley find Livingstone? Yes, in a way. But in a way vastly more important to the history of Africa, Livingstone found Stanley.

For five months they were together. Stanley, impetuous always, took his new enthusiasm with great seriousness. He conceived a deep affection for this other man so completely his opposite. He even fell in with Livingstone's belief that this Upper Congo basin was the headwaters of the Nile, and in his writings at the time he loyally denounced the London

geographers who differed with Livingstone on this point as "armchair explorers,"—which was very gallant of him, since he knew nothing whatever about it.

Stanley, as it happens, could have virtually coerced his impoverished friend into leaving Africa with him. In yielding to Livingstone's fine ardor for continuing his work in Central Africa, Stanley showed himself as the big man that he was. After rehabilitating the worn explorer, physically and financially, Stanley went out alone to face a critical world with nothing but scraps of paper to show that he had so much as seen Livingstone. It was a personal sacrifice little appreciated in all that has been written about the iron-handed discoverer of Belgium's empire in the Congo.

So this is Ujiji!—where Africa's two greatest explorers once met, shaped each other's destinies, and changed a bit the course of history!

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Because of Ujiji's inferior harbor, the port has been moved to Kigoma, four miles northward. There we dropped anchor, apologized to our breakfast for disturbing it,—explaining that nothing but hunger drove us to the act,—and gazed off upon Tanganyika Territory while waiting for the doctor and the immigration officials to come aboard.

An enormous country, this old German East Africa,—just over twice the size of the Fatherland;

tropical wilds into which Germany for forty years poured marks by millions, in a vain endeavor to replace the teeming population of Blacks and lions and tsetse flies with Germans. Luckily for her pocket-book, she lost the territory in the world war; now, Great Britain is the official spender, under a mandate from the Powers.

Kigoma stands out on the hillside as one of Germany's efforts at building a town. As the lake terminus of the narrow-gauge railway running eastward to the coast, Kigoma was planned to be a metropolis. The station, the port, the hospital and the government headquarters are widely scattered, with plenty of room left in between for Germans. The plenty of room is still there. Why anybody except paid officials should ever have wanted to live in Kigoma,—especially now, with a sleeping sickness area developing south of the place,—is beyond understanding.

After the formalities as to health and personal desirability, we were delivered into the extremely merciful clutches of a double-headed customs department ashore. For some reason—perhaps because the boat is Belgian—the Belgian government maintains a revenue office just inside the port inclosure; outside the gate, within a stone's throw, the British await the incomer. The one lets you out of the Belgian Congo with graceful hints about ivory; you are not supposed to secrete any elephant tusks about your

person. The other welcomes you to British soil with smiles and a list of dutiable articles—among which, alas! was typewriters.

It was here, on the Belgian side of the gate, that I recovered the 528 francs which had been collected from me on my camera and typewriter at the Belgian-Rhodesian border. Instead of the promised dark gentleman in discouraged whiskers, a huge Belgian with an untrained moustache and beetling eyebrows muttered to himself in the Gorilla tongue over my papers. I was about to offer timidly to go halves with this man, when he plunked the whole sum into my hands, flourished his palms about six feet apart, and boomed feelingly, "J'ai l'honneur, Monsieur! Bon jour, Monsieur!"

That 528 francs in Belgian gun-metal seemed vast. It was vast. With the aid of two Black boys working in relays I got it up to the bank, where an East Indian teller exchanged the load for a roll of Tanganyika paper shillings as big as my thumb. Most of this I delivered to the British official as tribute on my typewriter; the poor old thing had its freedom for a short half-hour, while the camera was released permanently.

This second taxing of obvious travelling equipment, with the usual rebate privilege on leaving the country, led me to make a cautious inquiry.

"Now, here's my watch," I said, "and I have a nice line of slightly used neckties. These are more

saleable in your country than that relic of a typewriter. Why don't you put on a temporary tax to prevent my selling them?"

"Oh, but watches and neckties as personal luggage are not on the list, don't you know," he explained cheerfully. "Typewriters are."

I looked doubtful. And he was an obliging young man.

"Besides," he added helpfully, "American typewriters are saleable here—the people like them—and if we didn't put on a protective tax,—sort of a bond, you know,—typewriters would be getting in without paying duty. Of course," he added hastily, "not through such gentlemen as yourself—but others might do it, you know."

After a diplomatic touch like that, how could one gentleman continue an argument with another gentleman?

At Kigoma's bank, the first in a thousand miles, I stocked up with the needful—although not without their pointing out the absurd failure of my letter of credit to show Kigoma and her thirty-two inhabitants on its list of correspondents. I finally got the money by vigorously censuring this lapse of Brown, Shipley & Co., of New York and London.

Tanganyika, Uganda and Kenya,—comprising British East Africa, a territory one-quarter the size of the United States,—have interchangeable money based on the shilling. There are no pounds and

pence; the shilling, equal in value to that of the mother country, is divided into hundredths, called cents. Thus with its shillings and cents this country has a decimal system of currency—something unusual in the British Empire outside of Canada. Small change below the coppery-silver shilling piece is in copper coins, ranging from ten cents down to one, all with a hole through the center to accommodate the native pocketbook—a piece of string.

* * * * *

I thought I had been seeing wild Blacks in the Belgian Congo; but they were a tame lot compared to the skin-covered sons of nature who had drifted in here from the Tanganyika bush to pick up a few cents as porters of goods and luggage.

These huskies—so black that in the fierce sunlight they looked a dull blue—appeared to be more absolutely without a touch of civilization than any savages I had ever seen, in Africa or elsewhere. “Skin-covered” means scantily covered about the hips with a bit off the back of a leopard, or cheetah, or perhaps the lowly calf; held precariously to its job by a strip passed up over one shoulder. Of the universal language of the country, Swahili, they know nothing. Except when sophisticated members of their tribe are on hand to interpret, pantomime takes the place of speech. They do their work like automatons, as if they have not the slightest notion why it is being done. And they are so utterly devoid of the White

man's culture that they take the usual copper fees without asking for more.

After wishing the genial customs man a happy visit "home to England" on his coming furlough, I stepped to the edge of the verandah to summon porters. Forty wild-eyed savages were regarding me with anticipatory grins, such as I imagine their fathers were in the habit of bestowing upon the next victim of the kettle. Fixing one little group with my eye, I pointed at my luggage and beckoned.

As one man, the forty jumped into the air. A quick side-step to my stuff, with an over-my-dead-body look on my face, brought them to a halt; then, four fingers and a thumb defiantly raised somehow eliminated all but five.

The language of pantomime is easy if one doesn't get to sawing the air with it. Keep it down to a few simple motions. These fellows know that luggage is to be lugged. They also know that it must go either to the little excuse for a hotel, or to the railway station. I pointed to the station.

One of the joys of travelling up through Africa is in the many bits of the unusual, the picturesque, which bob up unexpectedly along the rather difficult way. My procession of five moved with the careful dignity required of porters who insist on balancing everything aloft. An African Black uses his head principally for carrying things. Two small men were under my one-hundred-and-forty-pound trunk;

the biggest and strongest of the lot solemnly brought up the rear with my mosquito net perched on top of somebody's discarded hat.

* * * * *

The only fast train for a week was to leave at three o'clock in the afternoon. Under favorable conditions, it could run fifteen miles an hour; except for occasional showers which might make the doughty little engine slip back on the grades, conditions looked favorable. There was nothing in Kigoma to warrant my missing this train to Tabora, the old-time center of the slave traffic, two hundred and fifty miles east.

At Tabora I expected to get motor transport to the south shore of Lake Victoria, about as much farther northward; there, a fortnightly steamer would take me across the lake into Uganda.

Again I had overtaken the fag end of the rainy season, on its journey northward with the sun. This shifting of the rains northward is less clearly marked as one approaches the Equator. Here, with the sun directly overhead twice a year, the heavier rains happen along about six months apart; the seasons, ill-defined, are little more than two hot spells in a continuous summer.

It is this comparatively even temperature that favors prodigious increase of life in all its forms,—especially of the pestiferous and the invisible. On the Equator, climate rarely kills; in the mighty

struggle for existence, these myriads of living things turn to and kill each other.

It is a world of parasites, of predatory life. This, of course, describes life anywhere on earth, but, in the torrid regions, Nature's mania for destroying the weak has to be carried to the limit merely to keep down numbers.

Into this living maelstrom comes civilized man from his comparatively sheltered existence in the temperate zone. He can defend himself against anything big enough to be shot; he does very well with his nets and powders at keeping off the creeping, flying multitudes too small to fight; but he does not do so well with enemies invisible—microbes, germs, bacilli—the final determiners of survival, after all these fighters in the open have done their worst to kill off each other.

Many of these little devils of the microscopic world get into man through water and food; many more ride to business on insects,—ticks, flies, mosquitoes. Among these carriers, the tsetse fly holds the place of dishonor next to that of the anophele mosquito; and because we are now in Tanganyika Territory, the tsetse's special paradise, this little talk on predatory life has been injected into the narrative.

Sleeping sickness areas were at this time developing both north and south of Kigoma; perhaps not near enough to have infected the tsetses which travelled with us in our compartments, yet in these

days of motor and rail transportation the tsetse, naturally a non-migrant, does not always stick to his home surroundings.

By staying awake that afternoon and using ordinary caution, I gave those doubtful tsetses of Kigoma no chance to sting me. Not so careful was a Belgian in my compartment; he removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and took a nap. White people in the tropics are astonishingly indifferent toward infections—and they are continually getting them.

His nap was a brief one. With a loud snort he came bolt upright and wide awake; a disturbed tsetse shot out through the door, straight down the corridor, and into another compartment. The Belgian would know within a week or two whether that fly was infected.

Tsetses move swiftly, and alight so carefully that one can scarcely feel them on the skin. They do not bite; when all set for business, they drive a probe down into the flesh for blood,—and if a tsetse ever gets more than a fleeting taste of human blood, it must be had from someone too weak to jump.

* * * * *

A short afternoon of slow travelling through the bush, and a long night,—in the absence of bedding, one stretches out on the bare car seat in a blanket,—brought us to the top of the great East African plateau, and to Tabora. All the way up from Cape Town, bedding had been available at two or three

shillings a night; but throughout their equatorial domains the British rightly insist, on sanitary grounds, that passengers shall carry their own, or do without. In the tropics of Africa there are quite sufficient opportunities for acquiring infections and insect pests without courting them in promiscuous bedding.

The tsetse never works at night, but the fever mosquito does. Between the two, one is kept mildly occupied, regardless of the time of day. My faithful net canopy protected me, and I slept—fitfully, while the foolish Belgian, without a net, slapped all night long at the anophele pests.

Which shall it be for that Belgian—sleeping sickness, or fever,—or both,—or neither?

Chapter XII

TABORA, THE SLAVE-TOWN

IN the midst of Tanganyika's never-ending bush, one would expect the commonplace; but Tabora presents the unusual. The traveller notes the big station, sees a few substantial buildings near by, gazes off across an open expanse dotted with trees, and naturally asks, "Where's Tabora?"

The Germans laid out this town for a White population of at least fifty thousand.



That is, they scattered the strategic points over a vast area, so that when the present population of one hundred and thirty-four Whites increases to fifty thousand, this will be a well-laid-out town.

A good mile up the track are huge railroad shops, in which the Germans left two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of machinery to the incoming British. Half as far out across the level prairie, without a house intervening, is the hotel,—a square-pillared, rambling Kaiserhof with a great beer-hall thirty feet to the ceiling, and twelve bedrooms. No,

thirteen, counting the one in an outbuilding under the water-tank, where I took up my abode.

Three-quarters of a mile farther on is a collection of shops, run mostly by East Indians; around it are the native villages. A mile off in another direction is the postoffice. On a nice corner half a mile from the nearest business is the town's bank.

Long macadam avenues, stiffly bordered with trees and deep gutters, connect these various nuclei of the coming great city of Tabora; and the village kine find pasturage on the clear acres in between.

These distances have to be made in a sun temperature that can run up to a hundred and fifty degrees. In Tabora, one who doesn't want to walk a mile for a smoke needs a camel.

Even the wild animals do not seem to know that this is a town. Less than a week before I arrived, four lions came out of the bush at nine o'clock in the morning, and seized a tame antelope within stone's throw of the bank. In the battle that followed, two of the lions were killed, but not before they had dispatched an interfering Black and injured a White man.

Hope and Expectation, the self-kidding twins in our emotional makeup which buoy us along impartially to success or failure, have had a thin time of it in this pleasant relic of Germany's régime. Tabora's failure as a White town is that of Tanganyika Territory as a White country. Three-quarters of the ter-

ritory is in the grip of the tsetse fly, and almost none of it is free from fevers. After fifty years of exploitation, this immense domain, roughly six hundred miles square, holds about twenty-five hundred White people,—one White to an average of two thousand Blacks. Excepting a few favored localities, this is to-day as much “nigger country” as it was when Stanley went through it on his way to find Livingstone.

This immediate region has no sleeping sickness, although three infected areas are developing in adjacent territory. Tabora itself is clear of tsetses for the reason that it is cleared of all growth except a few shade trees, but the flies are plentiful in the surrounding bush. Because they have no infected persons to bite, these tsetses are mostly harmless to man, although they all carry “nagana,” the deadly enemy of live-stock. There is not a horse in the country; and if the cattle in the clear spaces of Tabora were to stray out a few miles in any direction, we would lose our supply of blue milk. As it is, we eat butter from Bombay.

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Now that the worst has been said about the place, let me add that Tabora is one of Tanganyika’s “few favored localities,” and not at all a bad little town to linger in for three weeks if one has to, as I did.

The first bit of news on arrival, broken to me urgently by the station-master, was to the effect that

the railway's motor transport north to Lake Victoria had been taken off long since, with no prospect of resuming; and anyhow, the motor road to Mwanza, on the south shore of the lake, was so flooded by the rains that no kind of a car could possibly get through to connect with the fortnightly boat for Uganda.

"Why don't you go out by rail to the East Coast," said he and other sensible advisers; "take a comfortable steamer up to Mombasa, then go in again, if you must, by train to the north of Lake Victoria?"

But against choosing this route of ease was the novel prospect of more than two hundred miles by motor through Tanganyika's bush-and-Black country, to say nothing of its hyenas and lions; it seemed to justify an endurance test of waiting here for the Mwanza road to become passable. The last of the season's rains were deluging the country north of us, while we were in a hot sunshine. I settled down in my little tank room and took to studying the advantages of living in Tabora.

In my days and weeks and months of loafing through the Pacific, I used to wonder what a tropical climate would be like without the soft air of the trade winds off the sea to temper the heat of the sun. Now I know that altitude, although a poor substitute for a sea breeze, is nevertheless the principal life-saver in a great continent's equatorial belt. Tabora's thirty-nine hundred feet in the air offsets, in a way, its distance from the sea and its scant five degrees

from the Equator. Especially at this time of the year—just at the end of the rainy season, and before the earth has got to sizzling in the downpour of heat—the weather is delightful; cool nights, and always comfortable in the shade when the sun is hottest.

Another thing I had been learning about tropical interiors on my way up from Victoria Falls: this marked change from the steamy heat of the rainy season to dry air and quick daily shiftings of temperature finds many resident Whites in a state of low vitality. Quinine suppresses more fever than it cures; and the night coolness following the rains, which so appeals to a newcomer, seems to bring out these latent fevers in the local White populations. So here in Tabora I strode around in full vigor, at times even in the heat of the day, while the hospital and many of the homes were burdened with sickness.

Parenthetically, as I write in these various places with my mosquito boots on, I often wonder where under heaven all the quinine comes from that is consumed in Africa.

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Pigeons and dogs in the dining room, and insects even more intrusive, are among the conditions of any small hotel in the tropics; yet it is astonishing how quickly one falls in with things as they are. A few little red ants in the soup are annoying, but if there are enough of them to be mistaken for pepper, it doesn't matter.

The best way to get on with living conditions in the tropics is to cease being particular. One who is "travelling through" can do this without special damage to his morale; but a steady run of ceasing to be particular plays the mischief with one's grip on civilization. There is something more than a sentimental pose to the Englishman's dressing for dinner in the wilds of the tropics.

Excitement is not supposed to be featured in a little tropical town like Tabora, yet a few days after my arrival the serenity of the place received another shock from the bush. As an aftermath of the killing of the two lions in the recent raid, a lioness took to strolling into town at night, evidently searching for her absentee mate. Thereafter, the terrified natives were seeing lionesses in the dark all over the place, and in every yellow dog running loose; but nevertheless, at least one large, healthy female of the lion tribe did on several occasions pay us nocturnal visits.

Raids from the bush were not by any means a new experience for Tabora, yet there is no such thing as getting used to having lions wandering about the streets at night,—or in the daytime, for that matter. The Blacks were frankly scared,—lions in this one district of Tanganyika Territory carry off some three hundred natives a year. The White people, more securely housed, made light of the affair, but they moved about at night with a noticeable regard

for the dark places. I quit my long evening walks on account of mosquitoes.

Of course we all sympathized with this creature's natural yearning for her mate, but none of us felt quite certain whether she might not be ready to fill her aching void with a late supper.

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Three weeks in Tabora are not recommended to those who, in this hectic age, depend upon all sorts of contrivances for giving an artificial kick to existence. They would be eternally bored. But why shouldn't one enjoy Tabora?

Four-fifths of life's alleged monotony is sheer dumbness in the presence of life's infinite variety. Every night in the year, millions who do not know how to invoke the ecstasies of their own emotions flock into theatres and movies to see actors do it for them. There's a better show on all around them, if they only had the senses to sense it.

So with Tabora; it's a place for the unregenerate who prefer a new sunset to an old master, and would rather get intimate with one tree than see a forest whizz by from a motor car. The howling of hyenas at night off in the bush could never become as dreary as the honking of horns fourteen stories lower down in New York. The oddities of this German failure might pall after a time—but not in three weeks. Then there is the personal color that lingers here from the Arab slave-trade days of fifty and a hun-

dred years ago. One need not delve into the horrors of that time; its picturesque leavings are in the thousands of half-Oriental, half-Black humans who stroll, be-fezed and long-robed, on these broad avenues which the Germans intended for God's latest "Chosen People."

These African followers of the Prophet are a motley crowd. The Arab mixed not only his religion with his deviltry, but his blood as well. The choicest of his female captives stocked his harems; and under skins ranging from olive to black are features made sinister, or weak, or cunning, by this weird mixture of Arab and African. Here and there is evidence of a slight mingling with other racial stocks,—just enough to keep one guessing what sort of a human contrivance is making one's bed, or cooking one's food. A table-boy, coal-black, may be reminiscent of a Turk. My little water-carrier looked like a combination of Israel, Mahomet, and plain Black.

Costumes are in every conceivable color and variety, from the swaddling clothes of the Orient to Africa's loin-cloth. Black women who can afford it pile on the gay garments and ornaments of East Indians and Arabs in grotesque combinations—their idea is to be more colorfully bedecked than either. They take especially to ear ornaments; bright buttons are inserted in three big holes pierced in the rim of each ear. Some add, for more startling effect, the East Indian women's jewelled button in the side of

the nose. A completely arrayed Black belle of Tabora leaves only her face to proclaim her origin.

A colorful life in more ways than one, this in Tabora. One evening I stood on the verandah of the hotel, gazing out into the darkness, and talking with one of Africa's best-known big-game hunters,—a man whose books on Africa have entertained many readers in America and England. From the bush came the faint howling of hyenas.



"You hear those hyenas?" asked my friend. "Wherever hyenas are howling in the bush, the chances are ten to one that lions are about. Hyenas stick around to get the leavings from the lions' repast. That's the kind of a sport the hyena is,—too cowardly to do any big killing on his own account."

We listened to the laugh-like chatter of the sneaky scavengers. And I thought of lions. No wonder that the Blacks off through the bush live in mortal terror of the beasts. A lion can walk through the brush-woven walls of the usual native hut,—and, of course, with Blacks numbering two thousand to one, the Whites cannot permit them to have firearms. Spears rarely stop a lion; but, around many of the

huts, rows of stout stakes are driven into the ground to confuse the lion while the natives get away.

All over this part of Africa, and as far south as Rhodesia, lions are a recognized pest and an unsolved problem. In most parts their staple food is the zebra; the average gazelle or antelope is too swift for the lion, but zebras, in comparison, are slow movers.

Somebody is always suggesting that the wholesale destruction of zebras would rid the country of lions by cutting off their food supply; at once somebody else points out that man-eating, already on the increase because of the growing scarcity of game, would become a habit with the whole lion family.

True enough—so nobody knows quite what to do about lions. They are difficult to cope with, because they so rarely show themselves. Whenever lions do visit their human neighbors, they are out strictly for business; and as they pick their time and their victim without previous notice, the party is usually all over before the shooting has a chance to begin, even in a town like Tabora.

I can usually put unpleasant things wholly out of mind, but whenever I had to walk out at night, the memory of Tabora's visiting lioness lingered unaccountably. Toward the end of my stay, a grand party was given at the little Sports Club,—a dress affair, as it would be wherever two or three Englishmen are gathered together. About midnight I had

to walk alone to the hotel, nearly a mile away. There was nothing to be afraid of—I told myself that, several times; but being in a dress suit with tight patent leather shoes, and peering into the dark spots for a lioness, seemed incongruous. The humor of it, however, did not occur to me until afterward.

* * * * *

During my stay in Tabora's hotel, I had a boy as chambermaid whose shortcomings, I trust, will eventually be absorbed in the memory of his expansive smile.

He was so dark that to find him you had to look around the horizon for a spot in which you couldn't see anything; that was Gumbo. Linguistically we were strangers; his tribal bush talk had many sounds in it unfamiliar to me.

Gumbo's brain consisted of one large bump of good humor, the requisite particles of gray matter for detecting the approach of mealtime some distance away, and a few nerve ganglia which now and then activated an unwilling body. It was useless to chide the boy; unless I could make a great show of anger, he always thought I was getting playful with him. Once when I told him that in mental equipment he was three jumps ahead of the gorilla and one of the same behind the chimpanzee, he grinned appreciatively.

Thereafter, he was worse for a week. It does not do to flatter these boys.

Chapter XIII

WAITING FOR A MOTOR ROAD

LIFE under the water tank offers the coolness of thick walls, and escape from the incessant chatter of native help, the plague of every small tropical hotel. It also has its disadvantages. Now and then a large black lizard comes down through a hole in my ceiling from his moist preserves overhead, runs about on my walls, and chirps at me in the tones of an irritated cat. Still, there is consolation in the thought—since I have not been able to hit him with shoes and the like—that he is devouring many mosquitoes. Probably in his short life he has eaten enough malaria to disable a regiment.

With my usual good luck I happened to be in Tabora at a time to see something unusual. A commission arrived from Germany to pay off their Askari boys,—the Blacks who helped them in their losing fight against the invading British and Belgians, during the great war. At that time the Germans gave to each boy—Blacks are always spoken of as boys—a book, in which at stated intervals was entered the sum of his unpaid stipend. Now, every day and all day long, crowds of natives are waiting patiently at the Boma for their checks.

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Most payments are small in amount, but many are for as much as several thousand shillings. A continuous procession—the payments are made rapidly—is on the march from the Boma to the bank; at the bank the novelty of it begins.

The boys are wholly unused to sums beyond a few shillings—many cannot count up to a tenth of the number of shillings now put into their hands. As they come out of the bank, some secrete the money, some fall in with their admiring friends and count it over with them—or try to. Others, absolutely not knowing what to make of it, walk down the street holding the fat rolls openly, as if they were so much paper. Indeed, many of them have never had their hands on paper money—coppers are their daily medium, and shillings are the unusual.

Fourteen million shillings are thus being dispensed in Tanganyika Territory. What will become of all this money?

Some of it will be saved, but not much. A boy with nearly two thousand shillings asked one of the gentlemen at the hotel to change his roll of paper money into shillings,—he could recognize only coin as money.

“How many shillings will you take for the lot?” asked the man.

“Two hundred,” replied the boy. This was as high as he could count.

Well, some East Indian—or perhaps an educated

Black—will get the roll for less; and other sums like it will go in much the same way.

A farcical procedure. Many a useful Black will not do another stroke of work until his money is gone, and he will derive more harm than benefit from the payment. It is hard to think pleasantly of the shy-sters who will profit most from this huge scattering of shillings.

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The Blacks of Tabora, as in all of Africa, are wholly outside the pale, yet the strictures put upon them here are not quite so rigid as those in the Congo, or farther south. They can walk the streets after nine o'clock, but each individual native after that hour must carry a lantern. With a light, he cannot be up to much mischief; without one, it is convenient to assume that he is on the devil's business, and off he goes to the work squad.

The boys seem on the whole to be a docile and industrious lot. Civil, of course, as all of their kind have to be, or suffer dire consequences; and some few of them, as I sauntered about during the days of the distribution, struck me as downright obsequious. Here and there one would rise as I passed, instead of merely pulling his feet up under him as the usual sign that the road was mine; another would doff his cap and stand at attention, or murmur something nice in Swahili.

It was rather gratifying,—but the homage ceased



MY WATER-TANK HOUSE AND MY NEIGHBORS

with the departure of the Commission. They had mistaken me for one of these magic dispensers of shillings.

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Way above the mental level of the Black—and too dangerously near that of the White—is the East Indian. Here in Tabora is the same futile longing of the Indian for equality as a colonial which so impressed me in the Fiji Islands,—and the same determination of the English to block every slightest suggestion of that equality. Indians of the better class do most of the clerical drudgery in the offices, do it cheaply, and apparently well,—which makes life rather easy for the English officials, and lets them off early for golf. But so far as I have observed, both here and in Fiji, the Indian's efficiency, alertness and quick obedience to all commands meet with a steady run of quiet domineering, which is intended to convince the Indian that, compared with his overlord, he is a human worm.

The Indian may not be a human worm, but with his incredibly lower standards of living he is a human blight on this country, in so far as White occupation of it is concerned. Every Indian clerk displaces a White clerk; every Indian shopkeeper shuts out a White shopkeeper, and shuts him out for good. Competition with him is impossible, except in business done in a large way,—and the working forces in these larger White concerns have to be Indians, al-

most to the last man, in order to compete with houses run wholly by Indians.

Equality, between the English and the race which is giving them their stiffest human problem in Africa? Never.

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The German Commission, after a week's absence, returned to pay off a few left-overs from their previous visit. For three ordinary-sized men, their luggage was enormous. At least it appeared so, done up in parcels of fifty pounds each, as all luggage intended for the heads of porters must be in this land of the safari. Sixty men were sent down from the prison to pack the stuff from the station to the hotel. They made an oddly impressive sight, these white-bloused prisoners with their dozen of armed Black guards, and the three Germans leading the procession. I stood on the verandah with the Registrar of the Territory, watching the little sea of bobbing headloads—bundles of all conceivable shapes, and many exactly alike, with no visible distinguishing marks. The same thought was in the Registrar's head that was running through mine.

"I wonder," he observed, "how those three men manage to find their pajamas before it is time to get up in the morning?"

A novel feature of these prison uniforms is the stencilling in black letters on the breast of each man's shirt-like slipover the length of his sentence, as well

as his prison number and the date of his admission. The psychological effect of this on the onlooker is rather odd: instead of scanning the men's faces, as one naturally does in a prison group, the eye instinctively drops to the tell-tale figures—"2 years," "8 months," "4 years," "6 years," "10 years." One loses sight of the man in this new curiosity over the length of his sentence.

This differentiating mark—what is the effect of it among the prisoners? Does it make the hard men harder? And do the short-term men feel any the better for it?

It would be interesting to find out; but I did notice that several of the prisoners casually placed a hand over the branding as they passed us. It may not be so degrading as the Belgian Congo's chaining together by the neck in squads of three; but advertising the degree of each convict's wickedness seems like bringing a new and unnecessary humiliation into civilized prison life.

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In these vast East African territories of England, the common language in which Englishmen, Greeks, Germans, Frenchmen and the millions of Blacks meet is not English. It is Swahili. Swahili is a well-developed and rather complex written language, derived from the Arabic and various native dialects. All government employees are required to learn the language, and native chiefs must be able to

speaking it; so must every "boy" who expects to get work from White men.

Swahili is the Esperanto of the East Coast. Without it, one cannot even speak intelligently to the hungry dogs in the dining room. "Go away!" must be an invitation to come on, in Swahili. Of course, I would never do such a low-down thing as kick a dog for having a faulty knowledge of English; but when at the table his face is turned up appealingly to mine, in spite of my verbal protests, a foot placed gently on his chest, and extended with vigor, lands him against the opposite wall uninjured. Thereafter is perfect understanding.

Native chiefs have to speak this universal language, because they are the medium through which all governmental and other business concerning natives is carried on. In a Black population outnumbering them two thousand to one, the English are no more than obviously tactful in delegating the collecting of head and hut taxes, and the imposing of discipline in minor cases, to discreetly subsidized chieftains. Their authority over the people has the backing of tradition extending back for untold generations. England rules her half-savage millions through their own constituted rulers,—and without a hitch, since she controls these rulers through perfectly legitimate commissions paid to them for their services—and, incidentally, for their loyalty.

It is a pretty system, and an absolutely fair one.



AN UPSTANDING, BRIGHT LOT OF BOYS ARE THESE SONS
OF CHIEFS

The chiefs share not too generously with the sub-chiefs, while bits of the bounty trickle down to the humblest headmen; thus English authority reaches peacefully into every village without a showing of the English hand.



The government perpetuates this happy relation with its Black peoples by maintaining special schools for the sons of chiefs, in which they are taught their duties as successors to their respective dads—and, incidentally, their obligations to the government. An upstanding, bright lot of boys, are these sons of chiefs, the coming pawns in England's clever scheme for ruling native peoples in a most agreeably impersonal way.

Civilization as we have it is not being imposed upon these African Blacks. It couldn't be, even if that were England's aim in her dealings with her native peoples; but they are getting the benefits of it in a dozen ways. Perhaps the greatest blessing they derive is peace among the tribes. A close second is the complete doing away with the high-handed, bloody despotisms which so generally characterized African chiefs before the advent of White men,—despotisms which King Leopold and his agents in the Congo secretly abetted as aids to their

business of collecting rubber. Compared to the horrible injustices and outrages perpetrated on their helpless subjects by these half-human gorillas of old, the exactions of England's restrained and partially civilized chiefs are mere trivial payments for peace, order, and good government.

* * * * * * *

Who says that life must be dull in Tabora?

Lions staged a special program of thrills for the beginning of my three weeks in the town. Then came the German Commission, dispensing shillings by the million to picturesque multitudes. Now, to give my parting days the most extraordinary excitement of all, out of the bright blue sky dropped the Cape-to-Cairo fliers; four great planes in the hazardous business of mapping the longest all-land air route in the world.

Tabora, White and Black, gathered at the landing field on the edge of the town to see the planes come in. Every big chief in the province was on hand, each with a squad of followers, and all in gala attire. The Governor of Tanganyika Territory had arrived from the East Coast on a special train, bringing along his native band to enliven the proceedings; and everybody, through the hot hours of the morning, gazed tensely at the blue over the limitless bush to the southward.

Four little gray specks emerged from the horizon. Did anybody yell, "There they come!"? Certainly

not. I was the only American present. A restrained murmur greeted this epoch-marking episode, then all was still during the few minutes of approach.

Four beautiful planes, abreast and exactly spaced, throbbed in the unaccustomed air of Tabora, and by that act brought Equatorial Africa within as many days of Cape Town. Gone forever was the Darkest Africa of Livingstone and Stanley; in so far as space is related to time, a great continent had suddenly shrunk to the size of New Jersey as it was in Washington's day.

If similar emotional reflections were stirring in this little English crowd, they were kept under cover. One after another the great human birds took the ground, and taxied into line before the improvised stand of the Governor.

Not so much as the clapping of a hand greeted the arrival. As the aviators, khaki-clad and be-goggled, emerged from their machines, the reception committee solemnly crossed the dead-line, shook their hands, and led them up to the Governor for the ceremony of being introduced.

Without a sound or a motion the crowd looked on. I never was so impressed by the utter respectability of Englishmen.

In command of these pioneering aviators was Commodore Sansom, one of the greatest of England's aces; a man on whose head the enemy in the late war had placed a price of ten thousand pounds—or was

it dollars? Anyhow, they disliked him exceedingly; he had an irritating way of letting his plane fall topsy-turvy for a few thousand feet, then suddenly righting himself and picking off a few careless enemy aviators who had supposed him done for.

Did his fellow-patriots in Tabora display any enthusiasm at sight of one of their most brilliant heroes in the war? Not a spark of it. Nor did the fact that Commodore Sansom and his intrepid men were daily risking their lives in flying over these vast expanses of landingless, lion-infested bush draw any visible appreciation. The men might as well have been arriving on the tri-weekly train.

Yet well-bred Englishmen are not at all the cold fish that this behavior would imply. Their genuine cordiality toward me, not only in Tabora, but wherever I have been in English colonies, is one of my most grateful recollections of travel. Among themselves, they merely take their national slogan, "England expects every man to do his duty," with disconcerting literalness. A man doing his best is nothing to get noisy about; only when he fails to do it does he come in for special attention.

This savors of the hard old Puritan view that there is no particular virtue in being good, but a horrible lot of sin in being slightly wicked. Scientifically correct, perhaps,—but such is human vanity that one hearty cheer for honest effort gives a bigger boost to right aspirations than a dozen jails for the wicked.



OUT OF THE BRIGHT BLUE SKY DROPPED THE CAPE-TO-
CAIRO FLIERS

WAITING FOR A MOTOR ROAD 195

I suppose no nation honors its great men more surely and justly than England; but where's the harm in giving the plodding masses the psychic exaltation of seeing the thing done a bit more spontaneously?

* * * * *

Rumors began to come in that the rains had stopped descending on the hapless road northward to Lake Victoria; following the rumors came a man who had actually got through from Mwanza by motor.

"How's the going through the swamp country?" I asked this tired individual, after he had removed the encrusted soil of that region, and was enjoying an after-dinner smoke. Out of the darkness came the faint laugh-cry of hyenas.

"There isn't any. I was carried," he replied with a twinkle.

"Carried?"

"Yes. Fifty boys had to lug and drag my little car most of the way through the flat country. I've been five days getting down here from Mwanza. Bridges are mostly down, and the road is just beginning to appear above water. But it ought to be passable within a month."

Cheering. I had arranged to start north on a truck in two days.

"But I didn't mind the road," he went on, "so much as I did one of the nights spent in the swamp. That was a tough night," he added sententiously.

I understood his not minding the road. He was a cigarette salesman, vending tobacco substitutes by



motor to the little Indian stores in the Black villages of Uganda. A man with that kind of a job couldn't possibly mind any road, anywhere. But the night in the swamp? In his bush wanderings, he must have had many nights in swamps.

"What about it?" I asked.

"Well, I was asleep on the back seat, when the chatter of my boys under the car woke me. I turned on the headlights,—and there in the road, not fifty yards away, were three lions. Then they roared. Ye gods!—I've heard plenty of lions roar off in the bush, but these were roaring at *me*." The thought of it seemed to stop his voice.

I murmured words of sympathy, inwardly glad that I was not there. Suddenly it occurred to me that within a few days I would be there.

"Did you kill the lions?" I enquired hopefully.

"*Kill* them? I did not. I got out my elephant rifle and fired over their heads. You can't pick out a vital spot in the night,—and if you merely wound

a lion, he will come straight for you. Never," he admonished me severely, "never try to kill lions at night. Wait till you can do it with the first shot."

I promised hastily that I never would. That lioness wandering in the streets of Tabora had given me a dislike for the cat family in the dark. And when it comes to waiting until I can kill lions with the first shot, I am a patient man.

"Well," continued the itinerant salesman of near-smokes, "the fusillade with rifle and shotgun, together with tootings of the motor horn and the howls of my boys, finally discouraged the lions. They went off into the bush. But they spoiled my night's rest," he added complainingly.

The timid man! But he had spoiled one for me.

Chapter XIV

MOTORING NORTH

ON the bright morning of the second day after my talk with the meandering cigarette merchant, four trucks started out from Tabora, loaded as heavily as they dared be with supplies for a construction camp one hundred miles north. I was on one of the trucks, with luggage, blanket, pillow, mosquito canopy, and food and water for four days. On these trips, every man supplies his own outfit.

This construction camp, creeping along by inches with the building of the new railway from Tabora to Lake Victoria, had arrived half-way to the south shore. Just how I was to get through the next hundred-odd miles to Mwanza, nobody seemed to know. Beyond the camp was the low country, still in the throes of the late deluge, and into this the truck owners refused to take me for at least another fortnight. Perhaps, said they, I could arrange a safari, and be carried in a machilla. Perhaps some East Indian might be driving a truck through to Mwanza,—certainly no White man would attempt it. Or, I might have to come back with them to Tabora, and wait a while longer for the road to emerge from its mud bath.

Anyhow, this truck would take me half-way through to the lake; the remaining half was a problem for some other day. After three good enough weeks in Tabora, another one would seem like a month. The morning was delightful, the road began well, however it might finish, and the motors chugged sturdily up out of the shallow basin in which lies Tabora. Doubts and misgivings were lost in the sheer pleasure of being once more on the move.

A picturesque outfit, these four loaded transports pounding noisily along the old, ill-kept German highway, with gaily-dressed Indians and half-dressed Blacks perched on top of the cargoes. "Live freight," these, corresponding to "deck passengers" on river and lake boats. Transports carrying even full loads of goods are glad to pick up these extra fares, for the simple reason that where the going is good the excess weight is not noticed, while at every hill and hole in the road the live freight has to get down and walk—or push, if the car is stuck in the mud.

As the only first-class fare, I rode on the seat with one or the other of the two White drivers,—young Germans with a scant knowledge of English, the owners of the trucks. The frequent stops to re-fill the radiators—engines will run hot in a sun temperature well above a hundred—were welcome breaks in the luxury of riding first-class next to the fireworks of a loaded truck.

Stepping out from under the truck's hood into the blazing sun may not strike the reader as offering much relief from the heat; but every White man is always under the shade of his helmet, or his terai, as the double felt hat of the tropics is called. That shade is always tolerable, even if the sun does have a way of sinking straight through the layers of cotton over the shoulders.

In these high equatorial regions, the one stern command to all Whites not actually under a solid roof is, "Keep your hat on!" If you take it off in a tent, or even under a corrugated iron shelter, some Englishman, who otherwise would not venture to speak to you without an introduction, will remark, "Aw, beg pahdon, but, I say,—put on your hat!"

It is quite as essential also to protect the back of the neck from the sun's penetrating rays. To do this effectually, men who have to be out of doors much of the day wear the spine-pad,—a felt contrivance hung down between the shoulders, inside the shirt. For any usual exposure, I found a pith helmet,—half an inch thick, but light and well ventilated,—to be both effective and comfortable.

Past the almost continuous mealie patches of the natives we lumbered, and through frequent grass-hut villages, with their two or three or several Indian shops; hideous open-front sheds, these shops of the Indians, filled with bright stuffs to catch the pennies of the Blacks when they come in to sell their mealies,

or their ground-nuts. Of White people we saw none at all.

Perhaps East Indians do serve a useful purpose as



dispensers of goods to Blacks. No White man above the level of a renegade could run a shop for natives off in the bush; the Blacks themselves haven't the brains to do it, and if they did, they probably would be as dirty and crooked and altogether unpleasing as Indians of the types which commonly are shop-keepers in Africa.

Be that as it may, no other race more effectually holds every country it gets into to the level of its own standards. The combination of cheap living with a tricky intelligence makes East Indians the prize devastators of the White man's opportunity.

It is a common saying in South and East Africa that Indians underbid when they have to, and overcharge when they can. Indians, as I have observed them all the way up from the Cape, are a depressing lot to have fastened on a country which hopes some day to establish a White civilization.

* * * * *

Not more than an hour's run out from Tabora we took on another batch of live freight, but this time of a different variety.

The young German beside me literally rose up out of his day-dreams, and soulfully slapped the back of his neck.

"Tsetses," he remarked. If he had slapped two seconds earlier, he might not have felt called upon to add a choice German expression of extreme disfavor. Although translatable, it is not essential to the text.

Sure enough, tsetses. Dotting the canopy over our heads were these little lovers of cool shade and warm blood, come aboard for a late breakfast. We could almost feel them gazing at the backs of our necks, their favorite hunting ground. I hastily dropped the back part of my helmet net, and tucked it under my coat.

But we and the tsetses had met without a proper understanding.

For one brief second I could have sworn that the amiable German had suddenly struck me on the

cheek. But no. He was peacefully day-dreaming again.

"Tsetses," I remarked. If I added a few sterling English words, that is my affair. There come times in the life of every man when his emotional nature has an inviolable right to privacy. One of those times is when a tsetse fly probes him just in front of the right ear.

I had a special right to feel grieved. Tsetses are expected to bite wherever else they can find an opening, but not on the face. Many responsible people had told me this. The flies may drive through a trousers leg without reproach, and honorably spear a man in the back; but in the face—never. Yet here I was, against all tradition and custom, bitten in the face. That is, assuming that my face runs back to my ears, which sounds reasonable. That particular tsetse had a low sense of fair play. He simply took advantage of a stranger.

At one o'clock, having according to expectations arrived nowhere, we parked the cars in the middle of the road, and crawled off into the deep shade of the bush for lunch.

Don't think that we staged a happy polyglot family of Whites, Blacks, and Indians. It isn't done. We three of the White complexion, with our cook-boy to wait on us, had a cluster of low-spreading trees all to ourselves. No Blacks or Indians would have presumed to share any part of it with us, or to sit where

they could watch the exalted of the earth take nourishment.

Still, we were not strictly alone. In fact, we had trespassed upon the preserves of our little friends whose weapon is sharper than a serpent's tooth, and much more handy in its operation. Theirs is the shade, and our rightful place is in the open. But who wants to eat in the hot sun, when the shade is so inviting?

To avoid further misunderstanding, I drew my helmet net well forward of the ears. Then we settled down to lunch in peace. Within three minutes a tsetse fly had stung me through the trousers leg.

I have often wondered why nature gave the tsetse the faculty for alighting with unobtrusive gentleness, without bestowing on him a correspondingly painless gesture for extracting his favorite nourishment. What's the use of a delicate approach, if one's follow-up is so positively rude as to spoil any chance of doing business? No spirited man permits a tsetse to remain long enough after driving his probe to get so much as a taste of blood. The more sensitive varieties of wild animals are said to be as quick to resent the sting, although they are not infected by it; yet in that moment of intimate contact, the germ-laden proboscis implants diseases in men and domestic animals which have made the tsetse fly the plague of Equatorial Africa.

For many years, the Germans in East Africa

studied the tsetse; for as many, the English have labored to find some way of exterminating him in their own possessions. Perhaps the latest information is contained in a pamphlet setting forth briefly the investigations of the past six years in Zululand, where the tsetse still holds stockraisers to the cleared spaces, despite their efforts to invade the immense areas of grazing lands in the bush. Live stock has no defense against the tsetse's "nagana."

This pamphlet shows up the tsetse as an incredibly stupid, blundering insect, yet one of the most difficult of all pests for man to deal with. Devoid of a sense of smell to guide it to live animals, and apparently able to see objects only in outline, it settles at random on anything shaped nearly enough like a creature to give it hope of getting a taste of blood.

"I have watched flies repeatedly probe at the horizontal trunk of a fallen tree," says one of the investigators. Observations of this sort led to experiments with dummies, ranging from stuffed animals to gunny sacks filled with hay. These are among the running comments:

"Flies came simultaneously to ox and dummy, appearing unable to distinguish the animate from the inanimate."

"It was remarkable that an inanimate sack dummy, separated only twelve feet from a live animal, a calf, should be able to equal or beat it in attractiveness, although of no greater bulk."

"A sack dummy proved much more attractive to flies than a live zebra."

The investigators discovered that tsetses habitually attack the legs of both dummies and animals. This observation led them to wrap the legs of a donkey in stiff brown paper, and expose him to the flies. Not a bite did he get; the insects devoted themselves to the covered legs. The report comments:

"There must be some very definite though still obscure reason for hungry flies to alight persistently on the legs of the animal and depart without having obtained a meal, even though there was nothing to hinder them from feeding on the body."

A sufficient reason would appear to be in the tsetse's all-round lack of brains. This predilection for legs started the investigators on a series of experiments intended to plumb the depths of the tsetse's imbecility. Four artificial legs were set up in the bush, and beside them was laid a dummy body. The flies attacked neither; but when the body was placed on the legs, tsetses assailed the legs with vigor.

Then came the limit of absurdity in the way of an intelligence test. A table with the usual four legs was set out among the flies. None came to it; but as soon as a dummy body was laid on the table, the tsetses labored diligently to extract blood from the table's unresponsive legs.

Yet this senseless insect, killed by the hot sun, and comatose with the cold in a temperature of sixty, re-

producing less than ten per female, against the housefly's millions, dropped by its mother at haphazard and getting its meals by accident,—this aimless fly has defied the ingenuity of man for fifty years, and still commands an empire as big as Europe!

In sheer admiration for his prowess I would turn my other cheek to the tsetse, if he did not smite so painfully.

* * * * *

In a country rendered absolutely horseless by the tsetse fly, motor cars as logical substitutes have had to force their way prematurely against the handicap of wholly inadequate roads. Venturesome truck drivers will go anywhere, so long as the car holds together,—even striking off through the roadless bush, over the tall grass and dodging the trees, to get the business of Indian shopkeepers in secluded villages. They may have to do this indefinitely; there is neither the business to justify good roads, nor the money to build them.

But the outstanding personal conveyance for all parts of undeveloped Africa is the motorcycle. Everywhere, the bush is threaded with native trails; paths good enough for a cycle, even if one has to push and lug the machine over gullies and through occasional fords. Journeys of hundreds of miles through country impassable for motor cars are made in comparatively quick time by skilful motorcyclists.

Don't imagine the countryside as being torn through by the hideous nightmares which afflict our highways in America. These motorcycles, almost without exception, are made in England. Why are English motorcycles so superior to ours, when we excel all others in the manufacture of motor cars? An American should not have to come to Africa to appreciate the possibilities in the motorcycle as a mode of civilized conveyance.

Along toward nightfall our road, dipping off into lower ground, became steadily worse. There was nothing the matter with it so long as it was untouched dry land, cleared from the bush; but feeble attempts at turnpiking it, especially through low places still wet from the rains, seemed to give us just that much more soft muck in which to get mired. Washouts, little and not so little, added to the difficulties. Progress was dropping toward zero.

But nothing stops these truckmen of Africa's bush country. Hardened by a thousand tough experiences, they expect a car to go through anything that a young gazelle can jump over. If it fails to do it, they blame the machinery.

Our drivers, White and Black, followed the usual procedure. Wet chasms which would stop us at home were cheerfully dropped into, on a gamble that somewhere under the slime was a bottom. In tight places, the engine would be speeded up, and the gears suddenly jammed into low and reverse alter-

nately, giving the huge car a ludicrous rock-a-bye motion suggestive of elephantine playfulness.

If we rocked ourselves out of the hole, very well; if the performance merely settled us deeper, then all the live freight turned to—except the lone White passenger riding first-class—and lugged the dead cargo, box by box, along to firm ground. Thus relieved and encouraged, the car could usually be induced to follow.

Twilight, darkness, pitch-dark, and just one swamp after another. The camp was still thirty miles ahead.

Four trucks in a caravan are supposed to be able to negotiate anything by helping each other. A favorite bet seems to be that at least one can get through every bad spot to hard ground, and from there pull the others out with a tow-line. This encourages recklessness in the face of reasonably sure disaster; but the scheme works oftener than it fails. In the course of several hours we did as many miles with the aid of these mutual pulls and pushes.

Finally there loomed out of the darkness an inky track streaked as far as we could see with near-white. This near-white was water, indicating a road of mush.

Explorers were sent forward with lanterns. Not so bad, they reported; and beyond was a stretch of road slightly firmer.

Ten miles ahead was Tinde, a native town where

our Indians and Blacks could bunk with their own kind, while we three of the salt of the earth, sleeping in the open, might be less tempting to lions than off here in the bush.

Make a dash for it! This was the verdict of our German jury of two.

The great truck ahead of ours went in with a roar; splashed, bumped, heaved, and dipped a dozen times,—then settled to the hubs in the middle of the road.

Hard luck for Number One. Our turn came next. The verdure at the right looked as promising as any, now that the road was occupied.

We struck it in second with the engine shrieking, dropped to low, lunged on for a hundred yards or so, got abreast of the stalled car, and half-way past it. Then the bottom fell out from under the nice tall grass in which we were floundering, and our engine went to sleep in the hay.

Number Three made a similar grand but futile attempt to get through on the left. Then our Last Hope, with her engine up to a high pitch of enthusiasm for the plunge, hesitated while her Black driver enquired, in very loud Swahili, which way he should go.

That's so—which way? The bog was already rather full of cars.

"Stay where you are," ordered our two bosses. Past supper-time anyway. We three would eat,

while the Blacks lugged the freight ahead to dry ground.

The lights disclosed a comparatively dry hummock within leaping distance of the dead motors; not exactly an ideal spot for supper, but at eight o'clock after a hard day, a row of lunch boxes can make almost any spot look inviting.

Tsetses quit work at sundown; mosquitoes take the night shift. This arrangement keeps up an unbroken interest in Africa's insect life. Again I was impressed with the solid comfort to be had from a pair of mosquito boots, not to mention the helmet net tucked inside my coat collar; why don't we introduce these saving devices into our pest-ridden regions at home?

Do not imagine us as overwhelmed by mosquitoes during our supper in this equatorial swamp. Neither here, nor anywhere else in Africa,—not even on my four-hundred-mile journey through the Upper Congo's marsh-lands,—did I find mosquitoes in anything like the insistent hordes which afflict us in most parts of America. This insect appears to become bolder and more numerous as one goes northward; Alaska is a mosquitoes' paradise.

In most parts of the tropics, so far as I have observed, one would have to put up only a mild defense against mosquitoes, were it not for the malarial infection carried by the anopheles. This single feature makes the mosquito, according to the ubiquitous

placards of the Belgian government, "the greatest enemy of this country." The British agree with the verdict, but in terms less disquieting to prospective settlers.

A pleasant, care-free supper for us three king-pins of the species homo, in spite of the cold grub and the sad state of our transports. Why worry? This is Equatorial Africa's philosophy, in two words. Worry brings on suppressed fever,—and now that we could not budge, the thing to do was to eat and smoke in peace, while the Blacks unloaded the goods. Then, if the lightened trucks refused to lift themselves out of the mire,—well, said the Germans in effect, one spot in the bush is almost as good a hotel as another.

A satisfying view—on a full stomach; but some of the Indians, having counted on getting through to Tinde, had little or nothing left for supper. Did our commissary open up to them in this emergency? Most certainly not!

One decently clad young chap who had nothing to eat sat out the engaging half-hour on a tuft of grass twenty feet away, looking at the stars. Of course he could not be invited to partake with us—but when the Germans were not looking, I strolled over and slipped him a hard-boiled egg.

The boy looked it over carefully in the lantern light, then returned it with a shake of his head. Why, I do not know. Perhaps his caste doesn't eat

eggs. Anyhow, to show him that the thing was not poisoned, I peeled off the shell and ate it myself.

* * * * *

The trucks did move! One after the other they struggled out of this particular mire, and through several more on the way to Tinde. Tinde and a glorious moon burst upon us almost simultaneously at ten o'clock,—a double welcome after the inky swamps.

On an open space of the grass-hut village we drew up our four cars abreast for the night. Black heads, glistening weirdly in the moonlight, peeped out at us from the squat, mat-covered holes which pass for doors; reassuring heads, these, after the prospect of a night outside, perhaps with hyenas or lions cautiously observing us from the bush.



As the best-paying bit of cargo, I was allotted the longest of the four truck seats, with four well-indented driver's cushions strung out *a la* Pullman to relieve the severely plain lines of the boards. Black helpers curled up or spread out on the different loads; our live freight, Black and Indian, found shelter with their respective peoples in the

village. The two Germans got out their sleeping-bag outfits, spread them on the ground under the shining canopy of heaven, and promptly dropped off to sleep; netless, in a region highly malarial, and with a brother in Tabora at that minute laid low in a violent fever attack!

The carelessness of White men all over East Africa, in the face of almost certain infection, was a source of continual astonishment to me. Belgians gave indifferent heed to their own warning placards; Englishmen habitually spent their evenings in "shorts," with knees exposed. The common excuse is that one is bound to be bitten anyway,—an easy-going, tropical variation of "Eventually—why not now?"

I draped my blanket over the familiar outlines of my Pullman bunk, hung my net from the ribs overhead, and tucked it in cosily down the back. The camp was still, the village asleep. A tell-tale hyena laugh-cry from off in the bush inspired a bedtime offering of thankfulness that the trucks had condescended to bring us within these encircling huts.

All the comforts of home. I pulled off my mosquito boots and went to bed.

Chapter XV

ROUGH GOING

AT daylight, after a pick-up breakfast,—each man drawing a hasty bit from his own food supply,—we were chugging out of Tinde over the old German road. As usual, wherever it had been “improved” we lingered unprayerfully, and glided easily over the stretches laid out by wheels alone on nature’s roadbed. Even in swamp lands, the heavy grass often made a more honest effort to keep us up than the roadway of manufactured humps interspersed with pits of mud. It is easy to see why, in the dry season, traffic runs everywhere through the low spots except in the middle of the road.

No atmosphere could be more delicious than this of Africa’s great plateau in the hour before dawn. Only because it is so clear does the sun strike through it almost unbearably later in the day. The night-prowlers had taken to cover, and beautiful antelope, half-concealed by the tall grass, were feeding here and there in the open spaces of the bush. They might have been more careful—my driver was a dead-sure shot. He had one eye out for a choice deer, while the other looked after the holes in the road.

A low exclamation in Swahili from the cook-boy on top of the load brought the car to a sudden halt. Sure enough, there was a pair of elands, regarding us amiably from a distance of two hundred yards. As we looked, one of them dropped his head to feed—and by that little act saved his life.

The German stepped quietly off a few paces into the grass, took a brief standing aim with his elephant rifle, and fired. Down went the lovely creature whose curiosity had so got the better of him; the other bounded straight into the air and off to the bush.

“I aimed at his neck,” remarked the driver confidently, turning to me; when the eland was brought in, a ragged hole at the base of the neck showed that the man had aimed well.

Just then a streak of yellow showed in the tops of the bush. That beauty of the wilds had been shot exactly at sunrise.

The spell of the morning was broken,—and not wholly by the coming of the sun.

* * * * *

Kizumbi, the present rail-head town on the new line, may some day be Tanganyika's inland metropolis between Tabora and Lake Victoria. Nothing stands in its way except various disease-bearing insects, too many lions, and a tropical climate. This is one of the great lion regions of Africa.

Science has only to get around these obstacles, for

that matter, to start the whole White family toward the earth's equatorial belt. At about that time Tabora's rightful fifty thousand will have risen from the present one hundred and thirty-four.

Kizumbi is starting off with a White population of between six and ten, depending on who's in town



for the day; but a big tract has been cleared of the bush and its tsetses, several streets laid out in the sun, and a district created. The Black village of Shinyanga has been moved over *en masse* from its old place on the German road, nine miles away; this gives excuse for the three disconsolate Indian shops

in process of evolving from raw beams and corrugated iron.

Those three Indian shops mean that not in the near or distant future will there be any White business in Kizumbi. Indians impoverish a country by living in poverty while in the act of getting rich.

Courteous, as always and everywhere, were the British officials, in their brand new quarters, and with their enthusiasm quite as new for the ever-fascinating experience of evolving a town on an untouched frontier. That's a great life, bucking the frontier,—for a man. I know quite a lot about it; and the plans and purposes of these young officials stirred memories in me of our own Mid-west of almost a half-century ago. Great, it was, once more to see bright hopes with the bloom still on—of the kind that in our good old days used to plot town lots four miles each way, but never built four blocks beyond the postoffice.

All very fine. And now, enquired the courteous official, would I go over to the house and have morning tea with the young wife, three months out from London?

I would. In various out-of-the-way corners where White people are scarce, I have been asked to go and see somebody's lonesome young wife, just out from somewhere. They get to the stage where anybody will do.

My business on such occasions is to furnish good

cheer, as well as a new if disappointing face to look at. It involves lying, but lying is permissible if one's intention is to do good.

But this time, the usual platitudes were ineffective. The young lady could not see the beauties of an untrammelled life in the open. Coming from London, her slant was for the throng at close quarters. Neither did her future proud position as one of the First Families in the city-to-be seem of interest; her keen instinct had given her a disconcerting hunch that Kizumbi as a coming city was a false alarm.

"Do you think that this town has a chance to grow?" With feminine directness she interrupted my flow of high predictions for Kizumbi.

From the little verandah we were looking off across the sizzling prospect, from which every tree and bush had been cleared to keep out the tsetses, and to discourage a too close familiarity with lions. I thought of ambitious Tabora's one hundred and thirty-four, of Tanganyika's twenty-five hundred, against five million Blacks; and Kizumbi, as soon as the construction camp should move on, would not have even its present bustling activity of a rail-head.

Now, in the case of a discerning young lady, what's the good of lying like a gentleman if it is going to make one look like a fool? I forget what I did say; but whatever it was, it needed the support of crutches.

"There's only one other woman of my kind in town." From the way she said this, I judged that

two ladies by themselves do not make much of a tea-party. And she knew, and I knew, that there was no excuse for any more women of her kind in Kizumbi, unless the other official got married. I hesitated to enquire about his conjugal status,—in out-of-the-way places, it is not always the discreet thing to do.

From a long experience in these frontier matrimonial situations, beginning in Dakota and ending with Kizumbi, my observation is that a perfectly good husband does not in himself completely fill the bill, even if there was a pre-nuptial understanding that they two could live out their days blissfully on a sand-dune; and also, that an outsider with the best of intentions to deceive rarely gets anything across. I backed away from that morning tea with a sense of failure.

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At Kizumbi, the German trucks were to deliver me to some other form of transport for the rest of the journey northward to the lake; that is, I was not to be dropped forthwith in a railway camp, without so much as a tent over my head. The logical mode of travel through the twenty-five-mile swamp ahead was by safari, with a machilla to ride in whenever I might tire of walking. But the dozen necessary men, as well as a safari outfit, were not to be had in a camp where every Black at all disposed to exert himself was in the railway construction gang. Kizumbi had not attained to a garage; neither was there motor

transport in any direction, nor a place for a stranger to lay his head while waiting for something to turn up.

I stuck to my German truckmen like a lost brother. They discharged their loads, but they couldn't discharge me,—not while my shelter outfit consisted of a mosquito net, and the nearest semblance of a hotel was more than a hundred miles away, in either direction. For an hour I think I lay rather heavily on their minds, while we lumbered about the place looking for a way out of the dilemma. Whenever we dismounted, I was the last to get off, and the first to climb back on. I never before felt so attached to a truck.

But my usual good luck was with me, even in Kizumbi. By the roadside we came upon a big American truck, standing driverless. My German brought his car to a sudden halt.

"That truck is from Mwanza," he volunteered from his scanty store of English. He had hardly said it before a clean-cut young Englishman appeared from a cluster of tents off in the tall grass.

Yes, it was his truck; and he had come through from Mwanza—in three days. Fearful going through the swamps, but he was game enough to start back within an hour.

I bargained for passage with this engaging young man without letting him know how utterly glad I was to see him, otherwise the trip might have been

more expensive. The broad smiles of the Germans, too, indicated that they were not averse to parting company with me. Within five minutes I had transferred my affections and other belongings to the American truck from Mwanza.

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After visions of chugging all the way back to Tabora, it was a glorious feeling to drive out from Kizumbi headed the right way,—in a better truck, and with a more congenial companion. We were carrying about a ton and a half of goods, as well as the usual eight or ten “live-freight”—Indians and Blacks, on top of the load. I was the front-seat guest, privileged to stay on if I chose, when the others were more or less gently advised to get off and walk. But at times I walked to relieve the monotony,—and at least once I walked by request.

“Would you mind going afoot across to the other side?” asked King. We had come to a rough log-and-dirt bridge over a river.

Of course I did not mind, even though the humpy bridge seemed not to be much of a problem for the truck. I trudged along with the others, while King took the car over alone.

“I would have let you stay on,” he remarked apologetically, after I had climbed aboard, “but that bridge is on its last legs. Every time I’ve gone over it this year I’ve expected it to drop into the river with me.”



THE BAOBAB TREE IS RECOMMENDED TO OUR MID-WEST
CYCLONE BELT

Quite considerate of him. As for himself, it merely showed the venturesomeness of transport men in Africa—a readiness to take chances that is born of taking chances innumerable, in their business of negotiating Africa's roads.

On several square miles of the uplands beyond the new village, the government has undertaken an experimental fight with

the tsetse by clearing off the bush. No trees of any sort have been left except the Baobab; these, seeming relics of another age, with their enormous old trunks and grotesquely meagre



limbs, offer so little shade for tsetses that they have been allowed to stand. Nowhere else, I suppose, is there a grass landscape more picturesquely adorned. The Baobab tree is recommended to our Mid-west cyclone belt. After a blow, there would always be something familiar left on the home place to come back to.

During the first ten or fifteen miles, we were stuck fast only occasionally; farther along, we spent half of our time in earnest communion with mud. As with the Germans of the day before, the favorite expedient for getting out of holes was to rock the car backward and forward, with the engine racing in low when it

was in gear at all, until the car would leap ungracefully to dry land.

These frequent engagements with the highway gave me plenty of time to wander up and down the road, or off into the little villages along the way. We were now in a region so far from White settlement in any direction that native customs and manners showed less of civilization's touch than they do in the neighborhood of towns. Among these, a native form of greeting struck me as a complete novelty among the world's ways of saying "How-de-do?"

Strolling ahead of our hesitant car, I met several natives trudging along with bundles on their heads. As we met, they laid their belongings on the ground, and, lining up solemnly in front of me, set up a vigorous clapping of the hands.

Imagine my astonishment. Why the applause? I hadn't recited anything. But this turned out to be the universal form of greeting for these parts. My little party gathered up their belongings, moved on to where King was tucked half-way under his balky car, again laid down their goods, and respectfully applauded his rather obvious rear view. King seemed unappreciative, but I enjoyed it thoroughly.

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We were now in the region where the cigarette salesman had had his sleep rudely broken by three inquisitive lions. If lions are more plentiful in one part of Tanganyika's bush than another, they natur-

ally would be in a section as remote as this from the White man and his noisy firearms. Blacks were in considerable numbers; the lowlands, when not so low as to be swampy, make good soil for mealies and such vegetables as natives raise. But Blacks, never having guns, do not specially alarm lions. Rather, in the absence of easier game, the king of the cat family finds them intriguing as a dinner prospect.

Natives now and then do kill a too obtrusive lion with their spears, and sometimes catch an unwary one in their covered pitfalls. Along in the middle of the afternoon, in a part of the bush so thick that the tsetses had just about appropriated it, we met three natives carrying the skull of a freshly killed lion.

A lion's skull, considering the magnificently adorned head from which it comes, is remarkably small. It is not at all impressive; at least, it would not be in a museum, but met with in the African wilds, and a fresh one at that, it is peculiarly suggestive of other lions whose heads are still on their shoulders. During the next hour, I noticed a slight apprehensiveness in my glances off into the bush.

So the afternoon wore itself down to five o'clock; the live freight walking over the bad stretches, the car lumbering through. There was one more swamp to cross before we were to make camp for the night. Ahead of us were the worst ten miles of the lot,—a daylight job, needing at least fifty men to help pull

us through. A good night's rest for us, and a touching up of the machinery, would make everything fit



for the final plunge.

We started on this last walk of the day, while the big truck hit the soft apology for a road, and wallowed half-way through; then, in a mire not at all bad as mires go in this land of swamps, our dependable American car lay down and gave up the ghost.

In other words, one of the gears in the differential had lost several of its best teeth. Any sort of a make-shift rig was out of the question—we were down for keeps. In half an hour the sun was intending to bid us good-night. And we were seventy-five miles from the nearest garage.

As a test for the exercise of that good old equatorial philosophy, "Why worry?" this was a happy combination. King, to start the good cheer, dilated on the advantages of a stripped gear over a broken

wheel, in a truck which eventually must be towed seventy-five miles. I spoke encouragingly about the unfailing good weather. We both averred that the thing might have been worse—without explaining how.

But pulling this Pollyanna stuff on a dead truck half-way through Tanganyika's all-Black bush is like playing you haven't a toothache when you have.

"What do we do next?" I asked, with well-feigned interest.

"Well," said King, "the first thing is to send to the Manangwa—that's the chief—of the village off somewhere ahead of us, for twenty men to pull the car out to dry land." A few words in Swahili to the cook-boy started that useful member on the errand. "The next," he went on, "is to send runners out to the nearest telegraph post, wherever it is, and get word to my garage in Mwanza. But one thing at a time. Let's have supper."

Quite like the night before, on the other side of Tinde. When you can't do anything else, eat. Why worry?

Luckily, King and I had only ourselves and the faithful cook-boy to consider. Within three minutes after the breakdown our live cargo vanished, in deference to the African tradition that, on such occasions, neither Black nor Indian has anything to expect from White men. Some went on up the road to the village; others found shelter in the huts of

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natives on the firm ground just ahead of us. For White men, however, a native hut, even without its human occupants, is altogether too crowded to be considered as a habitation. For the next few days the truck was to be our happy home.

We sat down upon our expired Yankee friend, ate a good supper, and over consoling pipes took stock of the situation.

Chapter XVI

UNDER THE TRUCK'S TARPAULIN

WHILE we were smoking contentedly and waiting for something to turn up, along came the twenty men sent out to us by the chief; husky chaps in loin-cloths, fierce-looking enough with their faces scarred and ribbed according to the various designations of their tribe. King at once assumed command.

In all arrangements for native labor, the chief merely furnishes the boys; it is the White man's job to get work out of them. This requires an understanding of the natives' reluctance to exert themselves, and of methods for overcoming it. One of the surest is to get them excited.

First, King had the goods carried on the heads of the Blacks to our proposed camping place near the edge of the swamp. This was an easy matter; then came the task of pulling out the dead truck, now down to its hubs in the mud.

Half of the men were put on a rope forward to pull, while the other half braced themselves against the car for a push. Thus they awaited orders.

King, wielding a big stick, stood off ten feet from the men at the rope. This was a job for forty men—and he had twenty; but fifty per cent of a Black man's pull is energy transferred from his White boss.

Then came the Swahili equivalent of our "One—Two—Three!"

"Salambi! Haya Salambi!" yelled King, striking an attitude with his stick aloft.

"*Wow!*" roared the men in deep unison.

"Mwana ume nguvu sawa-sawa!" whooped King. It sounds as wild as it looks.

"*Wow!*" a bit louder, as they awaited the final command to lay on.

"Ali Salambi-i-i-i-!" This from King, with a curdling emphasis on the last syllable that might either inspire or terrify—I don't think he cared which.

"*Ali Jah!*" came in a guttural chorus, as every last man went against the truck with all his strength.

The heavy car budged an inch—two inches—then threatened to stop.

"Ali Salambi-i-i-i-i-!!" King was flaying the air like a mad bandmaster running off one of Wagner's worst. It added another ton to the pulling force of the electrified Blacks.

"*Ali Jah!*" they grunted desperately—and the truck moved—lifted out of the hole—went staggering along to firm ground without a stop, to the responsive singsong of "Ali Salambi!" "*Ali Jah!*" "Ali Salambi!" "*Ali Jah!*"

To see the show was worth the price of admission.

While waiting for the Manangwa to make his White visitors an official call, we set up our camp.

On these truck journeys in dry weather, camping for the night is a simple matter. Cots or sleeping bags can be nestled against the lee side of the car, and mosquito nets draped from the overhang. But a camp for several days has to reckon with the mid-day sun. For anything approaching comfort, we needed a tent,—which we did not have. In place of it, we did very well with the truck's tarpaulin.

As offering the clearest space available, we spread our outfit over the whole width of the road. I suggested the possibility of traffic.

“No danger of any other vehicles coming through this forsaken region in the next few days,” remarked King. Judging by the fact that we had not seen a car since leaving Kizumbi, his prophecy looked sound.

Our newly acquired help, under the direction of both King and Juma, the cook-boy, soon had things ship-shape. The tarpaulin, stretched from the top of the truck's load and anchored to the ground by boxes of goods, made a shelter for our beds at night, and promised a rather warm shade for us through the coming days. Comfortable folding cots, plenty of clothing for the comparative chill of the night—one's blood gets “thin” in the tropics—good mosquito nets, and an equally good prospect of fair weather. Not so bad, after all, for an improvised camp.

Shortly after dark, the Manangwa arrived. He

was an insignificant appearing man, a Mohammedan, as most of these chiefs are; dressed in a fez, and a nightgown effect down to his feet, with a cheap sack coat over it for warmth. He was a great talker; also, he stuttered. This last dawned on me gradually. A man can stutter in Swahili for quite a while without my noticing it.

Our principal business with the chief was to get runners to carry a message out to the nearest telegraph post, which happened to be at a little mine thirty-five miles away. It was to be, for somebody, a stiff all-night walk; the chief, with his interminable parleying, threatened to make it an all-night talk.

By this time the Blacks of the whole neighborhood had turned out to witness the proceeding; an audience visible to us mostly as rolling eyes and grinning white teeth, against their own and the evening's darkness.

Even before the Manangwa came, we saw the expediency of making the roadside ditch a dead-line; not that there was the slightest danger from these half-wild natives, but our goods were scattered about in a way to suggest easy pilfering.

After considerable argument, our twenty men were lined up and given their pennies; more talk drew coins from King,—for a man who had brought us wood, for another with stones to serve as a fireplace, and for two more, carriers of muddy water for our ablutions of the next morning. One could almost see

the wily Manangwa's brain work at thinking up claims against King's exchequer. But King was an experienced hand at weeding out the undeserving.

This cleared the way for the business which should have had precedence over everything else—the appointing of runners. The chief, after haranguing the entire lot, performed this function by touching two men solemnly on the arm. Lithe, bright chaps; and the sudden leap to fame made their faces glisten just a bit more than those of the just a bit envious crowd around them.

Then came the labor of educating the two men to their job. On their proper handling of the telegraph message depended our getting a truck from Mwanza.

For half an hour, Swahili flowed from King, from the chief, from Juma,—from everybody who could think of some advice to offer; until King silenced the rush of words, and had the runners repeat, sentence by sentence, every detail of what they were to do. It sounded like a protracted wedding ceremony; weird enough, in that crowd of Blacks shining in the light of the campfire.

At nine o'clock the runners were ready to start—but could they have a lantern? Ahead was the worst ten miles of the great Seke swamp—and how about lions?

There was but one lantern, and we needed it. As for lions,—well, “lions is lions,” and we had no answer to their wistful inquiry.

But they were a game pair. With no more talk, they faded away into the darkness. A brisk pace with few stops should bring them to the telegraph post at eight o'clock in the morning; then, after a sleep during the heat of the day, they were to start back on another all-night trek, and report to us on the second morning with a proper receipt for the message. A seventy-mile, two-night hike, for which they were to be paid two shillings apiece. Who says that all niggers are lazy?

That was the end of a busy day. The chief and his men slipped off, and the whole Black audience was ordered to vanish forthwith. Then we took to our luxurious beds in pajamas like two civilized White men, tucked in the mosquito nets, and slept the sleep of the weary.

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I have often felt since that we did not worry enough, those nights, about lions. To be sure, the nearest woods were at least half a mile away, as luck would have it, mainly because of the swamps; but we were less protected than the Blacks in the half-dozen huts around us,—less so than Juma, who dug himself into the load, and had the protection of the goods boxes. We had the usual firearms of a truck transport,—an elephant rifle, a double-barrelled shotgun, and a big revolver,—but lions bent on attacking are not in the habit of advertising their approach. They roar after the attack starts.



OUR MAN FRIDAY AND THE AUTHOR

Anyhow, we neither saw nor heard lions during our nights in this camp. Hyenas howled nightly off in the distant bush, a sure indication of lions in their vicinity; but they were amiable enough to stay there. So it was just as well that we left lions pretty much out of the reckoning, and slept unconcerned.

Waking up in the open air of a delightful Mid-African morning went a long way toward compensating for the uncertainties of the breakdown. We had gone to bed asking ourselves: Would our two runners carry through, or flunk out at some lion's roar into a wayside hut? Or lose their way? Or make a bull of the thing when they got there? The delicious morning answered cheerfully, "Who cares?"

Waiting for us, ranged along their side of the ditch, was the entire native population. Two White men with a wrecked motor car settling down to camp in the Black country were the excitement of the hour, if not of the season. The blazing sunlight was nothing to the limelight in which we lived and moved and had our daily bath.

"Instead of shaving with a looking-glass," I observed to King, "I'm learning how to do it with fifty niggers looking on." Luckily for me, he did not hear the remark.

The water which the natives brought us for these purposes was of the same dull gray color as the soil about us, but our soap brightened it up considerably. More attractive were the offerings of women who

managed to get into the front row: chickens, eggs, goat's milk,—we were too near tsetses for the raising of cows; also mealies in the ear, which were passable as green corn, and a kind of sweet potato.

These women, unused to the ways of hucksters, stood abashed in our august Presence, and silently draped their wares before them; but chickens suspended by one leg can be depended on to do considerable advertising. Just to make American housewives envious: chickens, reduced to our currency, were twelve cents each, eggs nine cents a dozen, milk two cents a quart. Needless to say, we boiled the milk as thoroughly as we cooked the other food. Sheep were offered, but not taken, at seventy-five cents; goats, two for a dollar. No high cost of living, in this care-free camp by the mudside.

Clearly enough, there was to be no shortage of food, even if lions should eat up our two runner-boys without leaving a trace; but how about drinking water? Neither King nor I had much of a stock left,—perhaps enough for a couple of days,—and no boiling could make the soupy product of the swamp fit for internal use. I put the question to King.

"Well, we happen to have twenty-four dozen bottles of imported beer on this load," he observed with a grin. Wet goods for the few Whites in the Mwanza district come in from the East Coast by way of Tabora. By the time it arrives, ten-cent beer is worth two shillings a bottle.

The thought of this beer set us to worrying about our water supply. If we were to use water until it failed, so we argued, we then should have nothing but beer to drink,—which everybody knows would be bad for us. We really owed it to our future health to conserve the precious water by beginning early on the bottled goods; and surely, two stranded Bwanas who have to confiscate food in transit to save their lives should be able to get off with the law on a plea of “honorably misappropriation”?

With admirable fortitude we faced the hardship of depriving ourselves of water, and broke into a case of beer at once.

Do not think, dear reader, that we had to drink our beer as warm as two days of travelling in the African sun had made it. Each bottle had its own little jacket of straw to protect it from its neighbors; by dipping the bottles into water with their jackets on, and exposing them to the breeze in the shade of the truck, we got the decidedly cooling effect of quick evaporation. The result was a delightfully refreshing beer,—which shows that even swamp water can be made useful to a thirsty man.

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Juma did the cooking, and Juma did all the rest of the work about the camp. And since he had the advantage of understanding the native dialect as well as Swahili, most of the negotiating with the natives fell to Juma. He was the camp's busy man; King

and I, because of the exacting custom in Africa that White men shall do no physical labor, were threatened with an undue amount of leisure.

By the way, natives in East Africa—and in other parts, so far as I know—have a habit of naming their children after the days of the week; that is, until the parents, in the usual course of events, have exhausted the days of the week.

So with Juma; his name means Friday. It seemed peculiarly fitting, under the circumstances, to have a man Friday about the place. Thereafter I always referred to him as our man Friday. This I could do without hurting his feelings, because the only English word in his vocabulary was “yes.”

Reading matter, even if not of the most engaging sort, would have come in handy here, especially during the heated hours to be spent, perforce, under the truck's tarpaulin. I wondered idly, now, what becomes of all the picture magazines sent by well-meaning Circles to heathen lands. Here we were in the midst of the heathen, and no signs of so much as a *Ladies' Home Journal*. If there had been one, I certainly would have tried to read it.

But, happily for us, the cook in Tabora's hotel had wrapped various items of my food supply in the sheets of a copy of the London *Daily Mail*. Some people would think offhand that news six weeks out from London might lack the necessary element of freshness. But news to be fresh does not have to be



NATIVE WOMAN AND CHILD

just off the press; it needs only to be the latest available. Ours had the advantage of being the only available. All of it was grateful news to us.

If a sheet happened to have been torn asunder to accommodate two different parts of the menu,—a baked chicken, for instance, and the hard-boiled eggs,—we increased our library by restoring the pieces, even at the risk of letting the ants in on the chicken. In this way we completed a broken list of "Marriages which have been arranged," and other equally absorbing bits of news. An humorous column was regarded as quite a "find"—which shows how hard up we were for amusement. Under the truck's tarpaulin, I learned to read English jokes with a new interest bordering on respect.

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The half-dozen huts within a stone's throw of camp gave us a close-up of native life as it is in the



African bush. These huts, grass-roofed, with roughly woven side walls, had the usual outrigging of stakes or extra wall effects; flimsy enough as affording any substantial protection, but lions seem averse to

going through two successive obstructions for an obviously good dinner. Perhaps the second barrier

suggests more ahead. Anyhow, the effect must be psychological; there was nothing in the build of the huts to stop an ill-disposed goat.

The heavy leisure of the men, and the almost as leisurely industry of the women in the mealie patches and about the home; the little children, stark naked, playing as children play the world over; the older women dressing as usual, while the younger ones pulled up the wrap-around over the breasts, in deference to the two Bwanas out there in the middle of the road; in these and a dozen other ways, our neighbors showed both their interesting oddities and their eternal likeness to the human family the world over.

In the cool of the morning, I noticed back of the huts three little black heads and bodies bobbing up and down in the grass to the wild notes of a singsong. My neighborly call interrupted three young girls in their task of grinding the family supply of Mtama—the seeds of a kind of broom corn—on a big flat boulder; but a few coppers soon had the abashed damsels at it again, singsong and all. In shallow depressions worn into the boulder's surface, each girl, down on her knees, ground the seeds to a grayish flour with a stone held in both hands and worked back and forth, as if she were washing clothes on a scrubbing board.

Grinding between stones goes back to the prehistoric. We ourselves still run the old millstones on

little streams in the backwoods. Without doubt, it is the most ancient of mechanical processes still used by mankind. In this grinding of the African girls was the primitive beginning of our millstone idea; but the striking thing about it was their method of re-dressing the stone's surface, when it became dull from wear. Quite as our old-fashioned millers used to give a new grinding face to their millstones with steel picks, these girls roughened theirs by picking them all over with a hard, sharp stone.

I had always supposed that stone-dressing, to keep the grinding surfaces sharp, was one of the refinements bequeathed to us by civilization. Now the question arises, did we get our trick of roughening the stones from savages like these, or they from us? Or did both inherit it from the grinders of prehistoric days?

During the heat of the day the girls ceased grinding, but usually they began it again as the sun went low. The singing seemed to give them both cheer and energy; the wilder and more shrill their voices became, the faster they worked. Along through the twilight, and well into the gathering darkness, the little black heads and bodies bobbed up and down in the grass to the weird notes of the singsong; one of the charming bits of primitive life which help to make a knockabout journey worth while.

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In the morning hours and the late afternoons we

strolled about the open country in search of game, or wandered on to the inconsequential village, just over the low hill beyond our camp. King shot a gazelle; this gave us venison chops for supper that night, and meat for the natives. Flocks of deer and gazelles were in sight most of the time, but the natives, barred from the use of guns, do not seem to have devised any adequate means for capturing the timid creatures. They craved a change from goat, sheep, and chickens; their first request was that we shoot some game for them.

A great swamp bird, of whose flesh they were specially fond, happened to come my way. I had visions of ingratiating myself in the hearts of the population with the fine flavor of this bird, but after both barrels of the shotgun had scattered the seeds of death all around him, he flew away without noticing my attempt on his life.

Thereupon Friday made a remark to King in Swahili, while looking at me with disapproval. I decided not to enquire what the boy said. It might have been something about a barn door.

Early in the morning of the second day, our runners appeared, none the worse for the two nights of tramping. The trip had been run off according to schedule, and a receipt from the telegraph operator showed that King's message had gone forward to Mwanza. Now it became a mere matter of waiting for the rescue truck,—perhaps no more than another



GRINDING THE FAMILY SUPPLY OF MTAMA

day, depending on its luck in getting through the big swamp.

Two shillings apiece satisfied the runners, but I added another shilling for each boy. This unexampled burst of generosity properly overcame them; but why shouldn't it? The official wage for boys on safari, carrying fifty pounds for fifteen miles, is sixpence a day. To earn three shillings, a safari boy would have to work six days, and carry a stiff load ninety miles, whereas our boys had earned as much in two nights by going seventy miles without a pound on their heads. Americans, used to seeing gangs of Wops draw five dollars a day for lifting three shovel-fuls of dirt a minute, will have difficulty in seeing anything wrong in this reckless overpayment of our messengers; but in their affluence I doubt whether they did another stroke of work for a week.

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Mid-afternoon of the following day found us, as usual at that hour, under the tarpaulin. Naps had refreshed us while the sun was at its hottest. I was writing. King was reading a newspaper just off the cheese.

A shout from Friday, at a time of day when natives are not given to wasting energy, brought us out at a jump. There, coming up over the brow of the little hill a short mile away, was our truck; in a few minutes it had covered the intervening space, and its very young White driver swung off as non-

chalantly as if he had just driven over from Seke village.

Our few days of mild uncertainty were over; to-morrow we would again be on the way to Mwanza. Not an unpleasant hitch in the program, so far,—and, under our conservative policy, the water supply had held out remarkably well.

“How’s the going through the swamp?” asked King, after the usual preliminaries.

“Great—if you have plenty of men.” The lad was English, born in Kenya Territory, and brought up on Swahili; a White African, never outside of the equatorial belt, yet with all the characteristics of a resourceful, venturesome young frontiersman. As part of the day’s work, he had run his truck through ten miles of swamp the like of which would have stopped the average American driver before his wheels were wet.

“Plenty of men.” A live truck with a dead one in tow for the return trip promised a busy to-morrow for everybody. Friday cooked for our supper that night one of the ancestors of a choice spring chicken; and not long after the cheery singsong of the grinders had ceased, we were bunked for the last time under the truck’s tarpaulin.

Chapter XVII

THROUGH THE GREAT SWAMPS

"WELL, we're bound to have a fair day, whatever the going turns out to be," King had observed as we went to bed. The morning broke as clear as a bell.

One of the beauties of the great African plateau region is the certainty of good weather after the rainy season has had its fling at spilling unexpected torrents upon its own deceptive bits of sunshine. This low country, a fortnight ago in a deluge overhead and underneath, is now sure of an amiable sun to smile over the wrecked highway until it becomes decently passable. The crude mending of the final washout is the signal, they say, for the rains to begin again.

"Load the cars half-and-half," was King's order for disposing of the freight goods. Ordinarily, a live truck would do better to take the whole load of the dead one, and tow it empty; but, for the soft going ahead, King's idea was to give the two cars an equal chance to keep afloat in the mire. A double turn of wire rope made a strong tow-line, some thirty feet long, while as much more of the hemp variety was in readiness for harnessing the man-power waiting at the village to be taken on.

Word had been sent ahead to the Manangwa for seventy men to help us through the swamp country. Consequently, when we arrived at the village, the whole able-bodied male contingent was in a state of expectancy, grinning over the prospect of earning a shilling apiece for the ten-mile push-and-pull ahead of us. They joyfully flung themselves at our cars as if we had hired the town.

It is all very well to say that African natives, under control of their chiefs, are a well-meaning, harmless lot; but they are not so rigidly under the control of their chiefs that, on occasions, they may not get out of hand. This particular crowd, sophisticated by too many contacts with helpless motor drivers stuck in the mud, needed just what they now got from King,—the iron rule of a Bwana. Better than the slipping authority of their chiefs, better than any vague threats of the official lash, or days in a distant jail, is the mere living presence of one White boss.

King met their charge with a flood of sulphurous Swahili, which Friday re-melted, with trimmings of his own, into the native dialect. The exhilarated volunteers were pushed and pulled and hand-picked with a vigor that soon had them as docile as a flock of sheep; those sent to the discard fell back almost comically disconsolate, while the chosen ones were ordered to trot along down the road a mile or so, to the beginnings of the washed-out turnpike.

It is a mighty good plan, in a country where the

Blacks average two thousand to one, to be a Bwana every minute. But when three White men are alone in an isolated all-Black belt, it's a still better plan to be a Bwana every second. Psychic superiority beats physical display at making these little-tamed Africans forget their numbers and knuckle down to business.

* * * * *

Then, into the swamps.

Biff, bang, bump, bounce; back up and buck ahead, while the wheels make a nice little cradle; keep on doing the rock-a-bye act until the car settles to the hubs; then get on your man-power, and boost. Boost, pull and push the cars along to the next bit of road that has not slumped off into the swamp, and do the whole thing over again. This, with unimportant variations, was the program for the day.

The highway for miles was about two-thirds road and one-third washout. Wherever the crude little bridges or makeshift culverts had been carried away, we usually found it safer to drive off into the swamp and have the cars half-carried by the men, rather than risk plunging into the open gaps between steep hummocks of road. Ordinary washouts we often bucked head-on, with about a fifty-fifty chance of getting through in less time than it would take to be pulled through the tall-grass mire on either side. When worse came to worst, as it frequently did, the loads had to be carried forward some distance on the

heads of the men, and reloaded for the next bit of uncertainty.

Besides the incredible amount of abuse heaped upon the car's transmission, the running of its engine in low in tropical heat, and under maximum load most of the time, gave that useful member the appearance of being sadly overworked. One boy did little else than feed its boiling radiator with libations from the swamp.

But everything held together, and the men, under the inspiration of King, shoved and singsonged the cars along through impossible mires and bottomless holes. Friday, basking in light reflected from his master, gloried in himself as an imitation Bwana,—sometimes to the amusement of the natives, but now and then just a bit stirring their resentment with his funny little airs.

"Salambi! Haya Salambi!" from King. Time after time we went through the whole set of responses.

"*Wow!*" This from the men.

"Mwana ume nguvu sawa-sawa!"

"*Wow!*"

"Ali Salambi-i-i-i!"

"*Ali Jah!*"

"Ali Salambi!" "*Ali Jah!*" "Ali Salambi!" "*Ali Jah!*"—and the big trucks would reel out of the hole, only to slide into the next one.

All through the torrid heat of the day, one sizzling

engine and seventy perspiring men dragged a dead truck and another half-alive, by inches, by feet, by half-miles, across the worst stretch of road picturable to the imagination. It was so hot that we actually preferred to go easy with the beer, and quench thirst with our well-preserved drinking water. The natives drank directly from the swamp,—first, however, with commendable delicacy parting the green scum with their hands.

Under the protection of my thick pith helmet when I was not in the shade of the truck's hood, I was having one of the red-letter days of the journey. Wherever the water-holes made it possible I sauntered about in front of the cars,—never behind them, lest they strike a patch of good road, and in sheer astonishment forget me; observing the operations, but never once favoring King with timely advice. Curious, that an onlooker should always know so much better how the thing ought to be done.

Those natives, seeing me pleasantly idle and care-free while the other two White men were in the throes of a deep and troubled earnestness, showed plainly that they thought me an odd sort of Bwana. But this big outdoor performance, in which everybody was acting his natural self without a suspicion of previous rehearsals, made the best possible kind of a show. And the best thing about it was to see a lot of shiny, sweaty, half-wild Africans jockeying for the easy places, with all the little tricks common to

lazy, good-natured, unambitious people everywhere. There's really nothing new to be discovered in human behavior,—this makes it interesting to watch different kinds of humans behave.

Slow going? That's the wrong side of the picture. The motorist in Africa escapes the dreary monotony of speed; the landscape has a chance to sink in on one, especially in swamps.

At a particularly bad hole I got two husky Blacks to set me across, rather than go with the truck on a circuit through the swamp-grass. My reward of a penny each stirred the lust for wealth in many a savage breast; their enthusiasm for handling me at every washout kept me in trouble for the rest of the day. Once, when I had been carried across a mire, two other boys seized me, set me back to the very spot from which I had just been lifted, and waited expectantly for coppers. They seemed to think that this was my idea of joy-riding.

Not once did the boys get out of hand. By the grace of a wholesome respect for King, the last of the great swamp was negotiated at three o'clock in the afternoon; but the next village, Ilola, was nearly two miles farther on. Considering that the natives might become too boisterously familiar with the money-bag if he attempted to pass out the shilling apiece in that uninhabited country, King ordered the crowd to run along to Ilola.

Ilola was the village in which, had I not met King,



THE MOTORIST IN AFRICA ESCAPES THE DREARY MONOT-
ONY OF SPEED

I would have been dropped by my safari, after getting through the swamp; there to wait indefinitely for some chance truck to take me the remaining sixty-five miles to Mwanza. One look at the dirty Indian traders on whose premises I would have had to bunk made me prayerfully grateful for my escape from any such intimacy with Ilola. Yet this little town, broiling in the sun, and without a White man in it, offered the needed psychological security of human witnesses to the exposing of King's sack of shillings.

Along down the middle of the road the seventy boys were lined up. King, followed closely by Friday with the shotgun over his shoulder,—an unnecessary display of firearms, but another ecstatic touch of spotlight for Friday,—marched along the line and handed each worthy boy a shilling. Imposters here and there, who had sneaked into the line, received in lieu of a shilling a free lesson in honesty from the sole of King's boot.

* * * * *

Back toward their own village, ten miles away, trotted the boys, while we with our trucks started on the weary tow to Mwanza; glad to be out of the swamp, and almost as pleased to leave behind the Black-Indian hideousness of Ilola.

Native villages are picturesque, but as abodes they are a delusion. When the choice of sleeping quarters is down to an Indian's shack or a native's hut,

some travellers declare for the hut. Why anyone, in a country full of open spaces and a glorious atmosphere, should take to either of these plagues is beyond comprehension, unless it is raining; then it is a case of enduring wet chills in the open, or getting under cover with spirillum ticks, the carriers of relapsing fever,—one of Africa's worst. These ticks are not only in Indian shacks and native huts; they are so often in government "Rest huts," put up along the way for travellers, that the wiser ones rest under a cover of their own, or go without.

As a matter of course, one travels in the wilder parts of Africa with his own shelter, as well as with a supply of food and water; and even in country enough civilized to provide rest houses, it is just as well to be independent of them by taking along a folding tent. If caught without a tent, thank your lucky stars if you have a truck's tarpaulin.

By living in the open, a traveller escapes most of the tropical germs and insects which thrive on filth; but he invites the special plague of the open spaces, the African chiggers. If they are related to the mild variety sometimes found on our western prairies, it must be distantly. These in Africa dig themselves in under the toe-nails, and proceed to hatch their families there, as well as raise mischief generally, unless they are plucked out before they burrow in beyond reach. As a precautionary measure, most hunters have their boy go over their feet carefully

every morning, looking for the little marauders. A catch in time saves a family of nine.

Speaking of chiggers reminds me of one of Livingstone's most troublesome ailments. He was continually being held up in his explorations, sometimes for weeks at a stretch, by ulcers on his feet; not sores obviously made by walking, but a painful breaking-out which he seems never to have understood.

Is it not probable that this special torment of his was the boresome chigger? Undisturbed, colonies of them were doubtless making his feet their home, as little recognized as were the mosquitoes giving him the fevers which he charged to the night air. Quite as unconsciously, too, Livingstone took in with his food and water the various germs which were fastening upon him the most insidious disease of all,—dysentery, the plague which eventually wasted his life, as it has wasted the life of many another African explorer, down to the late Carl Akeley.

To have been, as Livingstone was most of the time, an emaciated wreck without knowing why, must have carried with it an added sense of helplessness. There is a certain consolation in knowing what ails us, even if we cannot always do much about it. Charging tropical diseases to the right insect is an engaging scientific pastime.

* * * * *

From Ilola to the lake the country was more open, and less infested with tsetse flies. The scrubby little

cattle of the equatorial regions came into evidence, as we ran off the tiresome miles in a continuous round of liver-displacing jerks from the car in tow.



Rarely does the African plateau country show tropical verdure; here, with its usual sparse covering of trees thinned out to a few, it has the appearance of a rich, gently rolling, grassy plain, waiting for venturesome White pioneers to step in and develop it. Yet in this Mwanza district the ratio of Whites to Blacks is even less than it is for Tanganyika Territory as a whole.

Why does not this and other rich parts of the great equatorial plateau develop as White man's country?

First and foremost, they are up against the problems of White occupation common to every land in the tropics.

Malaria can be more or less successfully warded

off, or at least partly suppressed, by constant doses of quinine. Sleeping sickness yields in some cases to the new German remedy. Dysentery, one of the ghastliest as well as the most stubborn of these tropical torments, may give way to powerful chemicals which sometimes kill the patient first. Cases of blackwater are being cured where once they were considered hopeless from the start.

Relapsing, intermittent and many other fevers now have their special treatments. Tropical diseases generally are better understood, and better supplied with remedies, than they ever were before.

But, to make these regions habitable, it is not enough to find remedies for all the special ills of the tropics. Humans cannot stand being everlastingly cured of something. To be really well, they must keep well—and this requires that these various infections shall not be getting into their systems. To keep these infections out of their systems, the various insects and microbes which carry them must be disposed of. Can this be achieved?

Clearing Africa's immense mid-continent of its ubiquitous malarial mosquito is a task ages beyond anything of the kind ever attempted. Ridding the Panama Canal Zone of the same pest compares to it as pumping out a dirty cistern is like pumping out a lake.

This also applies to the tsetse fly, so far as eliminating it is concerned. Denude an area half as big

as the United States of trees which will pay nothing toward the denuding, and the tsetse fly will be done for.

As for spirillum ticks and a host of other disease carriers which thrive on human filth, so long as native huts are a thousand—or even a hundred—to every civilized habitation, filth-germs would seem to be pretty well established here as companions of mankind.

The coming defense against most tropical diseases apparently lies in serums; a serum for every bug,—not always to kill it, nor to keep it out, but to lighten the severity of its attack. “Shots” for this and that possible infection are becoming popular among prospective travellers. Already, one may be sick abed for a month with taking various injections before starting on a pleasure trip.

These “shots” as a temporary protection for tourists are all very well,—and besides, they furnish something to talk about on the steamer; but one who has to live in the tropics would eventually become a human tankful of the different serums and their disappointed microbes.

Personally, if I had to live in the tropics, I would rather be dispatched with reasonable celerity by one set of germs in their pristine vigor, than to be worried to death by a collection of enfeebled ailments.

* * * * * *



KING MARCHED ALONG THE LINE AND HANDED EACH BOY
A SHILLING

At the pace we were going,—if our ten-miles-an-hour series of jerks could be called a pace,—we would reach Mwanza about ten o'clock at night, providing that nothing worse should happen than periodic dislocation of the neck. This happened whenever the truck behind us suddenly dropped into a gully, with ten feet of slack in the tow-line.

Our double wire-rope tow-line never once had the saving grace to break, in the interest of humanity. If it had at least pulled out the stern of our truck, or the front works of the other, a pleasing variety would have been given to the trip to Mwanza.

Darkness overtook us three hours out from Mwanza. Lions had been left behind without giving us a single close-up of themselves, thanks be; leopards, now,—less afraid of being seen, but out for pigs and goats and chickens and ducks, rather than human flesh,—were making their night visitations among the domestic preserves along the roadside. Pairs of green eyes looked at us shiftily from the grass; long, yellow shapes glided across the road, or faded into the darkness on either side, as our noisy truck pounded too familiarly near.

The difference between leopards and lions who expose themselves is this: you see leopards by accident, when they are out for something else; you rarely see lions except when they have come to see you.

Then, for miles on the left, in and out of the black-

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ness against a crooked shore-line crept an arm of the second largest fresh-water lake in the world, Victoria Nyanza; while jagged rocks on the hills about us cut weirdly into the not-quite-so-black horizon.

Finally, Mwanza.

Chapter XVIII

A WEEK IN MWANZA

MWANZA has about forty-five White inhabitants; only one-third as many as Tabora. I say "about," because they have not been counted since a week ago last Friday. Traders come and traders go, and the fortnightly steamer on Lake Victoria gives and takes impartially. So between censuses it is customary here to state the White population in round numbers.

It should be recorded first-off that my week in Mwanza, while waiting for the lake steamer, was cheered by the courtesies and hospitality so characteristic of these little White communities in Africa. There is always something in the way of a sports club as a social center, with a chance for cricket and football, and usually a golf course of more or less sketchy parts. And the universal gesture of hospitality, aside from the inborn English courtesy, is drink.

Mwanza is a town of several thousand, counting in Blacks and Indians. The Germans laid it out, as they did Tabora, for a big and growing White population, although not on quite the long-range plan of Tabora. The various town institutions are within walking distance of each other, and Indians and Blacks fairly well occupy the intervening spaces;

hence lions do not stroll into the place at nine o'clock in the morning, under the impression that there's nobody home.

Leopards, however, attracted by the town's domestic animals, prowl around Mwanza at night more freely than lions ever did in Tabora.

"A fine leopard skin you have there," I remarked to King one evening, while enjoying the hospitality of his home.

"Yes—a big fellow. I shot him one night in the back yard. He was flirting with my ducks."

Of course, household furnishings with some intimate, personal association take on an added charm; perhaps a leopard skin shot on the premises might be a bit strong with sentiment for a nervous householder, but the thought of leopards just outside on dark nights must give a certain cozy feeling to the home.

Mwanza's hotel is a rambling, one-story structure of four bedrooms, all equally accessible to the bar; a dining-room of strikingly modest dimensions, and an iron-roofed verandah for a lobby. Another room can be converted into a bedroom when travel is heavy.

By the way, if in the heat of the day you are sitting under that one thickness of corrugated roof with your helmet off, someone is sure to remark, "Better put on your hat!" In this country, a man should carry a list of roofs under which he may uncover his

head long enough to mop it. For saluting ladies on the street, one acquires what is known as the "vertical lift."

Most of the town's business is done on one street running up from the wharf; as nearly all business is done by Indian merchants in rickety open shops, this street has the usual peculiar aspect of heterogeneous merchandise in two long rows slipping into the dirty roadway. An Indian shop looks quite as one of our Mid-west small-town general stores might look just after a cyclone had blown out the front of it.

Mwanza used to be known as "the White man's graveyard," because of the virulence of its fevers. This was a poor advertisement for the town,—most people in Equatorial Africa have a consuming desire to live long enough to get out of it. But the epithet is falling into disuse,—why, I do not know; there is the usual disregard for protective covering against mosquitoes, and Blacks still dip out the town's drinking water not so far from where other Blacks, half-immersed in the lake, dip in the town's laundry.

A pretty, picturesque town, is Mwanza, if viewed from far enough away to miss its devastating Indian atmosphere. A good harbor first determined its location on the shores of this inland sea; the Germans planned ambitiously its well-built streets, and lined them with trees now grown beautiful. Nature gave it a setting of hills topped with the remarkable rock formations so often found in East Africa,—huge

round boulders, high obelisks perched singly on great rock bases, and grotesque vertical structures



decorated with spires and pinnacles so realistic that they seem almost to have been the work of some prehistoric race. Perhaps its nearness to the grassy lake gives it an over-supply of fever-bearing insects, but nowhere is there to be found a more novel land-and-water view than that out over the green, rock-

tipped islands in the harbor, and off to the sky-line dipping into the blue waters of Lake Victoria.

Mwanza now banks hopefully on the completion of the Tabora-Mwanza railway to give it new life; it is the chief southern port for commerce going both ways between Mombasa and the great hinterland of Tanganyika, over British East Africa's lake-and-rail route to the outside world. A considerable White population undoubtedly will flow into the town, and better sanitation may enable most of it to stay there; the altitude of nearly thirty-eight hundred feet assures a climate fairly cool at night, and will favor all attempts to make the town a more healthful place to live in. If this can be achieved—who would care



HERE IS MAN-POWER, IN ITS INEFFICIENCY REMINISCENT
OF CHINA

to say that it cannot?—Mwanza eventually will be the liveliest town on Victoria's south shore, as well as one of the prettiest in this part of Africa.

But nobody in touch with the situation expects this to become anything other than a Black man's country. The Governor of Tanganyika recently said:

"A state of affairs in which the African tribes will not very greatly outnumber all other races is inconceivable in this Territory . . . the question therefore is, how can this vastly preponderating mass of Africans be incorporated in a State composed of such diverse elements?"

Then, in the same report, he proceeds to answer his question: "Develop the native on lines which will not Westernize him and turn him into a bad imitation of a European. . . . We want to make him a good African. . . . We must not, in fact, destroy the African atmosphere."

This expression, "the African atmosphere," is sufficiently vague to be all-comprehensive. Like charity, it covers a multitude of sins and other questionable practices.

Obviously, this governmental policy does not harmonize with the efforts of most missionaries to get the natives out of their African atmosphere, and clothe them, mentally if not always physically, with the habiliments of a culture absolutely beyond their comprehension. But missionaries on the whole do so much good in so many different ways that their

few "bad imitations of Europeans" may be overlooked. Indeed, they generally are, except as they make themselves too obvious.

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The official attitude of non-interference extends complacently to that basic relation of the sexes usually known as marriage, but here expressed in the purchase and sale of wives. During my stay in Mwanza, I managed to learn something of this institution. It shows the limit to which Britishers can go in winking at "African atmosphere."

To make my account of what I learned about wives sound perfectly all right, I have tried to flavor it with its proper "atmosphere":

A forward-looking Black boy first gets a piece of land, then saves up to buy wives as stepping-stones to affluence. He cannot expect much more from one wife than the usual work about the hut; but the labor of the second in the field is all velvet, while possession of three gives him leisure to sit by and watch his vegetables turn to shillings in the market-place. On four, the limit allowed by the sacred laws of the Prophet, he can retire.

Wives bring more cows than they used to, but under skilful management they soon pay for themselves. Late marriage reflects on the girl as a poor article, and on the man as thriftless; so both sexes are ready to begin at the first call of the cosmic urge.

Quite different, this, from marriage in our own

cultured circles. With us, wives who can be had for the asking often turn out to be items of considerable expense.

This keeps us looking too long before we leap. Our sex problems come from nothing else than trying to run a ten-year bluff on a fundamental instinct, while preparing for the cash expense of living normally. Several million of our young people of to-day, having discovered that this long stretch of celibacy is less a holy virtue than a highly unnatural expedient, are waking up the old folks with their new impatience for a chance to live as nature intended.

But this is wandering away from the subject of wives in Africa.

One morning, a waiter boy in the hotel was late for his work. A reprimand in Swahili drew a sad and solemn explanation which seemed to amuse the proprietor; he turned to us with a smile.

"The boy says he has lost his wife—he's been hunting for her since daylight. Ran away with another man, likely."

"Why doesn't he let her go and get another?" jocosely asked someone.

"Get another!" exclaimed a thrifty Adventist missionary at my table. "Wives cost money. I know of one that sold for twelve cows, and she wasn't much to look at, either."

This extraordinary figure for a wife, vouched for

by a supposed fountain of truth, none of us cared to dispute; but it must have been one of those isolated cases of overcharging, so liable to happen in any shrewd business deal,—or extortion, perhaps, on the part of some designing mother, who took unfair advantage of the young man's real fondness for his intended purchase.

Ordinarily, six cows is the top quotation for prime wives with some experience in garden work, while seconds—strong girls, but plain—may be had for four or five, or three when the market sags.

But twelve—impossible; the vegetable business would not stand the extra overhead. Nothing short of a Mothers' Selling Syndicate could keep wives up to that exorbitant figure.

That same evening, while on a friend's verandah enjoying a "sundown" (not a sunset—a "sundown" is a mixture of stimulating fluids), one of the house boys ventured up to explain to his master why he would have to be absent for a part of the next day. He was a serious-faced chap of about thirty, and in the subdued emotion of his voice, in the dignified appeal of his restrained gestures, I could feel that he was detailing some grievous wrong, some great injustice done him which outraged his sense of human justice.

'Twas even so. Having only two wives, and a market garden plot rather large for them to work to his best advantage, he had bargained for another

wife,—had paid over, in fact, three cows and sixteen shillings, the price agreed upon. At that figure she was a prize, and his soul was happy.

But the fond mother, having possession of his cows and money, was now demanding two more cows, and would give up neither the girl nor the chattels. Aside from the wickedness of her demands, he had not the two more cows to give.

In his predicament he had appealed to the Sultan; the hearing was to be held next day. Hence his need for time off.

The situation was enough to touch any but a heart of stone. It must be discouraging to have only two wives, and plenty of work for three. And where was the reward for industry and honest toil—on the part of his wives—if a grasping mother could shatter his prospects with a demand for two more impossible cows? With this third wife well broken at the hoe, a fourth, the keystone of his fortune, would have been within easy reach. But now —

I could only express my deep sympathy for the young man, especially as he was getting the girl so inexpensively. This was an eye-opener, as one might say, on the bargains waiting to be picked up, if one did not happen to find them tied to such a scheming mother-in-law. If the agreed price—approximately three cows and a half—was a fair average, brides were not so steep, after all.

“Do you think he was giving enough for the

girl?" I asked my friend. It seemed so little to pay for a wife who could dress on fifty cents a year.

"Surely! Why, I know of a bright boy who bought a Sultan's daughter and five cows for three hundred shillings."

This was an interesting item to add to my study in wives. It raised the question, How much more is a Sultan's daughter worth than a girl of the common garden variety? The human interest of the thing appealed to me.

The problem was complicated by the fact that the lady and five cows were lumped together at a price of three hundred shillings, with no individual valuations indicated. Evidently the Sultan was hard up for cash, and had turned his two quickest assets into money.

Clearly, the value of the Sultan's daughter depends on the price allowed for the cows; but these might be worth thirty, forty, or even sixty shillings each.

Figured at forty shillings, there would be left one hundred shillings as the price for the girl; just two and one-half cows.

Impossible. Too humiliating it would be for a Sultan's daughter to feel that she was worth one complete cow less than a common-bred girl of the masses.

Again: at thirty shillings per cow, the girl figures at one hundred and fifty shillings, or equal to five cows.

Much better; a cow and a half above the average



EACH MAN BALANCES A TWO-HUNDRED POUND SACK
UPRIGHT

price. And the chances are that, with her gentler breeding, a Sultan's daughter would not be any too good at raising vegetables.

But the other contingency cannot be ignored. Cows can be worth sixty shillings; and a Sultan's live-stock—I refer now to his cattle—are often of the highest grade. Then, five times sixty is three hundred shillings for the cows—exactly the sum paid for the lot, lady and all. The lady goes in at zero.

A horrible thought,—the straight inference being that the wicked old Sultan slipped over an undesirable daughter on the unsuspecting young man, under cover of a fine bunch of cattle.

This view of the problem knocked my researches into a cocked hat. I never did find out the going price for a Sultan's daughter.

* * * * *

So much for the precious "African atmosphere," as it applies to women. Held for generations under the domination of Arabs, the natives all through this part of Africa absorbed, more thoroughly than they accepted, the teachings of Mohammedanism; their treatment of women to-day is a sorry cross between the animalism of the Mohammedan, and their own view of woman as a slave and a chattel. But what else can the English do officially than to ignore this doubly deep-rooted relation of the sexes, so long as they are outnumbered thousands to one?

Yet there is another and very obvious side to this

African system: these women appear to be happy. I have never seen among peoples anywhere, civilized or primitive, women more universally radiating contentment than these of Africa. The system appears to satisfy, however it may look to an outsider. This much the British have in justification of their attitude of non-interference, even if their numbers did not make interference out of the question.

Speaking of happiness reminds me of an incident which occurred years ago in Tunis. An earnest woman missionary, and a young lady friend of mine who had been given special opportunity to observe the women of the harems, were talking over their experiences. Admitting the impossibility of such conditions for women in Christian lands, this discerning young lady was compelled in fairness to add, in replying to the missionary's doleful pictures:

"But after all, the women seem to be a cheerful lot. And if they are happy, why should we worry?"

"Ah," said the missionary, "that's the saddest part of it. They don't know how unhappy they are!"

I wonder whether we, with a matrimonial system which brings so much unhappiness to ourselves, are exactly qualified to give advice on sex relations to Africans, or to Mohammedans, or to any other peoples who are living in most respects under totally different traditions?

A word of general advice to missionaries: if in making people better you've got to make them un-

happier, there's usually something wrong with your notion of what's better for those people.

* * * * *

At intervals during the day, there floats down the main street of Mwanza another and a cleaner bit of "African atmosphere." It is the singsong of the freight-porters.

On four-wheeled, heavy carts of the clumsiest sort are piled a ton or so of mealies, or ground-nuts,—or perhaps salt or something else,—in 200-pound bags; four, six or a dozen Blacks, mostly draped with sack-ing from outworn bags, push lazily behind, or along the sides; while one man at the jerking end of the short tongue, walking backward, guides the contrivance.

Here is man-power, in its inefficiency reminiscent of China. The tsetse gave this country the horseless age long before the motor car brought it to us. Men do the heavy pulling by pushing. When the cart reaches the wharf warehouse, each man balances a 200-pound sack upright on the back of his neck without touching his hands to it, staggers along to the rows and piles of other sacks of its kind, and adroitly pitches it over his head. Man-power, at twelve cents a day.

And the singsong: as among primitives everywhere, work is done to responsive singing. The fellow at the tongue utters a few weird notes; the pushers follow in deep, hearty and exact unison with

music—*music*—the like of which I have never heard outside of Africa. The nearest approach to it, as plumbing the depths of barbarism's soul, was from a gang of Nubian boatmen on the Upper Nile, twenty years before.

Down Mwanza's main street moves the loaded cart, at a mile an hour,—a fitting pace for the sing-song. You close your eyes; Africa's two great disharmonies, Whites and Indians, fade out of the mental picture. Africa's music, drifting along as leisurely as the men who are making it, transports you back to the ages when there was here in its pristine vigor, and cruelty, and savage richness, the "African atmosphere."

They say that these African songs, like African conversations, are filled with sexuality. Well, nearly every grand opera is built on some story of fornication. But in this country, one has the advantage of having no librettos with salacious translations to divert the mind from the music. One goes straight into the wordless soul of Africa, and revels there.

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From that savage richness of a long-gone past comes also the habit of physical mutilation as an aid to beauty. Besides scarification, which is practiced by both sexes, the women of some regions add a grotesque feature to their already protruding mouths by making a horizontal slit in the upper lip and inserting a sizeable disc of wood. The effect convinces me



THE LAST WORD IN DISTENDED EAR-LOBES

that, in the matter of fashions, African women consult the male opinion as little as ours do.

More general is the distending of pierced earlobes, as a means of increasing personal charm. As the stretching of this perforated member goes on, iron earrings and small plugs of wood are succeeded by cigarette boxes, tin cups, tomato cans, and other bulky objects of art. Those who compete only for size of the hole hang increasing weights in it, until the fleshy loop dangles against the chest—or breaks, and then the game of “Who’s got the biggest ear?” is all over for that individual.

But the handsome savage shown herewith—one of a wild tribe in the hills northeast of this town—certainly would take the world’s prize for distended earlobes; the loops pass unbroken around under his armpits. So far as I know, he is the only man on earth who can actually put his arms through his ears,—and, so far as I know, this is his only picture.

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While I was in Mwanza, her Whites and Indians staged an event which might have passed for a study in social disharmonies.

A firm of reputable Indians was outfitting a more than usually pretentious shop. The building, a plain, oblong affair, had been completed; and although the goods were not in place, the owners decided to give a “sundown” opening. The reputable White population, as well as Indians of the better

class, were invited to attend. It was to be that unheard-of function, a racially mixed party!

As a White stranger reasonably above suspicion, or perhaps as the only American, I was bidden to this party. The Indians had asked the Provincial Commissioner to make the speech of the occasion, and he had amiably consented. It was to be in the nature of a welcome to the new Indian shop and its proprietors.

At six o'clock the guests were assembled; not in two solid groups of Whites and Indians,—that would have been too obvious,—neither did they mix individually. To preserve the friendliness of the occasion, Whites and Indians in self-defensive little squads of their own kind circulated about, thus giving the impression of a most unusual mingling.

At the serving of refreshments and drinks, the races had to come in touch,—but wherever and whenever they touched, their casual ease of manner suddenly gave way to earnest politeness.

You have seen women in our own best circles dealing with a lady *de trop*? Not with snubs, and slights,—oh, no! They transfix her with courtesy. The most effective social barrier the world over is made of the same stuff: politeness laid on thicker than is necessary.

Considering the impossibility of this social function, a good time was had by all.



In the days of waiting for the lake boat, the country's produce had been gathered in by Mwanza's Indian dealers from lesser merchants in the Black villages, both near by and as far away as Ilola, our pay-station after the experiences in the land of swamps. Such of this produce as was destined for shipment—chiefly mealies and ground-nuts—had been singsonged and shouldered down to the warehouse at the wharf. When the boat should arrive, goods of various kinds, much of it of the kinds adapted to the wants of Blacks, would be unloaded and shouldered up to Mwanza's dealers, thence to find its devious ways off to the Black villages, and as far away as Ilola.

A quartet of missionaries had arrived to greet a fellow-worker who was to arrive by the boat. A handful of prospective passengers were in waiting to go north. The Court, too, with its wife and child, was to transfer itself for a session to Bukoba, the principal town on Lake Victoria's west coast. In the Court's wake were Mwanza's two barristers,—one an Indian, the other a White man, with the usual string of "boys" to look after their trappings. The Court followers would be living in camp at Bukoba while justice was being dealt out to that part of the district.

On a beautifully warm Sunday morning in the last of May, the S. S. *Usoga*, after a day of unloading and loading cargo, whistled "All aboard." Nobody

except myself seemed to take the warning seriously; however, the passengers did appear on the ship in time for lunch—and we got away at five o'clock.

Out into Lake Victoria, then, for a voyage from the south to the north shore, by way of the towns along the west coast; two hundred and eighty-eight miles, to be done in three days, according to the schedule. But on the Equator—the Line crosses Lake Victoria—schedules are treated lightly. "Why worry?" becomes "What's the hurry?"

Chapter XIX

ACROSS LAKE VICTORIA

AS the joyous notes of robins may proclaim the shift from a hard winter to the gentle beauties of spring, so three decrepit deck chairs for rent on the good ship *Usoga* lifted us above Africa's tough back country into the realms of the effete.

Deck chairs for rent are a sure sign of people who sometimes travel when they do not have to. I sought the Captain:

"Do you ever have pleasure-seekers on this boat?" I asked.

"Well, now," said the Captain,—he was from the Canadian Northwest, where they are not in the habit of travelling unless they want to get somewhere,—“once in a while people from the East Coast will come aboard at Kisumu, go all the way around the lake, and get off at Kisumu. They don't seem to be going no place, so they must be pleasure-seekers, I s'pose.”

That settled it. Once more I was in the path of tourist traffic. I engaged one of the dangerously collapsible seating contrivances, adapted my figure to its baggy stretch of canvas, and gave over to imaginings de luxe. But no polite courier came along

with cards for sight-seeing next day. Instead, a Black boy hailed us into the deckhouse to lunch at a long table set crosswise of the vessel.

Victoria is a comparatively shallow lake, with shallower ports which call for boats of six feet draft or less. One open deck above the freight is about all that such a boat can manage. On the after part of this deck of the *Usoga* the scant dozen of first-class passengers were comfortably housed, while its expanse amidship and forward to the bow was given over to Blacks and Indians, going the usual "deck passage,"—Blacks and Indians of all sorts, from the Negro chief under an awning up forward, surrounded by his flock of goats, down to pariahs of the crowded East, with all their worldly goods in a dirty roll.

Back in the first-class, we were not all of the elect. There was the Indian lawyer,—paying as much as any of us, but of course put in a cabin by himself, and not allowed to eat at the same table. In the four-bunk cabin with me, too, was a man, listed under some innocent enough name, who turned out on inspection to be part Indian; he was banished forthwith to the cabin of his lawyer-countryman, and they two had their meals somewhere below.

The disposal of these Indians, gentlemen though they were, offered no problem. According to established precedent, they simply could not come into social contact with the White race.

But there was a Japanese in the first-class,—in trim European dress, and, clearly, an educated man of high degree; whatever to do with him the officers did not know. Japanese in the first-class were something unheard of on the *Usoga*.

Finally, as a sort of compromise between international friendliness and the inexorable color line, the Japanese was bunked by himself, but permitted to eat down toward the vacant end of our long table. Nobody spoke to him; in fact, during the trip I did not so much as hear the sound of his voice. He ate in silence at his end of the table, and on the deck sat always apart; not with any show of resentment, or of humiliation,—merely as oblivious of us as if he were on a desert island.

I thought he met the situation rather well. Why didn't I speak to him? Friend, in Blackest Africa, on a little lake steamer where every contact is a close-up with White men who think they have it settled right,—well, that's a mighty poor place for a total stranger to start monkeying with the color line.

* * * * *

In the early morning of the next day we arrived at Bukoba, a harborless port on the windward side of the lake, where cargo has to be loaded into a bobbing lighter pulled out from shore by a cable.

"Never do to shift cargo in this heavy sea," observed the Captain, gazing contentedly at the two-foot swell below.

"You call it rough?" I asked skeptically. But I knew nothing about the tricks of a big-looking lake steamer with only six feet draft.

"Rough! Well, now,—with the steamer going down while the scow's climbing up, we're apt to drop a strapful of goods through the bally thing's bottom, don't ye know? We'll sit tight for a while. Maybe it'll moderate."

It did, along toward night. We got off half of the cargo before the breeze freshened and both craft began to toss uneasily. Another night and another half-day of waiting for the sea to "moderate."

Conversation, reading, writing and tea filled the lazy hours. "No hurry," yawned the Captain, "we'll get away not more'n two days late." And we did, just that.

Things happen casually under the Equator. During the none too busy hours I got to thinking about the ship's name, standing out in great brass letters—"U S O G A." It reminded me of something that was not Usoga.

"Captain, where did this boat pick up its odd name?" I asked.

"Well, now,"—he put down his cup of tea—"the name of her really was intended to be Busoga——"

Then I remembered. "Oh, Busoga's a province in Uganda. Rather important, too, isn't it?"

"Yes—that's why we named the ship after it. You see, the thing happened this way: the boat, like all

these lake craft, came out from home in parts. Well, the box having the big brawss letters for her name had no sign of a blooming 'B' in it." He stopped to let the catastrophe sink in.

"Awkward, that," I volunteered.

"Well, rawther. Of course, we had no way here to make a big brawss 'B,' and it would take a good three months to get the bally thing out from home. So"—he waved a gesture of finality—"we just tacked on the 'U S O G A'—and there you are."

"Good enough name," I admitted. "Any kicks from Busoga?"

"Not yet. Maybe they haven't noticed it. Boat's been on the lake only sixteen years."

Bukoba is being developed by the British as the principal town on Victoria's west shore, in spite of its not having a good harbor. From the lake westward, toward the mountainous regions near the eastern border of the Belgian Congo, the country rises to an altitude which makes it better adapted for White occupation than most of the upland region near the Equator. The soil, where it is level enough for cultivation, is said to be favorable for the raising of various semi-tropical products of commercial value, and considerable stretches of open country promise a fair chance to breed the hardier grades of live-stock without interference from the tsetse fly.

* * * * *

Speaking of tsetses reminds me of an incident at

the office of the Provincial Commissioner in Mwanza. Cattle can be raised in the open sections of the Mwanza district, as well as around Bukoba; but in between is "fly country," so that live-stock cannot be driven from one of these places to the other. The only method of transport is by steamer; and one day, when I dropped in on the Commissioner—he had invited me to luncheon—his office was besieged by an earnest group of Indians seeking permission to ship some cattle to Bukoba on the soon-expected boat.

The Commissioner, being a humane man along with his other estimable qualities, objected on the ground of cruelty. He had already told the men so, but they still lingered outside the door.

"Driving the creatures aboard from the dock here in Mwanza is all right," he explained to me, "but it's the unloading by a slip-noose over the horns into the scow at Bukoba that I don't like. They drop the animals into the boat alongside as gently as they can; but with a sea running they're often injured. It's a heathenish practice, and I can't abide it."

The Commissioner's view seemed reasonable. Imagine the feelings of a steer suddenly dangled in mid-air with no place to put his feet, to say nothing of having his half-ton of weight suspended by the neck! Even if his vertebræ hold out, his legs are liable to snap when he hits the bobbing lighter.

As we emerged from the office, the pleading

began; respectfully, of course, for a Provincial Commissioner is a Mogul in the eyes of Indians and Blacks alike, and his is the last word in all such matters. But the Commissioner was adamant; no cattle were to be shipped on the *Usoga*. They followed us to the Commissioner's car, and kept up the argument until we drove away.

So I did not have a chance to witness the "heathenish practice" of unloading cattle by the horns. Judging by the Captain's fear of smashing his dead freight against the bottom of the lighter, the live-stock would have fared badly with the same method of handling. Some day, the shippers about Lake Victoria may adopt the body cradle used elsewhere for unloading cattle into boats alongside,—a belted contrivance that keeps the animal's body horizontal, while his legs dangle expectantly downward, as they should if they are to meet the deck on even terms.

* * * * *

Strolling along Bukoba's shore road,—there is another back against the hills,—I came upon a White man of dubious appearance whose insinuating glances suggested a desire to be noticed. I sized up the coming touch at about sixpence.

"Beautiful day," he remarked. I mopped my brow as a sufficient answer. It was five o'clock. On the Equator, the sun sets in level countries at about six o'clock all the year round, but here, the high

rugged hills in the west had already covered it, leaving behind a sizzling heat to be dispersed by the comparatively thin air of this altitude.

"Rotten country," he observed disconsolately, shifting his eyes away from mine, now that he had me stopped.

"What's the matter with it?" I asked, knowing well enough that, whatever might be the matter with the country, the principal matter was with him.

"Ain't a chance in it for a respectable White man to make a living," he muttered with an air of complete dejection, glancing at me to see how I took it.

"What's your business?" I enquired, aware that he had none.

"I'm ready to do any honest work," he evaded, "but there ain't a chance. All the jobs are held by Indians and Blacks."

This was the burden of his too lengthy song, while I shifted from one foot to the other.

The poor fellow was right. Neither this, nor any other country already packed with cheap native help, has a chance for these half-wrecks who drift about the tropics the world over, equipped only with a wobbling hope and persistent appetite. They might better stay at home and take their jail sentences gracefully. I disappointed the chap with the price of only one drink.

But he voiced a truth which may as well be turned to good advice for ambitious young men who go to

countries like this, expecting to "begin at the bottom and work up." All subordinate work is done by natives. There is no room at the bottom for a White man,—his room is up toward the top, and he has got to be equipped to begin there.

As it happens, in every country within the equatorial belt, and in most of those bordering on it, teeming native populations and the consequent color line effectually bar White men from getting a start with the work of their own hands. This is especially true in East Africa, because of the East Indians.

Outside of government employees, the only White men who can gain more than a precarious foothold in this land are representatives of business corporations, and a few others who on their own account are in some special business big enough to command labor. Even the farmer, to succeed, must have the capacity and instincts of an overseer. The groups which make up the great bulk of ordinary White populations—small tradesmen, artisans, and workers of little or no skill—have no substantial place in East Africa, or in any country like it.

The supreme significance of all this for the tropics is that the earth's entire equatorial belt can be fully and satisfactorily developed, within its various limitations, by comparative handfuls of White men; picked men in executive capacities, sent out in relays to countries not fit for their permanent occupation, to "boss the job." The eighty per cent. in our own

communities who do our work, and have to be told how to do it—the ones to be “bossed”—are already there, in various colors; built by nature to stand the climate, and White labor will never displace them.

In other words, the hopes of crowded European countries to develop their tropical possessions as overflows for the common run of their peoples are just so many pipe dreams.

* * * * * *

Up came the anchor, after two leisurely days; the *Usoga* steamed northward toward the Equator, now one hundred miles away. Dropping the Court and its followers at Bukoba had cut the first-class down to three or four passengers; amidships, there was no visible diminution in the number of Black figures tucked into all the shady spots along the hatches, and in the ship's tackle. Still under the awning forward was the big Black chief with his flock of goats. A gentle breeze across the lake fanned us comfortably.

In the middle of the lazy afternoon I noticed between us and the land a great, dust-colored cloud, spread out at its base on the water, and rising several hundred feet into the air. It looked as if it might be the relic of a giant whirlwind from the shore which had spent itself and drifted lakeward. But on the other side, well out in the lake, were two similar clouds, and still another off the starboard bow. So many dead whirlwinds on a pleasant day did not seem reasonable.

I tackled our nearest approach to a tourist director—the man from Canada.

“Well, now,” said the Captain, “them’s flies. Yes, flies,” noting my incredulous look. “They hatch up out of the water, all of ’em at about the same time, don’t eat nothing as I know of, live just long enough to lay a few million eggs apiece for the next batch, then drop back into the water. But they’re not all in those clouds,” he added. “We’re passing through a thinner swarm of ’em right now. See?”—with a wave of his hand.

Sure enough. The awnings, davits and life-boats had suddenly become black with flies about half as big as a mosquito. The air was full of them. A few million were crawling on the deck.

I expressed surprise at this odd phenomenon in the scheme of nature. Its one object seemed to be to beat the world’s record at reproducing.

“I don’t know what’s the big idea,” averred the Captain non-committally. “They don’t even bite us.”

That was something to be thankful for. If these flies ever get up an interest in human flesh, man will disappear from the waters of Lake Victoria.

I edged over to the wind’ard rail as another eight hundred thousand drifted in against me.

“These few are interesting,” I admitted, “but what if we were to cut into a regular family of them,—that one, for instance?” pointing with mild appre-

hension at the cloud over the bow. We seemed to be heading for it.

"Well, now," replied the Captain, with his nearest semblance of enthusiasm, "then we would have flies aboard. All over the ship, and several inches thick right here on this deck. Great time for the Blacks, too," he added, glancing forward at the figures reclining in the shade along the deck. "When the flies get plentiful like that, the boys scoop 'em up and cook 'em."

"To eat?" I asked. I tried to keep my mind on the economic aspect of this new disclosure.

"Yes. A few bushels of 'em settle down quite nicely into a pail of soup, the boys say. But I dunno. Never tasted 'em."

Nor did I. Evidently the flies had invaded the kitchen, but there were not enough of them in any one dish that night to give it a really distinctive flavor.

* * * * *

We missed the insect cloud ahead by turning shoreward at the port of Bukakata. There we were to take on several hundred bags of coffee, and tie up for most of the night. The port consisted of a warehouse or two, and a few native huts; a good road led off through the swamp—"to town," somebody said. Without making further inquiry, the one lady passenger and I set out for a walk up the road to see what the town was like.

After a mile of plodding through the swamp, we did another mile past native huts with their mealie patches, set picturesquely in the luxuriant bush. Beyond this, a third mile disclosed nothing but native huts with their mealie patches; not even a Black village to break the scenery.

About this time the sun showed signs of dropping into the horizon,—a gratifying event ordinarily, but not when one has three miles to go, amidst the uncertain night life of the African bush. We gave up searching for the town, and started back.

A twilight walk in the glowing after-colors of a sunset should be taken almost anywhere else than across a mile-wide equatorial swamp. The esthetic interest suffers from chilling thoughts of possible crocodiles bobbing out of the tall dark grass, as well as from the cruder realism of mosquitoes battling in swarms for one's life's blood. We fought the insects off with the usual slapping of hands and handkerchiefs; the lady had the added disadvantage of having to protect herself—as one



might say—netherly. In the thickest of the onslaught, I resolved to raise my usual dose of quinine that night from five grains to ten; my friend, considering her special handicap, decided to make hers fifteen.

Strolling about near the dock we met the Captain.

"Captain," exclaimed the lady, with a show of warmth—we were a bit overheated anyway—"where's the town? We walked up the road for a full hour, and couldn't find it."

"The town? Well, now!" He beamed on us in a fatherly way. "It's a good thing you turned around when you did. Crocodiles and snakes always do better when it's a little darker than this,—say about half an hour from now—and the town's up in the farming country, twenty-four miles from here."

In the vessel's spotlights, glistening Black natives were doing the usual leisurely work of loading cargo. But one glance at the ship herself disclosed a remarkable change in her appearance.

While we were off in quest of the town, insects of a larger variety than those of the afternoon had come up out of the lake, and were now settled by millions on every available inch of the ship's rigging; insects about half an inch long,—leggy, fierce-looking, but harmless,—with transparent wings as long as their bodies folded straight upward against each other, like those of a butterfly in repose.

These myriads of still, white wings, like huge

snowflakes outlining every rope and spar in the glitter of the ship's lights, transformed the hard-working *Usoga* into a thing of startling beauty,—a sort of Cinderella, all dressed up by the fairies for one gay night, out of a rather plain existence. They say that she does this often; but when we awoke next morning she was plugging along across the lake in her workaday clothes, with not a vestige of her fairy-like decorations about her.

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Shortly after breakfast we crossed the Equator. Not much of an event for a ship's crew that goes over the Line twice in every fortnightly trip; in fact, the Captain seemed uncertain as to its exact whereabouts.

"Well, now," said he, when I asked him about it, "I lay my course by landmarks and the compass, you see, and don't go by the Line. But it's somewhere about here," he added, looking carefully into the water, as if he would like to accommodate me by pointing it out.

On Lake Victoria, the Equator is relegated to its proper place as an imaginary line. But on ocean vessels in the act of crossing it, most of the passengers take the temperature, and express surprise that it is not higher than it was the day before,—as if the Equator were a specially hot streak running around the earth.

As a matter of fact, the sun gets in its work quite

impartially upon an equatorial belt close to a thousand miles wide. In its swinging back and forth over this much of the tropical zone,—which is more than three thousand miles in width,—the sun is directly overhead twice a year at intervals near enough each other to preclude seasons of appreciable coolness; relief depends upon other sources, such as nearness to the sea, altitude, trade winds, and rains with their cooling evaporations.

Speaking of heat, how many know that in hot climates we would all die, if there were not constant evaporation of moisture from the person? So don't kick about a wilted collar—your refrigerating plant is merely working overtime in an honest effort to keep you cool.

So much for the insignificant Equator, somewhere down here among the fishes in Lake Victoria. But it did give me a curious, homey feeling to be once more in the northern hemisphere.

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An hour or two after this uncertain session with the Equator we arrived at Entebbe, the administrative capital of the Uganda Protectorate,—an outlying bit of the British Empire more than twice as big as England.

Entebbe, after months and thousands of miles of travelling through Black Africa, was a delight to the eye. With less than one hundred White inhabitants, Entebbe gives the impression of a White town mainly

because it manages to keep the usual superabundance of Blacks and Indians in the background. Situated on a low hill overlooking pretty islands in the lake are the usual much verandahed bungalows, but here surrounded by grounds unusually decorative and well cared for. In a land perpetually under hothouse conditions, and doubtfully blessed with labor at its cheapest, anybody having the proper taste and inclination can live in an artistic riot of tropical verdure.



Entebbe, perhaps by reason of the distinctly English quality of its residents, its thirty-five years as the seat of government, and with little else in it but the seat of government, has developed a quiet beauty of surroundings unique among the little towns of East Africa. It does not invite commerce even to the extent of having a hotel; sufficient unto themselves are the forces of the administration. The prevailing winds are off the lake, its altitude of thirty-eight hundred feet ensures reasonably cool nights, and sleeping sickness, not so many years ago the particular scourge of Uganda and at its worst in Entebbe, has been banished from the neighborhood, along with its vicious little carrier, the tsetse fly.

Entebbe seems to be an ideal spot for its population of government attachés to live in; for anybody else not within the charmed circle, I should imagine that it might be as dreary as the morning after.

Uganda's business is centered in its one big, live town, Kampala, twenty-five miles from Entebbe, and seven miles back from the lake. Aboard the *Usoga* we were once more, and off to Port Bell, Kampala's outlet for lake-and-rail transportation to the East Coast. A little train on a seven-mile railroad stood waiting at the Port to take us up to Kampala—and to my first mail in two months.

So good-bye to the sturdy *Usoga*, after four days of loafing along across Lake Victoria from south to north; a pleasant trip, this, doing a bit of two hemispheres on an inland sea, with a fresh-water captain from Canada. The thought of these care-free days on Lake Victoria always brings up two interesting recollections:—flies, and this Captain.

Chapter XX

AS IT IS IN UGANDA

THE half-pretentious but miserably run hotel in Kampala; the number of White men frankly drunk in the hotel's bar; prices absurdly high, and niggers too sophisticated for any use; these indicated the nearness of civilization as it is on Africa's East Coast.

Kampala, like ancient Rome, had itself built on seven hills. The classic gesture does not seem to have done much for Kampala; but perhaps Rome also looked like a mistake in its early days.

Luckily for the inhabitants of this steamy climate, one of the seven hills carries most of the town's business places and the government buildings, as well as the White residential section, with its usual golf grounds and hospital.

At its foot is the station of the seven-mile narrow-gauge railway which connects Kampala with the lake boats.



The other six hills run mostly to special features: on one is an old fort and a new hospital; two others are held by Catholic missions and their hospitals. Crowning another is the enormous stone Cathedral of the Church Missionary Society (Protestant), costing fifty thousand pounds sterling; and almost in its shadow is the Society's hospital,—famous throughout all of this part of Africa for its great achievements in the study and treatment of tropical diseases.

In the light of what this modest hospital with a precarious income has done for humanity in the tropics, that quarter-of-a-million pile of stone towering above it looks to an unregenerate outsider like a weird extravagance.

The next hill is occupied by the King of Buganda (the local Province), his Ministers, and his Parliament. The King rules "subject to the supervision of the British Government." This means that it is no trouble at all to be King of Buganda.

The last of the seven hills gives us two good reasons why this little joker about "supervision" is now pinned on so many of Africa's Negro potentates: on its top, in a beautifully thatched, ornate, barbaric tomb, lie two bodies; one, of old King Mutesa, an absolute monarch with the instincts of a hyena; the other, of his son and successor, Mwanga,—one of Africa's numerous half-animal kings whose chief pleasantry was human slaughter.

At the bottom of this hill is the slimy pond where

Mwanga entertained himself by throwing his victims alive to the crocodiles. The crocodiles have gone elsewhere.

So the present King is solemnly accorded the title of "His Highness the Kabaka of Buganda," has a special salute of eleven guns, and full authority to order his breakfast. H. H. the Kabaka (sounds like a new cigarette) missed seeing me while I was in Kampala. He was said to be taking a short vacation from the burdens of ruling his hilltop.

* * * * *

Kampala, like other colonial outposts of the British Empire, makes a special point of celebrating English holidays as they come along. The exiled Englishmen's faculty for getting together on such occasions, and solemnly upholding the traditions of the homeland in dress clothes and an extra flow of liquor, keeps them from slipping as far as they might otherwise, in these lands where slipping goes as a part of the climate.

A June holiday gave excuse for one of these celebrations while I was in Kampala. In from the surrounding plantations came the settlers, to help a little in swelling the small number of those living in town. Nothing short of a full turn-out, in a region where the whole White population is no more than a hundred or two, could be regarded as making a successful holiday. This does not imply that the Whites of all degrees mixed in the affair indiscriminately.

These outsiders, in some instances coming many miles in motor cars over difficult roads, made a two- or three-day event of it; and when the festivities were over, it was they, generally, who were the worse for wear.



Golf, tennis, cricket, with a football game in the afternoon, filled a jolly day; then came the big event, the dance at the hotel. To a mere onlooker, this dance appeared to be a bit more exclusive, at least to the extent of differentiating between those who drank to excess, and those who drank within the limits of sobriety; yet some who clung to the bar clearly did so because they preferred it to dancing—

or perhaps they couldn't dance, so what else was there for them to do?

Anyhow, between the two methods of celebrating, it was a merry night. For the drunk and partly sober alike the drinks flowed like liquor. Water cannot be mentioned in connection with this gala event in Kampala.

Once in the eighteen-eighties, in a shack in a brand-new town on Nebraska's frontier, I had a night of it listening to the antics of a man with delirium tremens, on the other side of an inch-board partition; and again, the same thing here in Kampala, in the hotel room adjoining mine.

The symptoms were remarkably alike in picturing tortures unbelievable this side of hell. Both victims alternated between piercing groans and fervent promises to the Almighty that if they ever got out of this alive they never, never would drink again. In both cases, too, they made straight for the bar as soon as they were able to get out of bed.

Frontier life in any new land has its similarities, and one of these is the perennial habit of frontiersmen to relieve the vacant grind of living in the raw by coming to town for a shake-up of the senses—which usually means, in the absence of any other form of stirring entertainment, getting drunk. Getting drunk, for Americans in the old days just in off the bare prairie, was usually done to the accompaniment of women; but not so in this populous land,

where women—Black, but voluptuous—are the ready solace of the White settler's country hours.

The pioneer of our early days built his hut and broke his ground with his own hands. His prototype here has everything done for him by his Blacks; yet for both there is no getting away from the uncertainties of the struggle with new and untried conditions. Experimenting always with crops to find which will pay best,—there, a question of wheat, or corn, or stock and alfalfa; here, shall it be coffee, or cocoa, or some other thing adapted to the tropics? The tsetse fly is in Uganda, and there were rumors of sleeping sickness.

Still another peculiarity features the opening up of all new countries: agriculture's successes usually are meagre, while its failures are as usually overwhelming. In every one of our own successive migrations westward, the bulk of the first settlers failed to stick; they "went back to their wives' folks," as the expression had it for the unlucky frontiersmen who could not pull themselves through the experimental stages. So it is here in Uganda, and in all parts of these African uplands uncertainly deemed to be fit for White occupancy; agriculture is in its experimental stage, with its consequent run of failures.

These planters in the hinterland of Kampala seem better to have realized the need of preparedness. There is little of that reckless empty-handedness



THE TOMB OF OLD KING MUTESA AND MWANGA, HIS SON

characteristic of our prairie settlers, most of whom undertook the conquest of new land without adequate money, provisions or equipment. Perhaps, for that reason, the fit parts of this country will go ahead more steadily toward successful development than did our own frontiers.



In the meantime, coming to town for a night of it will feature this as well as every other land where life is still in the raw.

* * * * *

East Indians in Kampala, as elsewhere in these British possessions, block every avenue of endeavor usually open to White men, except in big scale operations. The fine young Englishman who drove me about while I was in Uganda was an example to the point.

"I'm ready to turn my hand to any honest work," he said, responding to a mildly expressed interest in what he might be looking forward to in this country.

A stereotyped phrase, meaning even less here than it does in a land where one is permitted to "turn his hand to any honest work." Had it not been for a friend who was loaning him his private motor car with which to pick up occasional business, this bright young man would have had absolutely nothing to do.

One naturally would prefer a White driver—but not, generally speaking, at White wages. A White man at any such job is a positive luxury.

The boy was beginning to wonder what was to become of him; already he sensed that a White man here, unless he has a government job, has no place in the ranks of the employed; he must be an employer, a commander of labor; with the equipment and experience which the words imply.

* * * * *

Quite frequently I have run across sour individuals in the earth's out-of-the-way places whose avowed reason for being there was a compelling disgust for civilization and all of its appurtenances. This was their view of what others might charitably take to be a morbid attitude toward human intercourse; induced, perhaps, by a disastrous love affair, or some other experience equally searing to one's self-esteem.

But only twice have I met men in my travels who were seeking oblivion because of supersensitiveness over some personal defect. One of these was a deaf American, whom I discovered a few years ago on the back side of a coconut-clad island of the Tongan group, in the South Seas. The other, an Englishman grown morbidly sensitive over a physical deformity, I happened upon in Kampala,—and, of all places for a touchy man, on the verandah of the hotel on the night of the great ball. He could not have picked a more conspicuous spot in all Uganda.

I was attracted to the man by his singularly repellent attitude toward everything going on around him. A vacant seat next to him gave me an opening.

"Quite a gay party," I observed as a feeler, indicating the dancers who had come out for a bit of coolness.

"A silly performance," he muttered, glaring at the happy couples strolling by.

This was a set-back. But perhaps these ladies and gentlemen were not of his kind. I tried again.

"At least, the men seem to be having a jolly time over there in the bar." The roar from the barroom by ten o'clock was threatening to drown conversation in the rest of the hotel.

"Drunken fools!" He still glowered.

Having touched upon the only two social sets present, with what might be considered as negative results, I turned the subject to himself as most likely to start a real conversation. It did.

"You don't seem to be joining in the festivities," I ventured.

"No! I'm starting back to-night—and if I had not promised to meet a man on this particular spot, I wouldn't be sitting here," he answered fiercely.

My silence invited him, as plainly as words, to explain himself.

"I didn't come out to Africa to be with White men,—I came to get away from them. I'm not good enough for them," he added bitterly, indicating his

deformity. "As a boy I was tormented, and scorned as a man—by my own people. But here,—well, the Blacks look upon what's happened to me as coming from God. The Blacks understand me—like me—and I live with the Blacks ——"

Just then a man and two shapely young women passing by turned him to a vituperative outburst—under his breath—against the White race in general and these three in particular. Contemplating his figure and theirs, I wondered how much of his monumental grouch was plain enviousness.

It has not been my experience that, in any grade of society, one with a deformity is made the subject of open remark, much less of scorn and ridicule; this fellow must have been the victim of his own ingrowing imaginings. "I live with the Blacks"—that gave me a chance to get him back to himself again.

He was running a transport line in the low country to the north,—country supposed to be next to impossible for Whites,—and using oxen instead of motors, as he was beyond the region of thick bush and the tsetse fly.

"Living with the Blacks"—literally, I inferred—but who would begrudge this self-made exile, this morbidly sensitive wrecker of his own happiness, the solace of the feminine done in ebony?

On with the dance! Black faces out there in the night, glistening in the flare from the incandescent mantles of the hotel's great coal-oil lamps, and peer-

ing in at the festivities; inside, the beat of music and rhythmic dancing, mixed with discordant shoutings from the bar; all about us, Kampala's White men and women, most of them in a healthy desire to bring the normal pleasures of home to their mid-African town on the Equator; and, crouching on a low settee, a White man turned Black through long nursing of his own venom ——

So another vivid picture was added to my world-panorama of scenes unforgettable.

* * * * *

“Under supervision of the British Governor,” as applied to the authority of native chiefs over their people, means more than a desultory meddling in native affairs. The chiefs adjust only minor disputes and petty infringements of the code; all native cases of importance, both criminal and civil, come before English tribunals for as careful a dispensing of justice as if the persons involved were White instead of Black.

While I was in Kampala, a murder was committed in a near-by village. The murderer accommodately reported himself to the village chief, who, after investigating the affair on his own account, turned the man over to government officials in Kampala.

The trial, as compared with our own ferocious line-up on two sides, neither of which seeks the whole truth, was more like a paternal enquiry. The judge, be-wigged, questioned all witnesses through

an interpreter—a young White man obviously weighted with his responsibilities; questioned them in a way intended to shed an impartial light upon the foggy parts of their testimony. The prosecutor, be-wigged, seemed to be more earnestly after the facts than seeking a conviction; while the Indian attorney for the defense, be-wigged, followed more nearly our American procedure with a complete bias for the defendant. Consequently, the judge and the prosecutor went ahead in their pursuit of the truth with scant attention to the Indian attorney for the defense.

The Court, held in a bungalow a couple of blocks from a hotel, had a small audience of Blacks, seated on benches in the rear; since this was an affair between natives, and of no interest to the Whites, my young English driver and I were the only occupants of the settee with a back to it, reserved for the superior race.

Of the witnesses, first came the widow, with a squirming, naked infant-in-arms who kept up the interest by threatening momentarily to kick off its mother's one-piece garment. Through the bored interpreter, impatient with her scared hesitancy before the White man's Court in her tragic ordeal, she managed, with the soothing aid of the judge and the prosecutor, to tell her story.

The other principal witness was the defendant's wife. Her squirming, naked infant was more suc-

cessful in its act of disrobing its mother; but she, unabashed, pulled herself together with a jerk, and kept straight at the interpreter with a flow of words which at least sounded convincing. The heavy-browed White man didn't scare her the least bit.

Both told pretty much the same story, with human variations to be expected under the circumstances. It was a case of a friendly call which ended in a quarrel. The widow and her husband were in the hut of the defendant and his wife, when some unlucky turn in the conversation led to the digging up of an old dispute, to bitter personalities, and finally to an order by the defendant to vacate his premises forthwith.

But the deceased, if he did not have some native liquor down, as the defendant's wife claimed, certainly had his blood up, and refused to go. Somehow a native spear in the hands of the defendant, intended merely to prick the deceased into submission, pierced his forearm and entered his heart. Then it was that the young man, having so miscalculated the potency of his weapon, called in the village chief to see what he thought about it.

This chief, not at all of a shrinking nature, took the stand, and opened up in his native tongue on the interpreter. Also, the interpreter opened up on the chief.

When two men, each with an inflated notion of his own importance, come together in an affair of

words, something is apt to break. The chief regarded the interpreter as a mere mouthpiece for his decisive revelation of the facts to the waiting Court. The interpreter viewed himself as a man whose exclusive knowledge of two great languages saved the chief, the Court and all concerned from figuring as cyphers. Hence the torrid verbal clash.

Judging by the little that drifted through in English, not much of the earnest native flow between the two men had anything to do with the case; but neither the judge nor the attorneys knew enough about the heathen dialect to pin a charge of irrelevancy on either combatant. It had always been a legitimate function of this interpreter to sift the rambling evidence of natives before translating it to the Court; how did they know but that he might now be painstakingly sifting the words of this chief?

They didn't. But their amused embarrassment revealed their suspicions. Then a mild request from the judge for more light on the case in the language of the Empire curbed the run of talk, and the testimony came through without personalities. The chief, in fact, gave his version with a directness and impartiality worthy of a witness who knew that the Court was depending upon him for its final understanding of the case.

Clearly enough, the young man had not intended murder,—nor even great bodily harm. But a killing had been done, and the news of its consequences

would spread to every native village in Uganda. As a fair split between softness and severity, the young man was given two years; two widows, now, with their babes-in-arms and more at home, went back to their village to live out the tragedy.

Justice was done, and done quickly, while it had a meaning for all concerned. Stays, errors, exceptions, appeals, years of delay through legal quibbles and professional courtesy, until the executing of a murderer seems like another murder?

Piffle!

Chapter XXI

AT THE TOP OF THE NILE

ONCE more aboard steamer; this time to cross Lake Victoria from west to east, on the final lap out to Nairobi and the East Coast.

The *Clement Hill* carries the mail once a week between the rail-head at Kisumu and the northern ports of the lake,—Entebbe, Kampala, and Jinja. It is known as the fast mail, to distinguish it from boats like the *Usoga* which carry mail, but not so rapidly. To be sure, the *Clement Hill* stops at Jinja twenty-four hours in order to give the government officials there time to answer the letters which she has brought them, but this does not prevent her from being fast, for Lake Victoria.

More business is done with these three northern towns than with all the other ports on the lake, taken together. Naturally, too, more "round-trippers" come in for this shorter voyage on the world-famous Victoria Nyanza. For these reasons the *Clement Hill* is a larger boat, and more commodious in its passenger arrangements, than the *Usoga*, which goes all the way around the lake every fortnight.

The *Usoga*, with its three deck chairs, had sug-

gested luxury; the *Clement Hill*, with its wider spaces and a well-appointed dining saloon, gave it. In setting foot on the deck of the *Clement Hill*, I was quite obviously on my way out of Africa's interior.

So, good-bye, to the most colorful, but a long way from the easiest, tropical journey that I have undertaken. With not a sick day, eighteen of my pounds had gone astray during the four months of coming up from Cape Town. Loafing through the Pacific, and lingering in its South Sea islands, had its own peculiar fascinations; but working inland through the tropical regions of a great continent—regions notorious for hundreds of years as the center of the Arab slave-trade, and later famed for the exploits of Livingstone and Stanley,—this is travel more compelling in its impressions than any I have ever done.

Take that stretch of the Upper Congo,—the Lu-alaba,—running almost exactly mid-way between the East and West Coasts, and close to the Equator; why a tropical river basin situated in the heart of Africa is not too infernally hot for human existence, I do not know, but I have often suffered more acutely from the heat in New York than I did there. Probably its altitude of something over two thousand feet makes it endurable for White men to go through, if not to live in.

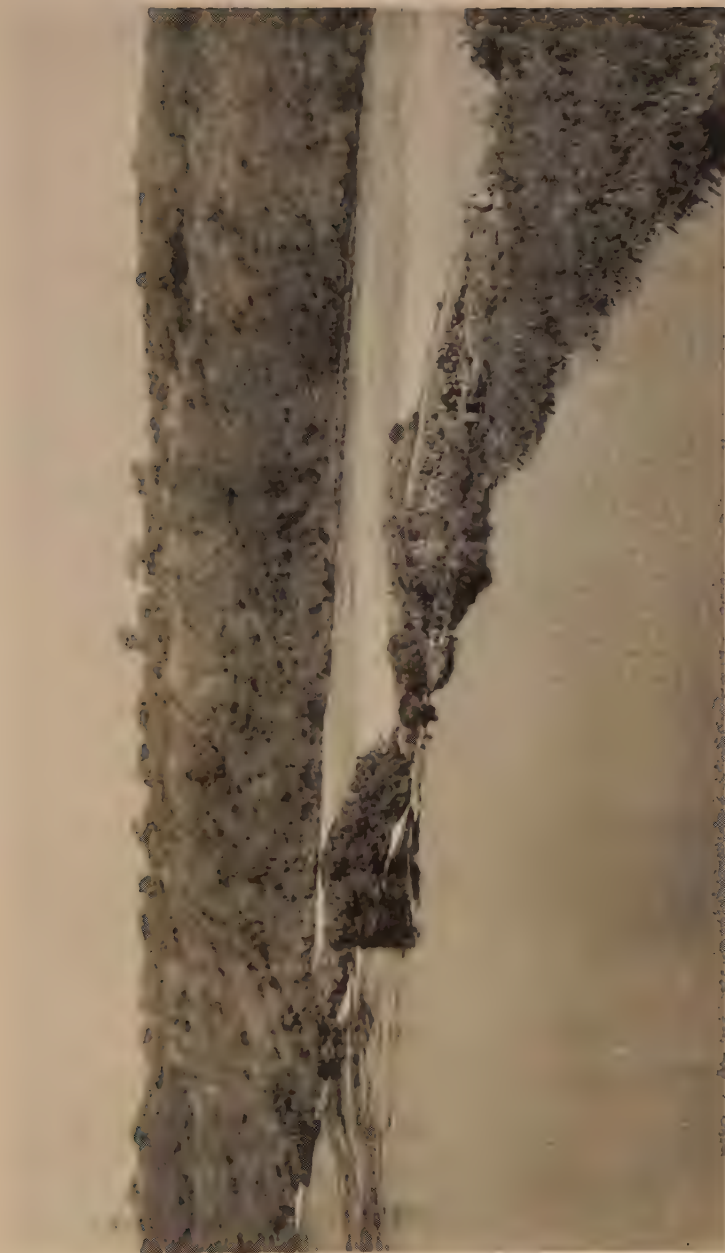
The Upper Congo basin, and all the plateau region east of it, is less hot than unhealthful. Not even

the Arabs, accustomed to heat, succeeded in peopling any of it; now, after generations of White control, the Black is the one race to thrive.

The Black survives not only against all natural enemies in the place; he survives under the collective handicaps put upon him by his various exploiters. Seventy-five to ninety-five per cent. of the Blacks in Equatorial Africa, including those in the vast territories of the British, are said to carry venereal diseases. So long and so universally has it prevailed, that the Blacks have become more or less immune to its effects,—yet they pass it back to indiscreet White men in its full virulence, while they themselves live happily on. Some may see a Scriptural justice in this repayment of a rotten legacy; but it looks to me like handing down “the sins of the father” to somebody else’s children.

I was not able to get up any special admiration for the general run of Belgians in the Congo, although those in the equatorial regions have my sympathy. Perhaps their more difficult living conditions make the *esprit de corps* of the English impossible for them.

Once more I venture to commend the fine spirit of British officials toward their work in the great Black countries of Tanganyika and Uganda, as well as their manliness in the face of demoralizing influences, and their unfailing courtesy to strangers. These characteristics they take out with them from



THE TOP OF THE NILE

home; but they maintain them, I am bound to believe, through constant effort to live the normal English life of work well seasoned with sports and social intercourse.

Wherever there are a few Englishmen, there is a sports club, in which everything from golf to afternoon tea is done as it is done in England. We may laugh at these things, and at their dressing for dinner with none but lions in the bush to look on; yet, because of them, Englishmen in all of England's colonies excel most other colonials in holding their morale.

So far as any advantage is to be worked out for the British Empire from these huge domains, this looks to an outsider like a gigantic waste of magnificent effort. However, beyond any question these millions of natives are better off because of the English occupation. Possibly England intends to be satisfied with this altruistic result of her labors; and then again—possibly not. England knows.

All this time while we have been looking backward, the *Clement Hill* has chugged along toward Jinja.

* * * * *

Jinja has a White population of less than a hundred, and a hotel whose rooms are individual grass huts, built exactly *a la* native; also, of course, a sports club, East Indians doing the town's trade, and swarms of Blacks doing its work.

Jinja, except that like Entebbe it is prettily situated on a lakeside hill, has nothing beyond its odd hotel to write about. But along the shore of the lake, a mile or so from town, is to be found one of the most interesting scenes in Africa.

This is the top of the Nile. Over a natural barrage twenty feet high, the water of Victoria Nyanza tumbles



in several dashing cascades, and from the rocks below it flows on northward for three thousand miles as the most famous river in the world.

A placid lake, not much of a waterfall as waterfalls go, and a rapid stream meandering off into the bush over a stony bed; this is what one sees.

But a man must have a dead soul who cannot thrill at this beginning of the river Nile; a river whose mysterious overflowings made possible a great civilization seven thousand years ago. Here, in the rise and fall of Victoria Nyanza, was locked the mystery of Egypt's annual crop-producing flood-water during the ages while she was making more of the world's ancient history than all her contemporaries put together; locked fast, until Speke and his contemporary explorers, in the middle of the last cen-

ture, discovered Lake Victoria as the ultimate source of the Nile.

If one happens to be interested in Livingstone, a certain poignancy comes into his reflections here at the thought of that great traveller's wasting of his latter years in futile endeavors to trace this source fifteen hundred miles farther into the heart of Africa. Yet he was following out his honest belief; he was searching for the truth; and searching for the truth is the noblest of occupations for any man.

At the foot of one of these swift cascades was a deep pool, so filled with fish that their protruding fins looked like a mass of dead autumn leaves on the surface of the agitated water. I wondered at first why they crowded so into the whirling eddies; but while I looked they began to leap, singly and by twos and threes, up over the foam at the bottom, and into the black rush of the fall, in what seemed to be a mad endeavor to swim up into Lake Victoria.

I could not see whether any of the fish succeeded in making headway against the terrific current, but it is hardly in the scheme of nature that its creatures should be so continuously attempting the impossible. Our salmon do stunts as difficult, and we know that they get up-stream in vast numbers.

A photograph of a fish leaping from the headwaters of the Nile into Lake Victoria appealed to me as a novelty worth striving for. I set my camera at its fastest shutter, and snapped it a dozen times or

more at individual fish sailing through the air. At least, I thought I did; but the developed negatives showed only two with fish in sight. The others seem to have hurried by while I was getting into action.

The better of these two photos shows a fish and his every fin as clear-cut in mid-air as if his image had been pasted into the picture. Some of my kind friends at home have intimated that it was. This is not so; but that particular fish may have popped into the field after the one I was taking was on his way up to the lake. This is a *bona fide* picture of a fish. I'm not saying which fish.

Just above the falls—Ripon Falls is their unpoetic name—a half-dozen great hippos were disporting themselves out in the lake. The combination grunt and roar of a full-grown hippo can easily be heard a mile away; it sounds like a deep snore multiplied a thousand times. The golf course, pleasantly located on the shore of the lake between the town and the falls, is said to have frequent nocturnal visits from these playful monsters, apparently on their way up the hill for something tasty out of the town's gardens. They have never been known to root up the fairway, or push over the club house,—and on Jinja's golf course, hippo tracks found next day sunk into the greens are taken philosophically.

* * * * *

Jinja is the capital of Busoga Province, which has been mentioned in connection with its decapitated

namesake, the easy-going ship *Usoga*; but of more importance to the town is the short railway which connects Lake Victoria with the first navigable stretch of the Nile, forming one of the many links in the Cape-to-Cairo route.

A large shipment of elephant tusks, just arrived over this railway from the big game country in the Southern Sudan, was waiting to be taken aboard the *Clement Hill* for a lift on its way to London. Hunters were aboard, too,—although not the slayers of these elephants. One, a professional from Nairobi, of middle age, but aged further by his years in Africa, as plainly evidenced in the watery complexion which is the usual mark of African fevers. He was on his way back from escorting a party of amateur hunters to an easy start on their journey down the Nile. Another was a young woman hunter, just in from a safari outfit still following big game in the high region of Lake Kivu, the beloved country and final resting-place of the late Carl Akeley.

I have always wondered about women hunters, never having associated the sex with a desire to kill. But this one was of the humane sort.

“Never shoot into a herd of animals merely because you are bound to hit something,”—she was explaining to me the ethics of hunting,—“always aim at an individual, and then never shoot unless there is a fair chance of stopping him. Merely wounding loses the creature, and scares the herd.”

I murmured approval, mentally reserving the well-known fact that four-fifths of all shots which hit at all do no more than wound without stopping.

"And if you are out for trophies," she went on, "wait for the best set of horns in the lot, and let the others go by. I always pick my head," she averred, "and aim to have my first shot bring the animal down. Then the killing is easy."

She was making herself out a merciful hunter. No doubt she was. And as she talked, the light in her rich, dark eyes had not in it one ray of womanly softness.

I am still wondering about women hunters.

* * * * *

Kisumu, the rail-head of the line from Mombasa, and the starting point for steamers on Lake Victoria, is the key town for that part of British East Africa which lies west of Nairobi. As the country develops, so will Kisumu thrive; at present, it is a busy town



of a few dozen Whites and hordes of Indians and Blacks.

The government quarters and residential section on the hill, with its sports club and its excellent hospital,—these are characteristic of every sizable town in this part of Africa. So are the swarming quarters of the Blacks,



A FISH LEAPING UP FROM THE HEADWATERS OF THE NILE
INTO LAKE VICTORIA

and the straggling shops of the Indians, pretty much all over the place outside of the White area. The better part of a day elapsing between the arrival of the *Clement Hill*, and the departure of the best train of the week for Nairobi and Mombasa, gives one time to see more than all of Kisumu.

The town, partaking so much as it does of life from the East Coast, is largely Mohammedan. Indians and Blacks alike are quite generally swathed from head to foot in cotton stuff, after the Mohammedan custom.

But in the country around Kisumu is a tribe, known since the earliest days as the Kavirondo, living to-day almost as primitively as they were when first discovered by White men. I was not aware of this, until, in the thickest of the crowd, I suddenly happened upon a coal-black woman of about thirty. She was clothed in her birthday suit except for an extremely economical bit of cloth wrapped tightly about her loins, after the manner of an infant's most necessary piece of dress-goods.

The effect would not have been so startling if she had not had the contrast of many around her who were exposing nothing below the neck except their toes; yet these Kavirondos come into town just as they are in their villages, without exciting any apparent interest.

Nudity (assuming, of course, the presence of the usual loin-cloth) cuts little figure in the tropics.

Little figure among natives themselves, because sex repression as we have it is virtually unknown outside of those under missionary influence; and this one native habit of undress is the easiest for White men to ignore, because of the many other abysmal differences which separate the races.

This is a good place to spike the silly argument, so often heard, that because we do not react to the nude in native women of the tropics, bodily covering is not essential to sex modesty among our own kind.

We live under totally different conditions. A wholly artificial sex repression is put upon us by our postponing of marriage for a dozen years beyond its natural call. Natives untouched by White influence know nothing about this. They marry early, and they may have sex regulation for the married; before that, according to overwhelming evidence, there is no sex restraint except as individuals may attempt to protect themselves, or their female children.

Some travellers doubt this; they have come upon primitive tribes who steadfastly denied them—strangers of another race—the favors of their women; thereupon, they proclaim these natives as paragons of virtue.

The thoroughly posted know better. Testimony without end proves that nudity and sex restraint do not exist together. Our artificial suppressing of this function, to be even the half-success that it is, de-

mands of women a protective modesty in dress and behavior. Incidentally, this attitude is their most reliable husband-getter. When will young women learn that alluring sex display leads young men to sex playfulness instead of to matrimony? Perverse creatures!—but there's no use sputtering about it; the human male has been built that way ever since Adam picked the apple. If one finds himself otherwise, he should see a doctor.

* * * * *

My roommate on the *Clement Hill* proved to be so agreeable that we arranged for a compartment together for the rail trip to Nairobi. He was a young government employee from Entebbe, now off for his six months' furlough. We talked by the hour about life in Africa.

"Home to England!" He said it more in a sort of reverence than with exultation.

"Of course, it's something rather cheery, this furlough, to have on our minds while we are carrying on," he explained. "But during that time, don't you know, we have a bit of England right there in Entebbe."

Again, the spirit of the English colonial. England in Entebbe—but with limitations. The same fifty people, the same little club, the same round of work and play,—for seven hundred days before the furlough comes along. He did not say this; I said it. He waived it aside.

"It's not so bad. Besides, now and then we get a look outside by running over to Kampala."

Kampala! He said it as if it were like slipping up to London. There's no beating an Englishman's conviction that wherever the English colors fly it's a pleasant day for him.

Off through the Kavirondo country we sped at almost twenty miles an hour. The Lady in Black—the one doing her shopping in Kisumu—really had something on compared to many of the Kavirondo ladies working in their fields. But then, it was a hot day,—and who doesn't lay off superfluous clothing on a hot day?

Zigzagging along close to the Equator, we began to climb into the high mountains which rise between Kisumu and Nairobi. Grand, picturesque,—even after darkness had fallen, the jagged skyline shifting weirdly almost overhead kept us at the window, talking about Africa well into the night. Upward we climbed, to a height of eighty-three hundred feet, before we dropped off into the great high plain in which is Nairobi and the hunters' paradise.

Those who think that the geographical Zero Line is "a hot streak running around the earth" should take this trip over the Uganda railway. I spent that night on the Equator dressed in a woolen suit, overcoat, raincoat, and a blanket, and did not suffer from the cold especially, because during the worst of it I was asleep.

Chapter XXII

SHOOTING UP NAIROBI

THE next few pages are on hunting, by one who knows nothing about it,—although I did shoot off a gun at a great bird in Tanganyika. The great bird failed to register surprise at what I had done; this, they say, disqualifies me as an African hunter. So those who do not wish to hear me hunt may skip the next few pages.

It is with some trepidation that I write on a subject so unfamiliar to me, yet Nairobi is on the itinerary, and this has to be done. Technical errors may creep in, but my aim is to give a more or less truthful account of hunting as it is in Nairobi.

Nairobi is famous the world over as Africa's most exclusive big game resort. Most of the hunting is done by millionaires under the care of specialists, whose business it is to make the sport easy and expensive.

To go into the sport here properly, one must have either a battery of motor cars, or a safari outfit,—a



safari being a trek on foot to the accompaniment of tents, beds, machillas, cooks, supplies, innumerable porters and a bathtub. Many firms in Nairobi stand ready to arrange all details and furnish the outfit for a lump sum. It is the size of this lump that makes Nairobi an exclusive big game resort. At sight of it the ordinary sportsman takes to the road, and rarely stops short of the Belgian Congo, a thousand miles farther west.

A friend of mine, a shoe manufacturer, came over here from America to shoot big game. All he brought home was a bottle-fed lion cub, but the price of shoes went up next day to help pay for it.

A wealthy man who is in earnest about shooting lions and elephants in comfort usually picks up all the loose safari men in Nairobi. I had supposed that against such an outfit the big game had no chance, but this is not so. Half of a town moving across the veld is apt to draw the attention of a gazelle or two, and these spread the alarm to the peacefully grazing lions.

The successful sportsman in Nairobi is the one who travels light; just one White hunter besides himself, two gun-bearers each and the necessary camp boys, six lunch wagons, and a large truck. You cannot creep up on sensitive game with anything more.

The first thing I learned about hunting after I arrived in town was that they do not pursue big game

right here in Nairobi, as one is led to believe by the advertisements: "If You Want to Shoot Lions and Elephants, Come to Nairobi." "The Best Sport in All Africa is in Nairobi," etc.

No. They go out in the tall grass to do it. And no wonder, considering the shameful way they worry the animals. One of these superbly equipped expeditions may keep the wild creatures on the trot all day long, or at least at a heart-breaking walk, giving them almost no time for meals. Sometimes, in sheer desperation, the lions will step aside into the bush and let the destructive outfit go by, leaving nothing but crushed herbage in its path.

This is not the worst. Often the pace is so hot that a lioness has to abandon her young one. This the safari at once surrounds, and captures alive.

Then comes the one bright spot in the horrid picture; the milk bottles are got out, and the young thing is humanely fed. All of the best hunting expeditions carry nursing bottles,—they have learned from experience that a three-weeks-old lion, no matter how ferocious it is, will usually give up to an imposing safari.

But the poor lioness has to look on helplessly from behind a tree, a hundred yards away. She cannot even know whether the milk has been properly sterilized. Every true mother understands the piercing anxiety of these doubts, especially in the tropics, where germs are plentiful.

A dissertation on hunting in Nairobi would not be complete without inside facts about the safari. The literature of the various safari agents can be had in profusion at the hotel. The hunter should allow his first three weeks in town for digesting it, so that he may choose his outfitters with intelligence, and not appear too uninformed in their presence.

It was rather confusing for me to go through this printed matter of the safari men in an hour. They all were "Gun Specialists" and "Complete Safari Outfitters," and all had exclusive advantages over the others. One, however, had a feature that caught my eye: "Cable Address, Giraffe." Somehow this indicated a lofty purpose and high ideals in their chosen calling. The head of the firm also mentioned himself in the pamphlet as "an intrepid hunter," and able to take one to places where "game of all kinds teem."

This last appealed to me. If game would only teem, I might hit something. I was sick of shooting at one thing at a time.

I walked into the safari place with a medley of guns, hippos, motors, food, boys, boots, rhinos, veld, lions and an elephant coursing through my head.

"Good morning," I announced cheerfully, "have you a medium-priced safari in stock this morning?"

It was not what I intended to say. In my state of mind I should have stopped at "Good morning." Besides, great hunters are men of few words.

The intrepid hunter turned on me a coldly calculating eye.

"Want to go hunting?" he asked, with the soothing tact one uses toward a child. "How about a nice little rifle, say, and a couple of boys to take care of you?"

I am not imposing to look at, but this being sized up for a safari at two niggers and a gun was humiliating. I drew myself up a full half-inch.

"Wouldn't quite do for hunting lions and rhinos," I remarked, languidly.

This made him prick up his ears and look at me with a new interest.

"*And* elephants," I added, still languid. Always strike again while the iron is hot.

"Of *course* not," he admitted cordially. "Certainly. Yes. Of course *not!*" One doesn't talk well while thinking rapidly. Clearly, he was beginning to regard me as a possible millionaire in sheep's clothing. He asked me to sit down. This I did.

Inside of half an hour we had figured out a safari which would enable me to kill everything in Kenya up to the legal limit—two hundred and thirty-six animals, of fifty-one different kinds—at a cost of sixty-eight hundred and twenty-three dollars, plus five hundred dollars for a hunter's license.

These animals, properly stuffed, would be more than worth the money,—and the intrepid gentleman was also a stuffer. He said so, but I was already

beginning to notice it. The only hitch in the prospect was that if I were able to shoot only a part of this game,—say a trunkful,—the cost would be the same. But why dwell on that? My fearless expert scoffed at the thought of failure.

We had a pleasant time going over a printed list which showed how many of each of the fifty-one varieties I was to shoot. The numbers ran from two upward. I could have six or more each of the Oryx, Reedbuck, Duikers both red and blue, Steinbuck, and several others, but the Bongo was more particular; his limit was two. Still, as I was not sure whether the Bongo was an amphibious monster or a species of bat, it didn't matter.

Then on the list were fourteen of Thomson's gazelle; now why he should let me, a total stranger, shoot fourteen of his pretty gazelles I could not understand, but when I expressed my doubt to my brave companion, he merely laughed it off.

Below this was the Geregnuk, "males only." Here I scented trouble. How was I to know? And who would be there to stay my ruthless hand when a lady Geregnuk hove in sight?

So it went on: Kudu, Topi, Nakuru, Colobi, Situtunga, Oribi, and so forth. One of these is a monkey, but I forget which. While these names are not exactly household words with me, merely reading them over on the list roused the natural wildness in my blood for the coming slaughter.

In going over the list we came to one, the Dik-dik, of which I could bag twenty.

"Do we shoot 'em on the wing?" I asked. I don't know why I thought Dik-dik were a kind of duck, except that "twenty" sounded like a flock.

The intrepid hunter paused heavily. Several times before, he had seemed puzzled at my comments on the game; now he looked worried. But he was a patient man.

"No. On the run." This was all he said. But one can often pick up quite a little from a simple phrase. I gathered that the Dik-dik lives on the ground, and can step out if hurried.

While we were clearing up the last few details before striking a bargain, I noticed a set of hippo teeth on an upper shelf. Pleased at my growing interest in big game, the courageous man accommodately showed them to me—and I bought them. Again he was puzzled—this time, at my buying trophies which within a few days I might be taking from my own kill.

I would have stopped to explain the matter, if my train had not been at the point of leaving for Mom-basa. It was too bad to leave this intrepid person abruptly, but I really did have to hurry along.

Anyhow, he had fifteen of my dollars for the teeth,—and I had learned considerable about wild life in Africa.

My researches into the cost of hunting in Nairobi

lead me to offer this advice to shooting friends at home who want to try a hand at big game: stay where you are; when the next circus comes to town, sneak up on the animal tent and shoot the biggest lion in it. Then pick off the taller of the two elephants while his mind is occupied with swallowing a peanut.

Of course, the management will want something for this; but it will be cheaper to settle for the animals at circus rates than to come out here and shoot the same sizes in Nairobi.

* * * * * * *

From the mile-high plain on which Nairobi is situated, the railway makes a steady, gentle drop to sea-level, three hundred and thirty miles eastward.

After the months of hitching along through Africa, there was something rather pleasant about getting aboard the train in Nairobi with the thought that the next stop, for me, was to be the East Coast. Compared with the immense distances in Africa, it seemed such a little way to the seaboard and the outside world.

Yet, to hear some of these hunters tell it after they get home, one would think that they had been in to the center of Africa, instead of a night's ride up from the coast in a sleeper to the biggest and best White city in the whole equatorial region. These tender-foot shooters are apt to regard the very good hotel in Nairobi as primitive; if they had been following

me for the last few thousand miles, they would call it palatial. It depends on whether one's view is from the Congo basin side, or off a luxurious steamer pulling into Mombasa.



The principal reason why this hunting *de luxe* is still possible in a country well-settled by White people is the enormous game reserve maintained by the government just east of Nairobi. During most of the afternoon, on the way down to the coast, we were passing zebras, ostriches, hartebeests, wildebeests, and many varieties of the deer family; a profusion of wild game not to be seen anywhere else in Africa. Lions keep out of sight, but the noise of the train startles only a few of the others; they seem to know that here they cannot be molested. Here they breed and live happily—but without doubt it is from this great reserve that much of the game strays northward and westward, to keep up the supply for the hunting-grounds above Nairobi.

Genuine big game hunters, with an eye to sport less artificial, are going more every year into the difficult wilds of the North Belgian Congo, and the Southern Sudan; many of these trips are outfitted by experienced safari firms in Nairobi. The nearer-by Kenya region bids fair to remain as the amateur

hunters' paradise for years to come. Its altitude of fifty-four hundred feet gives it a climate endurable even during the heat of the day, so long as you "keep your hat on, sir!" and let the Blacks do all the work.

* * * * *

The second night in the train on the Uganda railway was not one for overcoats and blankets. Africa's tropical East Coast is one of the warmest bits of sea-level on earth. We woke up next morning in a steamy heat.

That morning of getting into Mombasa figured in an incident which had begun at Kisumu. It bears telling as an example of British courtesy toward strangers in the land.

Because of some technical omission, an Indian railway official in Kisumu had refused to allow the usual one hundred and twenty free pounds when checking my heavy baggage; it all went in as excess. This made the charge against it sixty shillings instead of six; and I had to contribute fifty-four shillings to the dumbheadedness of that turbaned, cross-legged son of Mahomet who ruled Kisumu's baggage room. He confessed his inability to think on his own account—but would I see the general traffic manager, in the head offices at Nairobi?

I would. And I did.

After some polite demurring over taking an adjustment directly to headquarters, I was shown into

the manager's private office. That gentleman at once admitted the absurdity of the charge, but had to confirm the situation, as a matter of form, by communicating with Kisumu.

Reasonable enough. And if he did not hear from Kisumu in time to repay me in Nairobi, would I call on the station-master in Mombasa on my arrival there, and get the money?

I would. We voiced mutual regrets that we had so troubled each other, tempered, however, by expressions of pleasure at having met each other, and parted happily.

Now the train was approaching Mombasa. At a little station about an hour out from town, an official in white presented himself at my compartment. On trains in Africa, the names of occupants are posted at each compartment door.

"The manager wired me from Nairobi to tell you that the station-master in Mombasa has some money for you."

A gracious reminder from the manager. He didn't know how difficult it is for me to overlook fifty-four shillings.

At Kilindini, Mombasa's seaport, we stopped to put off baggage intended for the steamer. An official in white appeared at the door.

"I have been told to inform you that the station-master in Mombasa has some money for you."

They certainly did not intend to let me slip out

of the country before settling with the Uganda railway. I thanked him, as I had done the other, and promised faithfully to see the station-master in Mombasa.

Hardly had the train come to a stop in Mombasa when an official in white hurried up and opened my door.

"Would you mind coming with me to the office?—ah—the station-master has some money for you."

Well, I had to give in and take the fifty-four shillings. I have never met people elsewhere so determined to pay me money. If I had tried to escape without it I might have been arrested.

There was something in this incident that topped off the long journey through Africa's interior with a fine, unforgettable flavor, and started me cheerfully on my forty-days' jaunt along Africa's coast. It was the crowning act in a long line of courtesies done me by England's officials.

Cheerio! then, to the great hinterland. Difficult in many of its aspects, and often unfriendly toward the exotic White; yet if anything worth while for civilization can be made out of it, the English will make it. Meantime, English courtesy and friendliness make life worth while in the great hinterland.

Chapter XXIII

DOWN THE EAST COAST

ALL doubts about my having reached civilization in its advanced stages were dispelled in the first few minutes aboard the small steamer, just in from Bombay, which was to take me down the East Coast to Durban. On a familiar typewritten sheet posted in the companionway was the day-before price of my favorite stock on the New York Stock Exchange. Also, the prices of a dozen other stocks which had done much better.

Nobody seemed to know why a little old steamer with the fixed habit of running between Bombay and Durban, and never getting within eight thousand miles of America, should have daily quotations from the New York Stock Exchange along with its few bits of world news. The thing looked big for the size of the boat; no Americans were aboard, and the ship could not have heard of my coming—unless that manager of the Uganda railway was still pursuing me.

But it did seem too bad that a man just in from a hard vacation could not have been spared the news that his ten shares of Standard Oil had been depressed two points while he was unavoidably absent.

Still, some other man was in worse luck. The very next item had it that a famous picture actress in Hollywood had just been married for the sixth time.

* * * * *

Mombasa figures as the first port, in these sketches of South Africa's principal coast towns. Steamers from Bombay stop here on their way south, and, sometimes, those from Australia bound for Europe through the Suez Canal. For all East Coast lines, it is the last stop going north before entering the Red Sea, and the first going south to the Cape. Mombasa's hinterland—Kenya Colony, the Uganda Protectorate, and Lake Victoria with its possibilities of transportation for an immense area—is the richest and most promising in tropical Africa. This ancient port has the size and spread and bustle of a big White town; yet its business is managed by a White contingent of less than one thousand.

Ten thousand Indians take the places which ordinarily would be filled by a graded White population, while twenty-five thousand Blacks do the port's labor. Five thousand Arabs fit in wherever they may. It is the same old story: no place for a White man unless he's a boss.

As far back as 1593, Mombasa was the capital of the Portuguese possessions in East Africa; now, after three and a third centuries, it has no more White people than an ordinary country village. Another bit of eloquent testimony as to White occupation of

the tropics. Mombasa's maximum temperature of 90° would not be so trying if it were not for a humidity averaging 77 the year round. After one long walk along its main street, I went about in rickshaws and motor cars. My idea of poor business is an ice-plant in the Arctic and a Turkish Bath in Mombasa.

For those Whites who must live in this town, there are no more than the usual risks of a not too bad tropical climate; for others, there is no excuse for lingering. Only a night's run southward is Zanzibar, the most picturesque city on the East Coast; and the *Karoa*, the small steamer from Bombay, is impatiently tooting its whistle.

* * * * *

Zanzibar to-day, a city of more than two hundred thousand on a big island sixteen miles off-shore, takes its government and an air of dull respectability from the three hundred White people living in it.

But the flavor of its hectic years as the great Arab center for the slave-trade still lingers in its narrow, winding,



Oriental streets, in its Arab architecture, balconied and screened overhead, and mostly open below, with now and then a magnificently carved old doorway as

a reminder of some cross-legged potentate living in a grandeur long since given way,—perhaps to a pawnbroker, or a junkman, or an East Indian with a stock-in-trade designed to catch the visitor.

Here the Arab slave-catchers made up their caravans for the thousand-mile journey through the bush to Lake Tanganyika, and to the coveted swarms of Blacks beyond, in Livingstone's Manyuema. It was in Zanzibar that Stanley learned of Livingstone's headquarters at Ujiji, on picturesque Tanganyika; here, he quietly got together the men and supplies for his pussyfoot descent upon the "lost" explorer. Thirty miles away is an island where the late lamented Captain Kidd is said to have buried much treasure. Through the dark centuries, pirates of the sea as well as of the land did their outfitting, and disposed of their loot, and tasted joy at its wildest, in the Arab hell-hole known as Zanzibar.

Now, one is gently steered to the Indian bazaars; shops loaded with carved ivory, and embroidered bath robes, and every conceivable kind of done-over relics from Africa and the Far East, at prices as shifty as the vendors who murmur them so enticingly. Murder and the slave-trade have been stamped out in Zanzibar, but robbery in its more artistic form still flourishes.

Over the great open field where bewildered Blacks once were herded, while waiting for slave-ships to take them up to the country of the Prophet, now is

heard the whistle of the golf ball and the shouts of the cricketers. The town still dazzles, but in these days only with its confusion of grinning Swahilis and sullen Arabs, holes-in-the-wall and Sunday-schools, dives, mosques, churches, swarms of yellows from all over the East moving soft-footed in the little streets; while a few determined Englishmen run the whole show, and a faded Sultan in a decrepit palace signs on the dotted line.

Alas!—and also thank heaven—the gory grandeur that was Zanzibar is no more.

But poke off into the crookedest of the little streets, where the Arabs have shops in the Arab way, and do their bartering among themselves. They don't mind the presence of a Christian dog, if he spends a little money. If he spends it freely, Allah will be called upon to improve his slender chance of getting into heaven.

Here you are at once in the land of the Moham-medan; this could be a bit of Tunis, or Damascus. Little shops opening to the street,—some so little, that the grave proprietor sits on his feet within reach of everything.

Before you are aware of them, every vendor within sight is aware of you,—but not so obviously aware as their Indian prototypes. Less alert, but more deeply intent; you feel the psychic atmosphere settling about you.

Solemnly, one bids you to enter; all the others

watch, and not a passing thought of yours escapes them. If you buy, every merchant on the street shifts a bit from the shock, but says nothing. Allah will eventually have to bring you very close to him, as you pass through the very narrow street.

So you go along, from one little shop to another. An Indian merchant has a way of laboring over you as a stubborn prospect; the Arab plays you as a wary trout. It is easier to escape from an Arab without buying, but something in his inscrutable face makes you feel that you have made an awful mistake.

I drifted into a pawnshop. An Arab pawnshop naturally differs from any other in the character of its display, but the little human tragedies back of the tawdry stuff may be such as make the whole world kin. Silver ornaments, hammered into their pretty shapes by Arab smiths, may represent no more than a prosaic cashing in of assets put aside for a rainy day; Arab women invest their savings in this sort of jewelry—load themselves with their bank account, for lack of a safer place to put it. Yet some of these might have been wedding gifts, or lovers' tokens, along with the rich embroideries and other feminine treasures on display, and parted with tearfully.

Strings of amber beads, rough-hewn chunks half as big as a golf ball, and worn smooth on the corners—I imagined this—against the necks of a long succession of Arab belles, appealed to me as sufficiently barbaric to have come down from Zanzibar's days of

unhindered deviltry. Since nobody disputes it whenever I now exhibit the trophies, that is where they came from.

If you want something new and shiny to take away from Zanzibar, go to the Indian bazaars; if you have an eye for something with the touch of Zanzibar's people on it, dig into the worn treasures of an Arab pawnshop, on the crookedest of the little streets.

* * * * *

Only four hours across from the island city of Zanzibar is Dar-es-Salaam, capital of Tanganyika Territory, and the eastern terminus of the one long railway to Lake Tanganyika.

"Dar-es-Salaam" means "Haven of Peace," but of course they had to name the place something before anybody knew how bloody it was going to turn out to be. Parents have been known to name a girl child "Tina" who finally stopped growing at six feet.

The town was founded by the Sultan of Zanzibar in the eighteen-sixties, but given up to the natives after years of strife. Fifteen years later the Germans took it, and had to fight both natives and Arabs until an imperial garrison was established to protect it. During the great war, this haven of a squally peace was bombarded from the sea by the English, because the Germans, under a white flag, had fired on British boats sent into the harbor. Since the English have been in possession, the warlike spirit of the

place has tapered off to contests in tennis, cricket, football and golf.

As in Mombasa and Zanzibar, ships lie off in the harbor; freight is transferred in lighters, and passengers take to native-manned boats.

"How much?" I asked, as we stepped out on the landing.

"Two shilling," replied the Swahili boatman. I paid it, judged from his furtive look that he was lying, and walked over to the steps leading up to the street. There, a big sign, impossible to overlook, gave the boat tariff as one shilling. Back I went to the boat.

"See here," I observed, "what's this you're trying to put over on me?"

Of course he understood not a word, but the motions must have been familiar. Passengers returning from that tariff sign all looked alike to him. He paid over the extra shilling without a word.

Yet how many visitors off passing steamers will go back and tackle a Swahili for a shilling? Very few. It's a pretty graft. But how did a Swahili ever have the wit to start working it? Picked up the idea, likely, from an Arab, or an Indian.

Dar-es-Salaam, like Mombasa, exists because of its hinterland; but its great territory of Tanganyika, excepting a few favored localities, has neither the present production nor future promise of Mombasa's Kenya and Uganda. Some of the Belgian Katanga's

copper comes out through Dar-es-Salaam, by way of the Upper Congo and across Lake Tanganyika, but the bulk of it reaches the coast farther south, at Beira. The prospect is that both of these ports will lose the business as soon as the railways from Katanga to the West Coast are completed.

An unusual shore-front of neat European buildings, in the usual setting of tropical verdure swarming with Blacks, gives one a first impression that



Dar-es-Salaam must be considerable of a White man's town. It is, compared to some others in this part of Africa, yet it has less Europeans than Mombasa. There are several "White" shops; but a shop is "White" in this country if it has one White man in it to run the place. The assistants are as sure to be Indian as they are in an Indian's place of business.

So it is with the banks, the corporation stores, the government offices. A few directing White men may be about; the working force, from paying tellers down, is Indian.

I "did" the town leisurely in a rickshaw, and lingered about in it until sailing-time, because in leaving Dar-es-Salaam I would be leaving British East Africa for good.

What is in prospect for these little White contingents in the big Black towns of Africa?

Certainly not an increase in numbers beyond the needs of actual service. In all countries of the tropics with undesirable climates, the towns lack the normal growth which comes from the rearing of families; the few White children born are usually sent away. Nobody stays in them except for business purposes, and I have come across very few White men anywhere in the hot tropics who considered themselves as fixed residents, even if they were making money. In such cases the sentiment was that the better the business the sooner they could cash in and retire to the homeland.

It takes courage and a sure faith in the country to put money into substantial buildings in African towns; yet there is always the back-log of a huge native population to be counted on to furnish a certain amount of business. With no more than this, added to the comparatively great expenditures for carrying on the government and its activities, any

slump in the present mild prosperity of these towns is inconceivable. The English here build cannily for present needs; no silly booms like ours anticipate uncertain future developments. They know that their towns must look for further growth to an increase of business from the surrounding country, unassisted by the usual development of sustaining fixed populations within the towns themselves. The generally restrained optimism of Englishmen who should know, seems to me to indicate little prospect of more than a continuation of the slow expansion which has characterized the years already gone by.

From the deck of the *Karoa*, as we steamed out of the pretty, land-locked harbor of Dar-es-Salaam, I bade a silent good-bye to British East Africa, and to the plucky Englishmen who are doing their best to make something out of a huge country just a bit too mixed up with the Equator to be a White man's land.

Good friends, all,—so far as I have met you,—a grateful recipient of your courtesies bids you “Cheerio!” in a none too cheerful undertaking. And may your “Home to England” furloughs multiply.

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Beira, the principal seaport of Portuguese East Africa, is three days sail and a thousand miles down the coast from Dar-es-Salaam. These three days gave the twenty-odd passengers on the *Karoa* a chance to get acquainted with one another. Since most of them were English, and the rest mostly im-

possible, the opportunity was not exactly what one might call "seized." It isn't done that way, ye-know.

But, as the only American aboard, I had merely to "speak first" to be cordially received. Why Englishmen everywhere invariably wait for Americans to break the ice, I do not know, but I verily believe that if one of them were wrecked on a raft in mid-ocean with a tongue-tied son of the United States, he would perish without saying a word. Yet I have usually found both English men and women, when approached in this casual way, more genuinely responsive, and of course more courteous, than the average of travelling Americans.

A fine chap, and a most agreeable companion for me on this ship-and-ashore trip down the East Coast, was the Provincial Commissioner of Moshi. He was going "home to England," by way of Cape Town, on the usual six months' leave. Moshi Province is one of the most fertile in Tanganyika Territory. It lies in the shadow of great Kilimanjaro, an extinct volcano rising almost within sight from the seacoast to a height of 19,700 feet,—the highest peak in Africa.

Provincial Commissioners back in the interior had been sources of dependable information, as well as my chief aids when aid was needed; my talks with this gentleman from Moshi gave what might be called the substance of reliability to many impres-

sions received during my two months in British East Africa.

The outstanding passenger aboard the *Karoa* was an Indian gentleman from Bombay, the Right Honorable V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, Privy Councillor in India. An important personage in the inter-racial problems of his own country, he was now delegated, as "Agent General of the Government of India in South Africa," to undertake the adjustment of the perennial difficulties between Indians and English, in this other land of hopelessly incompatible races under English rule.

The Hon. Sastri was being received with official honors at every port; but the enthusiasm of these receptions came obviously from resident Indians. In Mombasa, in Zanzibar, in Dar-es-Salaam, the Indians had flocked to hear as well as to honor the great man of their race who had come officially to labor with the government of South Africa in their behalf. A big Indian celebration was awaiting him in Beira; and doubtless there would be another in Lourenço Marques, where he was to disembark, and go by train four hundred miles inland to Pretoria, the administrative capital of the double-headed U. S. A.

This yearning of the Indians toward political and social equality as British subjects is virtually the same here as with the sixty thousand of their race in the Fiji Islands. It will always be the same wherever Indians are under British rule. This is no place

for a discussion of the over-discussed Indian question; it is sufficient to venture the observation that their aspirations are as pathetic as they are impossible. Pathetic, because the Indian in certain aspects is the superior of the European; his philosophy of life is in many respects more lofty, more satisfying, than that of the Occidental. Impossible, because of differences ranging all the way from color to standards of living—differences which the world's long experience with matters of race has pronounced unscalable.

What can the Hon. Sastri do for his people in South Africa? Gain a few minor political rights, perhaps. Soften here and there a crude injustice, possibly. But realize in any measure the fundamental aspirations of his people, without which there will be no contentment? Never.

* * * * *

The port of Beira, if it had had to depend for its shipping on its own Portuguese hinterland, would never have been much more than the sand-bar on which it is built. Portugal, the earliest among European nations to get a substantial footing on Africa's East Coast, has done the least toward its development.

Beira happens to be, by nearly seven hundred miles, the nearest seaport for the two Rhodesias, that rich mining and less rich agricultural country as large as all of Europe. Most of the shipping busi-

ness of the great copper mines in the Belgian Congo goes through Beira, and will continue to do so until the completion of the Katanga-Lobito Bay railway turns it to the West Coast.

But not by any means all the advantage of Beira's situation goes to the Portuguese. Two-thirds of the shipping is taken in British vessels; judging from appearances, about that proportion of the business connected with it is done by British commercial houses.

Portugal, in spreading itself along the East Coast for fourteen hundred miles, covered two strategic harbors which enable her to collect rich tribute from her shut-in neighbors; but wherever there is vitality in Portuguese East Africa, the vital force is British.

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The second of Portugal's two strategic outlets to the sea is Lourenço Marques, at the southern extremity of her long coast-line. Here, two days down from Beira, we tied up the *Karoa* at a dock—for the first time on the trip—and left her for the day in the hands of a coaling crew, while we explored the town and inspected its famous English-owned beach resort, the Polana Hotel.

That is, famous in South Africa. Johannesburg, high and bleak, wanted a winter resort on the coast; Lourenço Marques, in the latitude corresponding to that of Miami, Florida, lies only a four-hundred-mile run straight East. Moreover, Jo'burg's mil-

lionaires wanted a gaming-place, on the order of Monte Carlo, in which to reduce their surplus wealth; the laws of the Union were hostile to such an enterprise,—but the Portuguese?

Why, certainly, come on; have all the fun you want.

So they did—for a while. Then came a streak of extraordinary virtue into the habitual *laissez faire* attitude of the authorities. Perhaps the bank's item for political "lubrication" was insufficient; possibly someone with influence lost a few pecks of escudos. One escudo is not much to part with, but a million or so of them at four cents each run into big money, for Africa.

Anyhow, the prohibition was on, tight. In sanctimonious phrases the government opined that any games too sinful for their neighbors to play in their own back yard should not be permitted within the stainless precincts of Portuguese East Africa. Considering Portugal's record in Africa, on both the East and West Coasts, this pronouncement suggests a person of decided color lurking somewhere in the political woodpile.

As a consequence, the great hotel and the beach pavilions and the beautiful drives have a deserted aspect, while the shark-proof bathing pool holds little to disappoint the man-eaters lurking outside.

But it *is* rather tough on the Jo'burg millionaires.

Chapter XXIV.

DURBAN

THE Union of South Africa has cities bigger than Durban, but none with quite its appeal to the visitor as a place to enjoy in a homey sort of way; a town of which he is apt to remark when he leaves it, "Well, if I had to live in South Africa, that's the place I'd want to live in." Such is the busy port of Natal; a White town, although in its population of two hundred thousand there are nearly twice as many Blacks as Whites, and half as many Indians.



Durban obliterated a large collection of sand dunes by building herself over the best of them, and turning the worst of them into a beautifully laid out beach resort. Now, the only sand in evidence busies itself properly with tipping up the incoming swells of the Indian Ocean to make the prettiest surf imaginable.

Durban's latitude corresponds to that of St. Augustine, Florida; this in itself would suggest to

Americans a delightful winter climate. South Africans, unaccustomed to our shifts in temperature, regard Durban as hot in summer; yet in five years the thermometer has not risen above 92 degrees, nor dropped below 42 degrees. St. Augustine can be both hotter and colder every year, while Southern California often has as wide a range of temperatures within a single twenty-four hours. For an all-the-year-round equable climate, Durban excels any resort in America.

Nothing better illustrates the White man's susceptibility to climate than a trip down the East Coast of Africa. In Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam,—nobody there, except those who must be. Beira, still in the tropics, but far enough away from the Line to have at least a suggestion of that change of seasons so necessary to Europeans, might pass as fit for certain of the acclimated. Lourenço Marques, just out of the tropics, is the first tolerable White man's town south of the Equator. Now comes Durban, well into the temperate zone, with a delightful climate,—a city made up of permanent homes, and a White people more purely British than any other in South Africa.

"Have you a hotel reservation in Durban?" passengers had been asking each other on the twenty-four-hour run down from Lourenço Marques.

I had not. The July Handicap, Durban's greatest annual racing event, was on for this particular week-

end,—and this was Wednesday. Special trains from all over South Africa were supposed to have filled every available room in Durban.

I left my baggage in my stateroom, told the steward that he was liable to have the pleasure of my company for the *Karoa's* few days in port, and began to search the town.

“No rooms just now—but come back next Monday—then we can take care of you.”

The invariable answer; but whenever I observed that there were to be several chilly nights between now and Monday, they as invariably consoled with me as a hapless American far from home, and suggested the likeliest prospect around the corner, or up the street. A kindly lot, I must say, even the likeliest prospects themselves, in sending me on to some other quite as unlikely.

I exhausted all chances in the business part of town, then started on the line-up of excellent small hotels at the beach. After being politely shunted along through twelve of these, I was ready to explain to the next one that I had recently slept up-country a considerable number of nights in my clothes and other adverse surroundings, and would they loan me a couple of piano stools in the back parlor until Monday? Then I stumbled into the thirteenth.

There's nothing to this talk about 13. The proprietor gave me a neat little room which had just

been given up by wire, and named a rate which scared me into thinking that the food must be poor. This, when he knew that many of his countrymen would be sleeping in the railway station. Then he took me in his car to the *Karoo* for my baggage, and spent an hour in the custom house helping me to bail out my innocent typewriter once more for a spell of freedom in Durban.

Fearing that he might make the charge for this hectic hour with his car a bit heavier if he had time to think it over, I asked him how much it would be.

"Oh," he remarked easily, "we don't charge anything for bringing our guests up from the boat."

Yes, and the food in his hotel was excellent.

* * * * *

But that hour in Durban's custom house!

"Nothing but personal effects." I repeated the usual formula. This, with sometimes a cursory glance through my belongings, had sufficed in most of the custom houses this side of Mars.

"But, ye-know," interposed the brass-bound official, eyeing me suspiciously, "we 'ere don't admit anything but used toilet articles and worn clothing as personal effects. What else ye got?"

I regarded him thoughtfully. "Well, how about a care-worn camera, and an ill-used typewriter?"

"Dutiable as imported goods," he singsonged. "You get your money back when you leave the country. Let's see the articles."

I produced the battered emblems of my calling,—and my watch.

“Now here is a gold watch,” I said, proudly displaying my timepiece, “and a chain of several carats,—I forget the exact number. Am I importing these?”

“Watches ain’t in the regulyshuns. Cameras and toypwriters is. So’s field-glawses.” He penetrated me with an enquiring look.

“I don’t own a pair,” I admitted apologetically. “I’m as sorry about it as you are. But I have a package of brand new razor blades. They’re the only really saleable stuff in my outfit. Won’t you tax those?” I added plaintively.

“They ain’t in the regulyshuns.” He was in the depths of calculating the payment due. Then a disturbing thought came to me.

“Oh, ah,—I haven’t any of your money with me, except cab fare,” I observed timidly.

“That’s all right—we let you go up to the bank and get it,” he responded amiably.

Wasn’t that noble of them! Instead of having to make the money on the spot, or murder some innocent passer-by to get it, they were going to let me draw it legally from a bank. I felt like one Christian nation doing business with another.

Then came the search for makers’ numbers—“to hidentify them as the syme goods, or you cawn’t collect your refund,” they explained.

But the typewriter disclosed no number. The first man looked it over in vain. A second studied it sideways, end-on, and reverse. A third fondled the relic as earnestly as if it were from King Tut's tomb.

"'Ow's 'e going to get his money back on it without a number?" they asked each other solemnly. Nobody knew 'ow.

"If I show a typewriter of this make, isn't it quite likely to be the same one?" I suggested helpfully.

"It's got to be hidentified by number as the syme goods." They could get no further.

"The afternoon is waning," I observed tactfully. "Suppose you make out the receipts, and let me worry about the refund. I'm used to suffering."

With ominous headshakings they finally delivered the papers. "It's got to be hidentified—I don't see 'ow ——"

As I had done with the genial customs man at the British frontier in Tanganyika, I now tried to discover some adequate reason for this temporary tax on the obviously personal effects of an equally obvious traveller.

"Why do you go to so much trouble to protect yourselves against this bit of second-hand stuff?" I asked.

"Oh, it isn't only for this once," he explained earnestly. "It's because ye might bring the same kind of things along every time ye come over 'ere, if we let it in this time. See?"

That's so. And here was a perfectly honest official showing me the path to a sinful industry. These men never examine baggage—what's to prevent my flooding South Africa at least once a year with a used camera and a decrepit typewriter?

Still, it would be rather a pity, after having been almost honest through several dozen character-forming years, to fall now under this man's evil suggestion. Not that I mind undertaking a career of crime, but at this late day it will be difficult to convince my friends that I am sincere in it. Respectability, once it fastens on a man, is so hard to live down.

* * * * *

Durban's beach is more of a seaside watering place for South Africa than an amusement resort for the hoi-polloi of the town itself. It is lined for a mile with hotels, mostly unpretentious, but more uniformly good than similar resorts in America usually offer. Cheap shows are conspicuously absent from the main promenade; tea houses, orderly restaurants, and both open-air and indoor concerts seem to furnish most of



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the entertainment needed by the well-behaved crowds while they are not on the beaches or in the water.

Of course there is an element which must have something more exciting than bathing, teas and concerts. For these there is an amusement park at the upper end of the beach, where the world's longest python, and Natal's biggest bull, and someone's bearded lady or fat person can be viewed for sixpence each. Also, for the same price, you may throw three balls at a target; if you hit, a fair lady reclining on a couch is tipped off to the floor. Bystanders get the full benefit of this thrill without spending a cent; tame enough it is, but, as with all free shows, crowds wait with bated breath to see the girl sent sprawling.

South Africans do not have the mania of our moronic cheap-show class for being jolted and jerked and shot up and down in some sort of machinery; instead, they must have games of chance. Three-quarters of the amusement park is given over to devices offering brief spells of high expectation at a shilling each. The ensuing disappointments are free.

* * * * *

South Africa's greatest betting game is horse-racing. In the course of three days, Saturday arrived, and with it the July Handicap.

At the top of the various classes of admission is the Member's Guest ticket, which admits to every-

thing on the course, from the grandstand to the paddocks. As a visiting American I was privileged, on payment of a guinea, to get one of these without the intervention of a member.

It was a glorious, mildly warm mid-winter day, early in July. Great stands filled with people constantly leaving their seats to circulate among the bookies, look at the horses, or place their bets with the ticket-sellers at the totalizator; an orchestra—not a band—doing its best to make itself heard above the orderly hum; several neat restaurants comfortably filled, but not a bawling vendor of anything, anywhere; blanketed horses being led about in the vacant spaces by stable boys; before each race, jockeys putting their mounts through their paces—once up and back—to give the bettors a notion of their “form.” A great social function, the thrill of running horses every half-hour or so, a grand good chance to lose money as often as the horses run, and a mighty slim prospect of winning; this is Durban’s July Handicap.

I do not believe that one person in ten was there primarily to see the horses run. The finish line is always in front of the grandstand, but the start may be anywhere out on the track, depending on the length of the race. A bunch of horses doing the exciting jumps of the start almost out of sight, and arriving for the finish usually strung out, with the winner already ahead before you have had a chance to

see, except with field-glasses, how he got there—this is hardly enough of a sport to account for the tensely drawn interest of the crowds.

Nor do you hear a word about the beauty of the straining horses, or sense any general sporting thrill, even when the leaders come in almost neck-and-neck, and there is the truly ecstatic moment of a contest undecided.

What you do hear, in murmurs nine-tenths tinged with disappointment, are the names of the winners of first, second and third place. It is first, second and third money that makes the crowd race-mad.

This event is no more than a high-class variant of the whirling contrivances in the amusement park at the beach—just another case of the right or wrong number turning up at the winning line.

How the English do enjoy betting with each other on sports and games! In cards especially, the best of friends seem to have an awful hankering for each other's small-change. A sociable rubber of bridge without a chance to win a few measly coins is beyond their comprehension.

Of course we Americans, aping the Continentals in this as well as other social ways, are fast dropping into the same picayune habit. An honest desire to make money is a normal ambition; this sniping at each other's pocket-change in our social contacts is the same desire gone morbid in little minds.

But the point of it is this: these various peoples of

Europe who decry us as worshipers of money are handing out hypocritical bunk. Their daily lives are steeped in it, and their chief desire is for more of it. One needs only to know Europeans fairly well to be convinced that Americans, class for class, have as wholesome a view of money and its proper function as any of them.

There is a certain excuse for this low opinion of us among foreigners. Our successful and supposedly intelligent group unquestionably has a bigger contingent of noisy braggarts and socially ill-bred wandering about in foreign lands than any other set of people on earth. One such person makes a deeper impress abroad than twenty cultured Americans.

What's the cure for tourists' blatancy? Might try a school of training in modesty and courteous behavior, to start with; then, for the incurables, a painless severing of the vocal cords. Meantime, every passport issued to prospective American travellers should have printed on it in large letters: "While Abroad, Don't Blow on your Soup or about your Home Town."

* * * * *

Durban is South Africa at its best. More English in the makeup of its White population than other cities of the Union, it has less of the actual conflict between Britain and Boer; yet quite as much of political bitterness, from the very fact of its being an English stronghold,—a rendezvous outside the lines,

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in which there is much deep laying of plans for discomfiting the Boers.

But English dominance cannot rid Durban of the Union's dual-language absurdities: money, Dutch on one side, English on the other; postage stamps, alternately Dutch and English; double signs everywhere:

2nd Class	Weekdays	Public Telephone
2de Class	Weeksdae	Publieke Telefoon

Without the Dutch, some hapless Boer might think he was getting into a parlor car on Sunday, or mistake a telephone booth for the town hall.

Durban may be off the British-Boer political firing line, but she is decidedly in the fight. While I was there, the Boers were openly designing to elect a member of parliament within the sacred precincts of the town itself; an invasion most disturbing to the serenity of the English. General Smutz, in Durban to pour oil on the troubled waters, gave an address in which he deprecated, in his statesmanlike way, the crude personal abuse characteristic of the political strife, as achieving little beyond the piling up of bitterness. It was in Durban that sober-minded Englishmen expressed to me their belief that nothing short of bloodshed, if not a civil war, would make South Africa a veritable Union, instead of the ungainly straddle that it now is.

Durban seems to manage her Indians without a

surface ripple, however they may be agitating underneath; but some thirty thousand of them are enough to keep Natal well in the center of the Union's most perplexing race question. We had left the Hon. Sastri at Lourenço Marques, bound for Pretoria on his mission as "Agent General of the Government of India." Now, the newspapers were giving him a cordial welcome, lauding his good intentions, and viewing his prospects for any degree of success with restrained pessimism. In these sentiments they apparently voiced the universal opinion of South Africans.

Durban the beautiful, the prosperous, is in the fortunate rôle of rendering patriotic service on her country's two most threatening problems, without herself being in any immediate worry from either of them. An enviable position—lucky Durban!

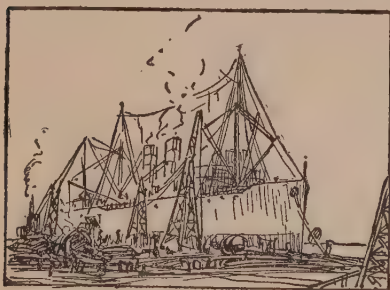
"If I had to live in South Africa, that's the place I'd want to live."

Chapter XXV

HOMeward BY FREIGHT

I CAME out to Africa on a floating palace. Why not, I argued, go back on a cargo boat, and get the high flavor of contrast?

I did. I got it. The voyage of the *West Isleta* lasted forty-five days. She gave us the simple com-



forts of a farm boarding-house on a city lot, and her sunsets were fully equal in size and coloring to any shown at the most expensive summer resorts. It was—how shall I ex-

press it?—the most undiluted vacation I have ever known. Thinking could be undertaken without fear of interruptions. For the lighter forms of entertainment, those who could whistle did so. The less gifted sat and twirled their thumbs.

After numerous journeys across the American continent by Pullman expresses, I have never had a similar urge to come back on a freight; but now, having felt the subtle charm of a cargo boat, I know that

some defect in my nature has been keeping me away from cabooses.

From this develops a huge money-making idea—which American railroads may seize without obligation to me, although checks of gratitude will be accepted. Since cargo boats are taking in money from travellers who yearn for the unusual at sea, the railroads might as well burnish up the tail-end of their freight trains and go into the business on land. String a few extra bunks in the caboose, I would suggest, along the side walls, replace the historic tin basin with a real washbowl saved from the panic of 1873, and change the towel once a week instead of never. For a shower-bath, cut a modest hole in the roof and post a blindfolded brakeman on top with a pail of water.

Think of jogging along across the continent for a couple of months with nothing to do but watch the pretty farms whizz by! What a delightful, leisurely way to take in the romance of the freight yards, see trucking at its best, and cultivate a genuine intimacy with soot!

But this is a digression. We started to dilate on the pleasures of cargo-boating.

Acting on the happy impulse of the moment, I booked passage in Durban on an American freighter owned by a great Steel Corporation. Just the vessel to take me home, said they, without the long journey by way of England; a port-to-port trip down the

East Coast from Durban, then from Cape Town straight to America without a stop. That is, except when they stopped to fix the engine.

The word "straight" misled me; I had never studied the habits of cargo boats in the wild state. Whenever this one dodged off her course a few hundred miles in search of freight, or bucked the swell kicked up by throwing an orange overboard, I had to cable home postponing the day on which they could get out the town band and omit speeches of welcome.

The *West Isleta* had a figure, speaking nautically, somewhat sway-backed at the waist-line, and a pudgy but honest face. In speed, with a favoring breeze and smooth sea, it was nothing unusual for her to do a full eighteen knots—in two hours.

Amidships was a two-story coop, built originally for officers' quarters; but, the steel trade being low, four of these amiable gentlemen had been stowed away aft, and their cabins converted, by means of double-decked bunks and an extra drinking-glass, into quarters for eight passengers.

The dining room, music hall, smoker and Moorish Lounge was more than twice as big as the table in it. It was simply great to have all this room on rainy days. If the chairs had not been screwed down, it would also have been a dancing pavilion.

* * * * * * *

As far as Cape Town, our cargo had not been of

the noticeable type; but there, a little switch engine pushed on to the dock a trainload of bulging burlap sacks. They might have been filled with coffee, or sugar, or prunes; but something told us that they were not.



With that train came a subtle change in the atmosphere. The change spread. Instinctively we moved over to the vessel's off rail, to give it more room to spread. It did. We hailed a passing officer.

"Ground whale-meat, dried, for fertilizer," he said. "They call it guano."

"If they do, it's a slander on the mild-mannered article from Chili," remarked the Philosopher, *sotto voce*.

"The big steam cranes will be loading it all day into the hatches forward and aft of your quarters," said the officer. "A thousand tons of it. Hadn't you better ——?"

Yes, we would go up-town for all day, without urging.

"But once the stuff is aboard and the hatch covers on," the officer assured us, "you will hardly notice it. *And,*" he confided, "the freight rate on it is exceedingly high—passenger boats will not take it into

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their cargo. It's an opportunity not to be missed ——"

Of course not. We were glad enough to help earn money for the corporation, but this left us in doubt as to our status on the boat.

"If passenger ships don't carry dried whale," observed the Scientist, "we can't be passengers. That's obvious."

We never disputed with the Scientist. His conclusions were unerring. But what were we?

"I know!" exclaimed the lady given to radiating Happy Thoughts. "We're 'Paying Guests!'"

This sounded reasonable, but as we strolled along the dock, bound up-town, I approached a slouchy individual in blue whose weather-seamed face looked promising. He was a typical seaman, even if he did not hitch up his trousers with his wrists when spoken to.

"What do they call passengers on a cargo boat?" I asked.

He expectorated solemnly. "Wa-al, we sailors calls 'em 'gravy,' but the companies knows 'em as 'velvet.' Same thing," he added, winking one eye and leaving it shut, while he observed me closely with the other.

Thereafter we knew each other as "gravy."

* * * * *

Then did we head straight for America?

No. The captain had heard of a few thousand

uncured hides waiting somewhere up in the tropics for a freighter strong enough to get near them. We sailed for Walfish Bay, seven hundred miles up the West African Coast,—a side trip for those hides.

Well, anyhow, the company had to throw in an extra week of free board.

The hatch covers may have been doing their best, but that whale-meat did much better. We sought uninfected areas to wind'ard. We walked, read, talked, lied and cussed,—all to no purpose.

"A thousand tons!" murmured the Philosopher, who was also good at figures. "And, I've known one little wood pussie in the offing to send a whole neighborhood to the picture show."

"Do you know," observed little Happy Thoughts, "the finest perfumes in the world are made out of ambergris. And ambergris comes from whales." She had kept a lavender-dipped handkerchief busy all day, but the lavender was losing ground.

Whereupon we tried to concentrate our minds on ambergris. We thought deeply. Ambergris, a delicious perfume. Ambergris is in that hold. Nothing but ambergris. Am ——

It didn't work. This was purely a brain effort, and a nose has no brains. It does its hunting without a guide. With the right mental twist you may kid a broken leg, but not an olfactory nerve.

* * * * *

Walfish Bay, existing at present because of mines

back of her, is the driest town in the driest country on earth. It has an annual rainfall of three-quarters of an inch. This means that whenever the heavens open and let down a few drops, the whole population gets as excited over it as people elsewhere do when it rains frogs, or little fishes. Children, alarmed at the strangeness of the sight, have been known to run crying to their mothers.

The nearest water is twenty-one miles up a stone-dry valley; this is piped down to the town, but evidently not for irrigating purposes. I thought I had been in dry desert towns before; but here, not a spear of grass, a plant or a flower—not one green thing—did I see. Nothing but sand, sand everywhere, sand drifting in the wind against the sun-dried buildings strung along without the semblance of a street.

Yet Walfish Bay is one of the healthiest places in the tropics. Very few of the creatures which prey upon human beings can exist there; in the total absence of moisture, a mosquito cannot even be born. The few men and women we saw appeared to be vigorous, and the healthy, robust children in this town were a glad sight, after the puny things in the tropics on the other side of the continent.

Moreover, incredible as it may seem for a place so utterly forlorn as a human habitation, this town has the promise of a useful future. Hers is the only harbor in Southwest Africa; and just as the Belgian Congo is aiming to shorten her distance from Europe

several thousand miles by building a railway westward to the sea, the two Rhodesias and the Transvaal look to Walfish Bay as their only hope for a port on the West Coast. This would bring them almost as many thousands of miles nearer to the world's markets.

The difficulties in the way are enormous, but plans for building the necessary railways are under consideration. With the coming of these roads will come prosperity, and the need for a substantial town. If the water supply at the source is adequate,—they say it is,—Walfish Bay could transform her present dusty surroundings into a tropical garden, and become the biggest, healthiest city on Tropical Africa's West Coast; perhaps another Durban—who knows?—but, after one sand-biting day in the place, it takes a lively imagination to picture it.

* * * * *

Now we are bound for the Island of Trinidad, just off the north coast of South America; pushing westward in our cargo craft, for twenty-two days out of sight of land, and all the way close to the Equator. Fuel oil for the ship is to be taken on at Trinidad, then nine days more of chugging along to Charleston, U. S. A.

Those uncured hides put aboard at Walfish Bay?

We would have missed those hides. They started a competition with the ambergris material which entertained us for the whole month of the voyage from

Africa's West Coast to Charleston. Nothing like having something lively to argue about, on a trip like this. We were split fifty-fifty most of the time as to which of the two smells had the stronger lift.

Neither won. Both got so high that we couldn't follow them.

* * * * *

But every situation seems to pan out some incident worth telling. In the dim light of an early morning, fourteen days off the African coast, and eight more short of Trinidad, the officer on the bridge sighted off to starboard a small schooner flying these signals of distress: "Lacking—position, food, water."

The stopping of the engines had us at the rail almost before we were awake. For two weeks we had had this ocean wholly to ourselves. Who could be intruding now?

Quarter of a mile away bobbed a little two-sticker with her mainmast gone, running under her foresail, jib, and a spinnaker rigged out of the remains of the mainsail. Six men, a woman and a boy could be made out on her deck.

By skilful manœuvering we had her alongside in half an hour,—had her brief story even before she touched the side of the freighter: sixty-two days out from Hamburg, German homeseekers bound for Brazil; in a storm, her mainmast was carried away, and she all but swamped; chronometer went wrong, water and food ran low.

Now here they were, sloshing around in a forty-foot boat somewhere south of the Equator, with one chance in a thousand of sighting a vessel. By one of those incredible accidents which some people call a miracle, our paths had crossed at the same hour.

Well, the *West Isleta* must have looked better to them than it ever did to us.

We let down boxes of food, a chunk of beef, all of our kippered herring—Lord, how tired we were of that herring!—and many buckets of water. The woman, at sight of the ladies aboard, had vanished down the little hatch—she wasn't showing her clothes to the ladies! But her head bobbed up, and the women tossed over little things which seem to pass current with their kind all over the world, while the wan-looking men smiled up at us through their weeks-old whiskers, and our sailors passed down the food.

Among seafaring men, such an incident is all in the day's work,—a simple obedience to the unwritten, inexorable rule of the sea to "stand by" any craft in distress. No occasion for pinning on medals,—I don't know whether it got into the news; but somehow it looked to a landsman rather big, and human, even if it was done as a matter of routine. The captain gave them latitude and longitude; no possibility of storms in that quarter, he said, and they could make their port in a week or so.

So the battered little craft and her worse-battered

crew shoved off, set their makeshift rig, and headed west-sou'-west,—grinning with a new hope, after what must have been as black despair as often overtakes a handful of mortals.

* * * * *

From Hamburg to Brazil in a forty-foot boat, to start over in a new country; pilgrims with a vengeance, these! Did they know what was coming to them when they got there?

Likely not. Neither did those on the *Mayflower*, nor do prospectors when they start off into the hills,



nor did those frontiersmen of the early days who loaded up the prairie schooner and struck

out for some way-off promised land. It's a dream they follow—a dream which concerns itself little with hunger, and cold, and hard living.

I have seen a few promised lands, in my day, up and down the western frontier. Promised lands look a whole lot better thirty years afterward, when they have become civilized and as devoid of kick for the venturesome as the old home town.

Every new country gets its start on a heavy sprinkling of dream-failures; realization comes mostly to the late comer. The late comer keeps his feet dry, sticks tight to realities, and becomes a leading citizen without missing a meal.

But what does he know about the thrill of feeling

one's way? The enrapturing visions of a new land before one wakes up in it?

Such glimpses of a phantom paradise are for pioneers, for prospectors,—for these Germans bobbing their way to Brazil,—for all those who go adventuring into the unknown on a grubstake of hope.

* * * * *

In this book we have been visiting the peoples of a vast new country, much of it still in process of evolving from its dream-failures to successful realization. Five months is too brief a time in which to shape into one clear mental picture these kaleidoscopic mixings of human life, from the highest culture to the all-Black, or to grasp more than faintly the many puzzling situations which have developed from the meeting of the race's opposites; yet for those who have an inclination to know peoples, these complications make the journey fascinating.

Africa is generally associated in the American mind with the hunting of big game; but the richest experiences are those involving human beings,—especially when they are so humanly at odds as in this country. We Americans, grown rich and strong, should get better acquainted with our White cousins in the Union of South Africa. They are like us in the traditions and aims which have made White civilization; yet, in shaping their country for a bigger place in the sun, they are against racial problems and political strivings the like of which did not beset our

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earlier years. They want no favors from anyone; but a sympathetic understanding, and a friendly hand,—these are overdue from us in America.

There is a rapidly increasing rush of American tourists on winter cruises to South Africa, bent on seeing the country's sights. If this book helps at all in getting these tourists to see also our friends in South and East Africa, and to talk with them at every opportunity in an appreciative and unboastful way, it will have done its bit toward promoting that most desirable thing, international friendliness.

Cheerio, Africa!



IVORY
COAST

GOLD
COAST

SLAVE
COAST

Niger
River



FRENCH
EQUATORIAL
AFRICA

Congo River

Lobito Bay

ANGOLA

SOUTH-W

AFRIC

IMM
RICH
DIAR
FI

Capetown

EQUATOR

ATLANTIC OCEAN

TROPIC OF CAPRICORN

To Trinidad

Homeward by Freight

Walfish Bay

From Buenos Aires
by "Cruise de Luxe"



N

S

W

E

10°

20°

30°



